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THE
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
DECAMERON.

‘ Now pray I to hem alle that herkene this trefyfe or rede, that yf ther be
ony thing that liketh hem, that therof they thanke HIM of whom procedeth al
wit and goodnes. And yf ther be ony thing that displese hem, I praye hem
also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unkonnyng and not to my will,
that wold fayn have seyde better if I hadde knowing.’

CHAUCER.

THE
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
DECAMERON;
OR,
Ten Days Pleasant Discourse
UPON
ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS,
AND
SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH
EARLY ENGRAVING, TYPOGRAPHY,
AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

BY THE
REV. T. F. DIBDIN.

VOL. III.



LONDON:

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AND SOLD BY G. AND W. NICOL, PAYNE AND FOSS, EVANS, JOHN AND
ARTHUR ARCH, TRIPHOOK, AND J. MAJOR.

1817.

THE
MANUSCRIPTS
OF
THE
REV. F. T. BIRDIN

MANUSCRIPTS

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD

1881

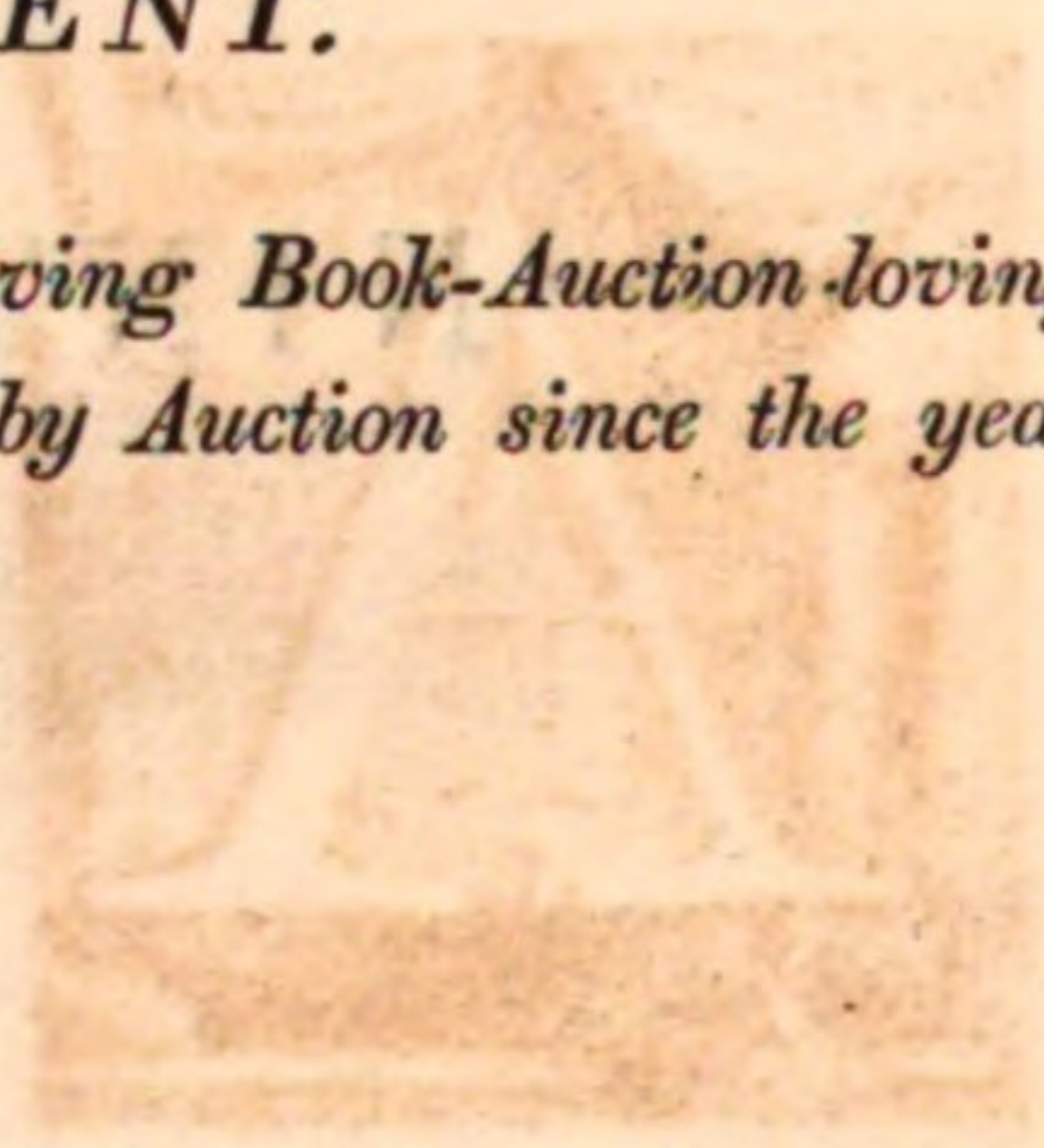
THE
MANUSCRIPTS
OF
THE
REV. F. T. BIRDIN

1881

NINTH DAY.

ARGUMENT.

*Characters of deceased and living Book-Auction-loving
Bibliomaniacs. Of Book-Sales by Auction since the year
1811.*





Ninth Day.



SUDDEN doubt and anxiety possess me. The thought of what I am now about to narrate almost overwhelms me with horror: for know, gentle auditors and docile subjects, that there is no *one* day, recorded by Homer in his Iliad, which discloses such a scene of contention and bloodshed, as that which will be displayed upon this the NINTH DAY of our BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON. The hearts of the Ladies will be cut in twain by recitals of vanquished Knights and slaughtered Chieftains. Neither old nor young will be found to have been spared; and as 'the work of death' advances, courage is only aggravated into ferocity, and pity and courtesy shriek as they fly before the face of such monsters! To borrow Philemon's favourite Homeric version:

With streams of blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.

ALMANSA. Terrific foretaste! But I trust our monarch

is now merely indulging the warmth of a metaphorical fancy. We are surely not about to be exposed to all these horrors of Homeric warfare?

LISARDO. The result will best shew. And yet . . . at the very outset I must touch a mournful strain . . . a sort of 'dead march in Saul' must be the prelude to this bustling and blood-shedding scene!

PHILEMON. What mean you?

LISARDO. Can Philemon ask? Call to mind, I beseech you, some six years ago, when you took me into a certain AUCTION ROOM,* where we heard a sort of muster-roll read of the champions who thronged the field upon book-selling contests . . . and where, as certain odd-looking, or ardent, or confidential, or dreaded heroes, came into the front ranks, we were made acquainted with their characters, their reputation, and their 'deeds of chivalry'—of success, or of discomfiture.

PHILEMON. We were so. But why, in consequence, are you to favour us with 'the dead march in Saul'?

LISARDO. Listen. Since that memorable day, I strove to make acquaintance with the greater and better part of the heroes described. My acquaintance was consolidated into friendship. But, of late, death . . .

PHILEMON. I understand you. Give us therefore their epitaphs and characters; and be as unsparing to the living as to the dead.

LISARDO. Cease: the flute and double-drum of this 'dead march' have already uttered their dirge-like notes—and here follows the remainder of that solemn movement.

* into a certain AUCTION ROOM.] See the *Bibliomania*, p. 160, and following pages. The greater part, if not the whole, of this NINTH DAY of the *Bibliographical Decameron* must be considered a commentary, or rather sequel, of the transactions recorded in the work just referred to.

First for LEPIDUS.* He survived the description that was given of him about two years; dying suddenly, and without pain; and leaving behind, a family, not only

* *First of LEPIDUS.*] See the *Bibliomania*, p. 160. For the first time, since the publication of the work just mentioned, I present my readers with a KEY, manufactured of equal parts of gold, silver, and copper, (and therefore perhaps rather a unique unlocking instrument) for the explanation or appropriation of the characters described in the AUCTION ROOM: but—of such characters only as—NOW CEASE TO BREATHE. Concealment and secrecy are of no avail towards the dead: living characters have a sort of éclat thrown around them by the mystery of fictitious names. ‘First’ then ‘for LEPIDUS.’ Under this name was designated the late Reverend Dr. ISAAC GOSSET; so long and so well known, so generally and so justly esteemed, that my own delineation of him, whether as ‘Lepidus’ or ‘Gosset,’ can add little to his reputation.

In the *Pursuits of Literature* he was called ‘milk-white Gosset.’ This must not be understood with reference to the colour of his complexion, or of his clothes—but to his love of books ‘*bound in vellum.*’ As a friend and neighbour I was well acquainted with the tone and texture of his library, but there was no violent predilection for this ‘milk-white’ tint; and the ‘cliquant’ of an epithet is, we know, oftentimes as thoughtlessly reverberated as the epithet itself is precipitately bestowed. Dr. Gosset’s library was rather select than numerous. In *Grammars*, *Classics*, and *Theology*, he was justly proud of its strength. His readiness and even kindness of communication will be long remembered by those who have had frequent opportunities of experiencing its beneficial effects; and by none more than by the author of these necrological *Gossetiana*—who, during the composition of the second edition of his *Introduction to the Classics*, used to have frequent conferences with our Doctor, and the most unlimited command of his library. Nor was Dr. Gosset’s willingness to procure books—or to give advice, in the selection of them, to his friends—less distinguished than his natural benevolence of character. During a sale he usually took his station at the right hand of the auctioneer; which, since the days of Askew, he filled with marked distinction and celebrity. He was at times vastly gay and cheerful during the sale, and may be said to have dealt around his gibes and jokes in a manner the most felicitous imaginable. He loved a good laugh when a *would-be* BIBLIOGNOST was caught; and his laugh was generally ‘the heart’s laugh.’ He was fully impressed of the importance of his own remarks when a volume was ‘put up,’ and that numerous eyes and ears were opened to receive his oracular opinions; but he was by no means elated with such bibliographical homage, and was rather discreet, quiet, and cautious in the delivery of his criticisms. In consequence, he rarely committed himself. He was very fond of ardent young bibliomaniacs; and loved much a little bibliographical disporting or sparring during the sale! Mr. Heber was always a prodigious favourite with him. He once told me

enriched by the good fortune of their parent, but benefited by his instructions, and impressed with the deepest respect for his memory. No man ever had a more thoroughly parental heart; and he chose to bear with the utmost good-humour

emphatically that he considered him as 'HIS PUPIL.' The pupil and master used oft-times, in former days, to enjoy their evening revels (after the heat and hurry of a book-sale) over sober Souchong, succeeded by 'milk-white' punch!

Within several months of the publication of the *Bibliomania*, I read to him, in the shop and presence of Mr. Payne, my character of LEPIDUS. It was a bold measure: but he enjoyed it thoroughly, and laughed as heartily as Mr. Payne himself. He had strong, sound, good sense and scholarship; and in his time had been an animated and popular preacher. His dissolution was sudden, and let us hope 'without a pang.' His family were at breakfast; but the Doctor not coming down, as usual, they visited his bed room, where he was found dead in his bed. He had reached his 68th year. Consult the *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxxii. pt. ii. On the 2d of February, 1813, the sale of his Library was thus announced by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby: 'The very valuable library of the late Reverend Isaac Gossett, D. D. F. R. S.' Shortly afterwards, the following more formal notice was given. 'By LEIGH and SOTHEY, Booksellers, at their House, No. 145, Strand, opposite Catherine-Street, on Monday, June 7, and Twenty-two following Days (Sundays excepted) at 12, the Extensive and very Valuable LIBRARY of the late Rev. Isaac Gosset, D. D. F. R. S.—To be viewed on Thursday, June 3, to the time of Sale, and Catalogues, price 2s. 6d. to be had at Mr. Cook's, Oxford; Mr. Deighton, Cambridge; and the place of Sale.' During the sale, some piquant rogue had stolen the Doctor's copy of 'The Oxford Sausage.' The Newspapers thus announced the theft: 'A BOOK COLLECTOR.—For some time past, at all the most respectable sales of libraries, books have been stolen from the shelves, and the practice has gone on to an extent that made it necessary to place a watch to discover the depredator. On Wednesday, at the sale of the late Dr. Gosset's library, in the house of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, a young man was detected in putting a volume into his pocket. After the sale, he was addressed by Mr. Benj. Wheatley, the chief clerk, and told that he had pocketed a volume which did not belong to him. It was 'The Oxford Sausage,' bound up with other tracts. He was taken to Bow-Street, and his lodgings being searched, sixteen volumes, stolen from Dr. Gosset's and other collections, were found in his rooms. He is to be brought up again for examination at Bow-Street this day.' The punishment subsequently inflicted upon him was (as I learn) the swallowing of the 'sausage' whole—with an unusual addition of mustard and pepper!

The Doctor however was not left uncelebrated by the Muses; for in the *Gent. Mag.* as before referred to, were the following verses, supposed to be from the pen of CHING-CHOU:

and philosophy, all the '*flings*' at his sequestered habits of life, and at the *subdued* tone of colour of his garments. He

The TEARS of the BOOKSELLERS

' When GOSSET fell,
Leigh rang his knell,
And Sotheby 'gan to vapour;
For I've been told,
That Folios sold
Indignant for waste paper.

The Trade all swear,
They're in despair,
At so severe a crisis;
For all agree,
'Twas only He
Supplied the town with prices.

Shop, stall, and shed
Lament him dead,
And blubber o'er his carcase;
Ah me, the day!
Cries sad *Loché*,
Ah me! replies the Marquis.

Words are but faint,
The woes to paint,
Of *Maltby* and of *Relham*,
Payne sobs and cries,
And *Cuthell's* eyes
Are big as tears can swell 'em.

Not classic *Lunn*,
Nor *Jeffery's* fun,
Nor *Evans'* first appearance,
No means were found
Could bring him round,
And give him a rehearance.

Then learn all ye,
Who visit Leigh,
To buy or to be bought in,
You'll soon or late,
Share GOSSET's fate,
And your own lot be caught in.'

The reader may consult Mr. Horne's *Introd. to Bibliography*, vol. ii. p. 651, and

has left those behind who will not suffer his name to perish, or his virtues to be forgotten. His own collection of books was disposed of, quickly after his decease, in that room—which he had so frequently enlivened by his ‘gibes,’ and benefited by his attendance and advice.

ALAS, POOR MUSTAPHA!—for, if you remember, he

like the *Classical Journal*, no. xvi. p. 471, &c. for some of the prices for which the Gossetian tomes were disposed of.

* ALAS, POOR MUSTAPHA!] For ‘MUSTAPHA,’ read now, the late WILLIAM NELSON GARDINER, Bookseller in Pall-Mall. This unfortunate bibliopolist laid violent hands on himself, about three years after the delineation of his character, in the *Bibliomania*, under the name of ‘Mustapha:’ see page 163 of that work. That delineation, however, was by no means the cause of such a catastrophe. It had been provoked, or it would not have been obtruded upon the public. Mr. William Nelson Gardiner found that it was not stingless; as indeed it was not intended to be—for, previously to its appearance, my name and pretensions had been treated, in one of his own hotch-potch catalogues, with so little ceremony and courtesy, that he must have considered me a mere dolt to have quietly submitted to such outrageous and unfounded censure. Accordingly he received the castigation in question; which, coming upon a thin-skin surface, necessarily produced blisters, and engendered a disposition to retaliate. His ‘lex talionis’ was demonstrated in a subsequent catalogue: his usual channel of making the public acquainted with the importance of his sentiments on all points—for he verily believed that ‘none but himself could be his parallel.’

That ‘retaliation’ was first read to me by ATTICUS, when at breakfast with him; and on no account did it diminish my appetite, or slacken my attacks upon muffin and peko tea. There were parts in it that even amused me; and I learn (of which indeed I have reason to be proud) that it so much enhanced the copies of his catalogues, as to render them quickly out of print, and to produce, at book-sales, the sum of THIRTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE of lawful money of Great Britain.* Poor Gardiner was ‘right welcome’ to the profits. He was

* A very active and well-disposed, but perhaps, in this instance, somewhat injudicious friend, evinced his zeal on this occasion by proposing to publish a sort of REPLY, under one of the following titles, of which I was requested to choose which seemed ‘most meet’ for the purpose:

1. *Early in the Month of March will be published, price 3s. 6d. crown 8vo. a curious and interesting treatise, entitled*

BIBLIOMANIACAL GUNPOWDER: OR A CRACKER FOR MUSTAPHA TO LET OFF.
The whole wittily conceived and maturely digested by its author,
LISARDO THE LITTLE.

‘I love to hear that the bibliographical labour bestowed upon a catalogue has

came next in the muster-roll before mentioned. Sore vexed was Mustapha at the character therein given of him. He was chafed to the quick; and seized the very first oppor-

an instance, of which there are many instances in this very strange world, of uniting, in a person of the most dirty and dismal physiognomy, with the filthiest attire, the greatest possible share of conceit, vanity, and self-complacency. He would sit at a book-sale (as he did at that of the Roxburghe) with his hat cocked on one side—stroke his chin, flourish his pencil, and deal out his gibes against the fraternity, whilst his garments were of a hue and scent that absolutely forbade approach! Yet he could, in his self-memoir, talk of persons ‘greatly his inferiors, in every respect, towering above him; whilst the most contemptible amongst them, without education, without a knowledge of their profession, and without

answered the end proposed, by sharpening the appetite of purchasers. But the present is a different case.’ *Bibliomania*, p. 164.

2. In the course of this present season will be published, in a thick octavo pamphlet, price 6s. stitched,

BIBLIOMANIA VINDICATED: OR A SCOURGE FOR ANTI-BIBLIOMANIACS. Containing, amongst other things, Strictures upon certain Reviews of the Rev. Mr. Dibdin’s *Bibliographical Romance*; also, A PILL TO PURGE MUSTAPHA; or the danger of a Cobler’s going beyond his last. The whole interspersed with pleasant conceits, and supported by learned annotations.

By A PUPIL OF ROSICRUSIUS, F. R. S.

‘Bibliomania is, of all species of insanity, the most rational and praiseworthy.’ *Bibliomania*, p. 124.

‘I have to sell bookes, for men of Devyne,
And bookes of all lawes, most pleasaunt and fyne:
Of al Artes and Storyes, as men wyll enclyne,
What lacke you Gentyلمان? Come hether to me.

I have inke, paper, and pennes, to lode with a barge,
Inke hornes, and pennours, fine small and large:
Primers and a b c es, and bookes of small charge,
What lacke you Scollers? Come hether to me.’

*Thomas Newbury’s Dives Pragmaticus, very preatly
for children to rede; no date, 4to.*

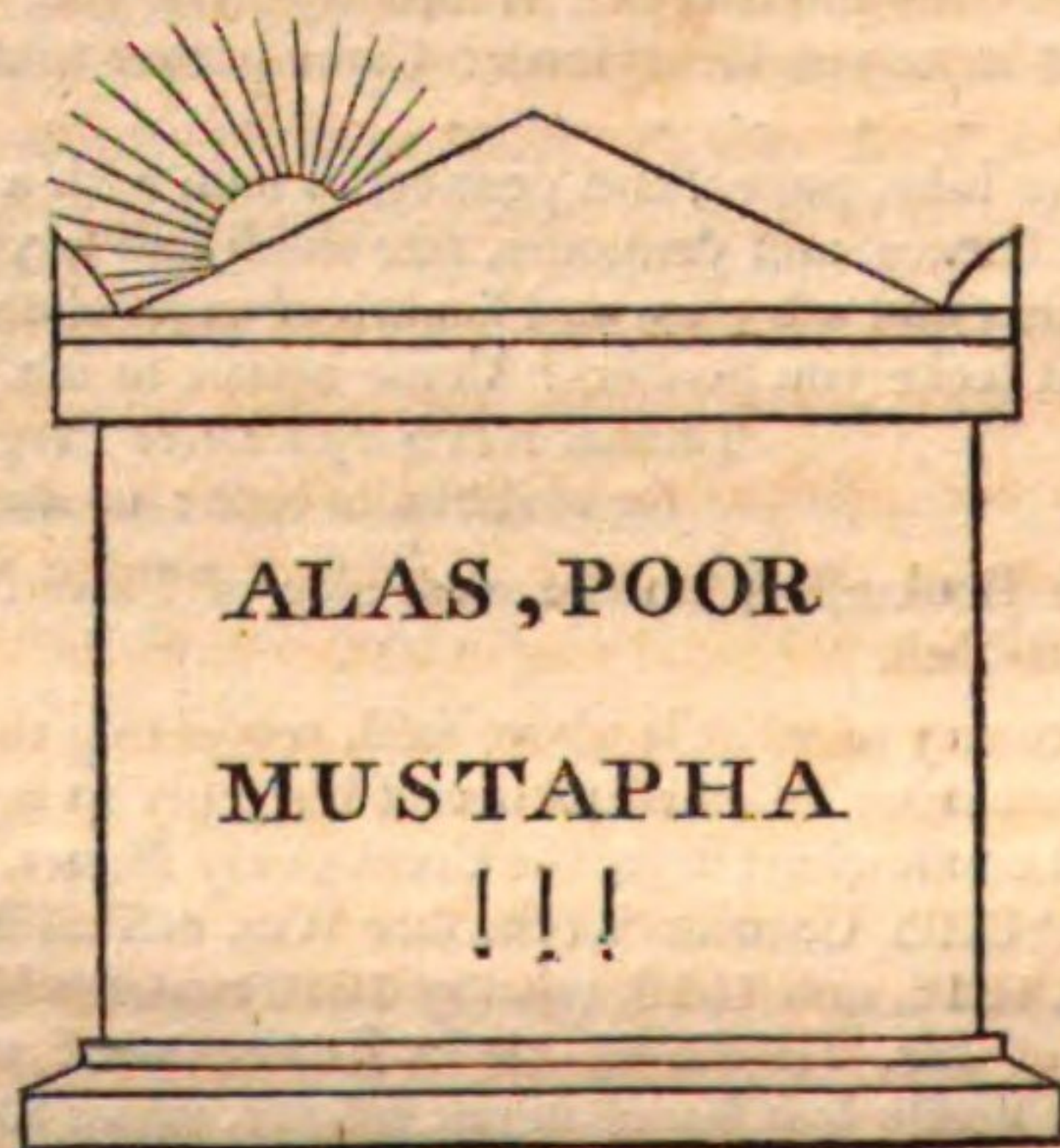
Printed for all the Booksellers on the west side of Pater-Noster-Row, and on the east side of Pall-Mall.

To prove the accuracy of what is above said, respecting the increased price of poor Mustapha’s catalogue, in consequence of his reply to my attack, the reader is presented with the following; from the *Catalogue of Messrs. Todd of York*, of the present year: no. ‘8495 Gardiner’s (the late Wm. of Pall Mall) Catalogues for 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813, (that of 1812 contains his celebrated Defence from the Attack of Mr. Dibdin in the “*Bibliomania*,” under the Name of “*Mustapha*,”) very neatly half bound in one volume, russia back, 2l. 2s.’

tunity of bedaubing his critic with as much dirt as he could conveniently hold in both hands—supplied, not from the

an idea, had been received into palaces, and into the bosom of the great,' &c. Now when it is recollected that he was surrounded by biblioplists of such long established reputation as Messrs. NICOL, PAYNE, EVANS, and TRIPHOOK, there does seem, to speak the most mercifully, somewhat little short of insanity in this 'dealing out of death-blows.' However, Gardiner had those who chose to consult him, and who exhibited prodigious powers in the mastication of slanderous intelligence. For himself, I will do him the justice to say that he was *consistent*; a liberal abuser of toryism—and although he had taken a degree at Cambridge, and studied for the church, he was not eclipsed by Ritson himself in the acrimony of his ecclesiastical antipathies.

The evening before his death (the manner of which must excite the commiseration of every good man) he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who had shewn him repeated kindnesses, enclosing 'a brief memoir of himself.' This memoir is written in a very unpolished style, yet with an occasional 'gaieté de cœur,' which makes it evident that the almost immediately subsequent act of self-destruction was an act of insanity. In this letter he declared that 'his sun had set for ever—that his business had nearly totally declined—his catalogue failed—his body was covered with disease—and he had determined to seek that asylum where the weary are at rest.' This is quite sufficient. Over human wretchedness, thus complicated and complete, let us draw the curtain of charity; and let us mourn the more inasmuch as the sufferer himself seemed to sorrow as a man 'without hope.' Rest to his corpse! and as the Sabbath-sun is setting, and we go home to our families to comfort them from the pages of Taylor, Jortin, or Paley, let us just turn our heads towards yonder hazel-skirted grove—and sigh from our hearts as we read



kennel before his house, but from the filth behind his counter. I have since re-examined that character, and I must say it was 'done to the life'—it having been provoked by certain consequential airs, and 'ex cathedrâ' positions, with which the said Mustapha chose occasionally to disport himself. Wretched man! his failings were almost diseases—or certain mental aberrations which seemed to defy the control of reason. Yet was there a sort of 'breadth and bottom' of character about Mustapha: he was consistent in his aberrations; and his opinions were even courted, and his censures almost dreaded, by more than *one* supple bibliographer. He had talent; but wanted sobriety, in every sense of the word, to apply it to right ends. If he was consistent in his loathings, he was also fixed in his friendships: and possessing one of the most squalid and woe-begone countenances imaginable, he had the delicious vanity to account himself comely, and to be 'beloved by the fair.' Happy Mustapha! . . . but I will no longer indulge a sportive strain: for his death was most miserable, and the grave received him, when, by his own confession, he was unfit for the living.

Who comes next in the death-train of Book-Auction-loving Bibliomaniacs? *QUISQUILIUS*:* the nervous, the

* *QUISQUILIUS*.] Alias, the late MR. GEORGE BAKER of St. Paul's Church-Yard: a lace Merchant, and a graphic virtuoso of no small calibre. He did not live to witness the publication of the *Bibliomania*; but some kind friend gave him a foretaste of the character of himself therein, under the name of *Quisquilius*. At that time his pulse was in a state to make him sensible of every accelerated motion, and such a species of intelligence was not calculated to retard it. Mr. Baker was capable of great likings and dislikings; but if the latter were fixed as Icelandic frosts, the former were occasionally tintured by a glow of sentiment and generosity of conduct which entitle his memory to respect. His *forte* lay in priced-catalogues, (why should I therefore censure him?) proof impressions of fine engravings, and a knowledge of Morland's paintings.

irritable, the thin-skinned Quisquilius. A well-o-day ! his ' topsy-turvy ' conceits are now at an end . . his proofs, both ' avant,' and ' après la lettre,' now repose unmolestedly in his port-folios : and the ' gibes ' and ' taunts ' which he even *conjured* up against himself, during his existence, may now be harmlessly and ineffectually indulged. Yet wherefore ? Let him sleep in peace. I honour his proof-impression-loving memory ; and, if it had been his wish, would have even cut his name and his virtues upon his tombstone—*backwards !*

' Deeper and deeper still ' be the note of sorrow we are touching—for MARCELLUS sleeps in yonder mausoleum.*

For this latter he was once introduced into a caricature print ; but the tremulous sensibility of our collector, within a very few days, swept the copies out of all the shop-windows—for he was resolved not to be *graphically* lampooned. My friend Mr. Haslewood tells me the likeness was very strong. He was drawn in the act of looking through a glass at some choice morceau of Morland's pencil. His collection of *Hogarth's prints* was prodigious : but among the said *priced catalogues* there was *one* of which I had the naughtiness to envy him the possession—and which was the book-auctioneer's own copy of the *Catalogue of West's Library*, bound in russia, in a small folio size—with the prices and names of the purchasers. It was most marvellous to think how rapidly the quick-silver of his sensibility, or irritability, or nervousness, rose. You affronted him ere your eye had shot a glance, or your tongue was put in motion for utterance ! But so it was : and ' pity it is 'tis true.' The better qualities of human nature were however untouched in him : for he was upright, honourable, moral, and devout : and, had he lived, I am persuaded he would at this moment have wondered why he retired in wrath from the counting-house of Messrs. Longman and Co. no. 39, Pater-Noster-Row, in the year of our Lord 1810, respecting a large paper copy of the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*, put forth in the self-same year !

* MARCELLUS sleeps in yonder mausoleum.] Under this name was designated the late MR. EDMOND MALONE. I choose to add little or nothing to the gentlemanly account of him by Lisardo ; except that, occasionally meeting him at the table of the Hon. Mr. Trevor, he seemed to unite the qualifications for which the world, both learned and unlearned, had long given him credit. It will be mentioned, to his immortal honour, that he was among the first who discharged a critical cannon to demolish the *Ireland* breast-works, which had been ' drawn round ' the *Shakspearian* citadel. His ' History of the English Stage,'

His name is dear to the bipedical book-worm, and Shakspeare owns him among his most favoured commentators.

Of manners gentle, and affections mild,
he united the polish of a well-bred man with the minute accuracy and invincible patience of an antiquary. If he had not the depth and daring of Warburton, upon his beloved Shakspeare, he went far beyond him in the felicity of his researches, and in the safety of his conclusions. The book-world therefore is naturally now anxious to become acquainted with the *Shakspearian* lore which the said Marcellus hath left behind him : nor will it be disappointed : for LÆLIUS hath been long and successfully occupied in presenting us with a new edition of the Bard of Avon, containing the *Curæ Posteriores* (or finishing editorial touches) of the critic in question.

is quite canonical of its kind ; and he had made vast preparations for a new edition of his beloved Bard of Avon, which, under the care of LÆLIUS, will, in due time, and in proper ' shape and substance,' be submitted to the public tribunal. The result will prove, I apprehend, the placing of Mr. Malone among the ablest commentators of Shakspeare. ' Tu Marcellus eris ! ' . Mr. Malone was a smart dresser, having a sprinkling as it were of the beau, of other times, about him : and his well brushed and burnished hat, powdered hair, blue coat, light waist-coat and hose, &c. formed a striking contrast to the habiliments of MUSTAPHA, when by accident these Bibliomaniacs came in contact with each other at book-sales. I remember him during the sale of Reed's library. He was pretty constant and ardent in his attendance ; and rarely suffered his temper to be decomposed, or his vexation to be manifest, when ATTICUS used to draw forth, from his well replenished quiver, his long and home-searching arrows, and shoot at *him* and *others* from a bow which a bibliomaniacal Nimrod only could bend ! My acquaintance with him was slight and of short duration. Yet he was pleased to make me a present of his privately-printed tract upon the *Tempest of Shakspeare* ; which, upon his death, I gave to my friend Mr. Haslewood. This tract had made some noise, from its having crept into a review ; and equal noise was made when the supposed reviewer of it SOLD a copy for some seven pounds—although he had received it gratuitously from the author. Men are sometimes made of strange materials—and you shall see a well-educated University man, at fifty-five, do that for which an uneducated artisan, at twenty-five, would blush in avowing himself to be the author.

LORENZO. I rejoice to hear this; for I well knew the intimacy which subsisted between Lælius and Marcellus, and am perfectly disposed to believe that the former will do ample justice to his departed friend. Let us, if you please, after dinner—propose the health of LÆLIUS, and ‘Success to his labours?’

LISARDO. With all my heart: but are we not wandering?

LYSANDER. Undoubtedly; so be pleased to continue and conclude your ‘dead march in Saul!’ Who, of book-auction-loving Bibliomaniacs, has his name next inscribed upon the sable banners of mortality?

LISARDO. RINALDO: the wealthy, the fortunate, and the heroic.* I say heroic, because, at a moment when the ports

* RINALDO: *the wealthy, the fortunate, and the heroic.*] The *Bibliomania* (see page 182) was scarcely published when the aptitude of the character of Rinaldo to that of the late Mr. JAMES EDWARDS was promptly and generally acknowledged. I am well aware that at the very outset of this morcel of bibliomaniacal necrology, the curiosity of some, and the anxiety of others, will be excited: but my path to walk in is plain, straight, and perfectly disentangled of thorns. Pending the sale of Mr. Edwards’s library, we had disagreed; but the old adage of ‘*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*,’ might, if Mr. Edwards had stopt only six seconds to have construed it, have taught him the prudence of repressing the first ebullitions of ire, and of ‘making enquiry’ before he ‘passed judgment.’ I should indeed have been perfectly ashamed of the confidence reposed in me by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, if I could have been faithless to the interests of either the one or the other upon that occasion—and while I delivered the most prompt and unbiassed opinion to each of these distinguished book-collectors, (see somewhat appertaining hereto in vol. i. p. 381) I acted, during the sale, in a manner that plainly proved I did not attend ‘for the sake of *puffing* the books,’ as had been insinuated by some perverted looker on. What had I to gain from either quarter? Not a sous, nor a book, nor a dinner. I wanted neither. From the Owner of the Library—a library, which I had always admired to excess, and of which I had always been loud and uniform in commendation—I was told that, I had . . . ‘*disparaged* his collection.’ ‘Oh unexpected stroke!’ but I will not say . . . ‘worse than of death.’

Of the collection itself, the present is not the fit place to make especial mention. It will be recorded in its proper order in a future page of this DAY. Of its owner, I will follow the example of Lisardo, and observe, that ‘I have

of France and Holland were shut against us—and possessing books which were marketable articles abroad—he chose to bring his precious library to the hammer of Mr. Evans :

enjoyed his converse and partaken of his hospitality,' and with these sensations, I will not repress the feelings of my heart, but say that it had been better if we had 'shaken hands' before we finally parted. Life is quite short, uncertain, and vexatious enough of itself—without adding to its miseries by groundless antipathies and heart-burning grudgings. But justice must be rendered—and especially when due to the DEAD. Mr. Edwards, not many months before his decease, expressed a desire to Mr. Evans that 'the matter might be forgotten:' between ourselves, however, not a syllable or greeting ever passed since the day of the vendition of the VELLUM LIVY to that of his death. 'REQUIESCAT IN PACE!' Whatever may be the opinion entertained, or the judgment pronounced, upon the conduct and character of the late MR. JAMES EDWARDS, it cannot be denied that in the 'art, craft, and mystery' of BIBLIOPOLISM, no man ever did such wonderful things towards the acquisition of rare, beautiful, and truly classical productions in the shape of a BOKE: and it is truly observed upon his monument in Harrow church (a monument, by the bye, not remarkable for its good taste) that 'to his skilful research and liberal spirit of enterprize his country is indebted for the rarest specimens, biblical and classical, in the typographic art;' but that he 'exhausted the treasures of foreign cabinets to enrich the stores of the scholar and the man of taste,' must not be so readily conceded—nor is it material that it should be taken in its literal sense; for the *first Lucretius*, the *first Virgil*, and the *first Turrecremata* (the latter, very lately) had been consigned to the SPENCER LIBRARY, from the bibliographical enterprise of MR. HORN; to which gentleman, also, the same matchless collection has been recently indebted for the *Grammatica Rhythmica* of 1466, and several very early and almost unknown *Papal Bulls*. Let every man, in this world, have his due share of the pine apple; and if not of the pine-apple, of the mellon, or codling. My uncle Toby said well when he observed 'there was room enough in the world for himself and the blue-bottle fly.'

The *κειμήλια* (emphatically speaking) of the library of the late Mr. James Edwards were his BEDFORD MISSAL and the first Sweynheym and Pannartz LIVY UPON VELLUM. Ample justice has been rendered the former in the first day of this work (see vol. i. p. cxxxvi) and previous mention has been made of the latter at page 381 of the Fourth Day. Those who have heard my own opinion (however inadequate) of the two, will allow that my preference of the *first* has been always uniform. Indeed, during the sale, I told Sir Mark Sykes that the first 'was worth double' the second: because, in the first place, you cannot have another Bedford Missal; and, in the second place, there *may* not only be a *second* copy of the 'Livy upon vellum,' but the copy here discoursed of—as its present owner will allow—is not, in every respect, 'a top-gallant mast article:'

relying, and properly relying, upon the taste and spirit of his countrymen to amalgamate such treasures with their own. The result shewed the propriety of his determination.

but we shall again discourse of it in a subsequent page: — and at this moment methinks I see Mr. Evans, sitting with this very membranaceous *Livy* before him, in the fashion of a desk, with his magical hammer placed thereon; and all eyes averted, and all breathings stopped, as the critical moment came, when . . . but this is extremely irregular.

Mr. Edwards lived latterly at the old manor-house at Harrow; from which he had the view mentioned in a note at page cxxxvii, vol. i. His *CAPO DI MONTE VASE* was his great furniture-ornament attraction; which, latterly, was placed in the drawing-room, into which the library opened. No doubt this *was* ‘in every respect a top-gallant mast article!’ — the uninitiated marvelled, and the well-instructed became extatic, as it was turned gradually round to display all the mysteries of ancient art depicted thereon. The house stands high, and is surrounded by garden and pleasure grounds, with sharp and sudden acclivities. The prospects from thence are delicious, but there is a sort of gloomy solitude in the walks. Yet it was in the upper-terrace walk of these ‘grounds,’ somewhere about four years ago, that the first sentence of this work (in the Introduction) was composed; and that sentence ‘perdie’ may not be considered of a *very* sombrous complexion! It was also about the same time, when, as a bright autumnal morning sun shone upon the bed-room where I had slept, I looked out of window, while dressing, and saw the *last* cargo of books from *Paris*, which Mr. Edwards ever received, slowly flanking, in a small waggon, the central grass-plat, and approaching the door: and cordially and lustily did his family and myself set to work, ‘après déjeuner,’ to unload the same. There I helped to ‘draw forth’ the *Ulric Han Livy*, bound in vellum; which now adorns the book-shelves of the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville — and which, at the sale of the library, was sold for scarcely one-third of its worth: — for a finer copy is hardly to be met with.

Of the ‘rise and progress’ of the fortunes of Mr. James Edwards, I will here say nothing. The pages of the *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxxvi, pt. i. best develope these particulars. Those who mention the lowliness of parentage and of birth of Mr. Edwards, do both him, and the country in which they live, the greater honour. He was probably born a bibliographical bookseller: and had always a nice feeling and accurate perception of what was tasteful and classical, without being well versed in the principles of taste or in classical knowledge. His *tact* was in knowing what was likely to gratify men of eminence in learning or the fine arts. His ambition — that ‘glorious fault of angels and of gods’ — was truly meritorious: he travelled diligently and fearlessly abroad: was now exploring the book-gloom of dusty monasteries, and at other times marching in the rear or the front of Bonaparte’s armies in Italy: he visited almost all the principal public and

Never was there a braver spirit evinced in the acquisition of precious tomes ; and his *Vellum Livy*, the long and fondly cherished object of his heart, produced a sum sufficient in all conscience to have satisfied the most sanguine expectations. But there were other articles which, comparatively, produced yet greater sums ; and upon the whole, if, of all the *Days* in any one sale of Books by Auction, I were called upon to select *that* which should be the most regaling to my palate—it would be the *last day* of the sale of the library of RINALDO.

The death of the owner followed quickly upon the dispersion of his library. Rinaldo survived the sale of his books about six months only : not that, as a bibliomaniac of the ‘ first class,’ he might not have been excused for mourning ‘ much and often’ over the dispersion of treasures, some of which had been ‘ near and dear’ to him for the last dozen or twenty years of his life—thereby impairing his health in consequence of such lamentation—but that, in reality, he had long been previously impressed with the shattered state of his constitution ; and, taking the measure before described, he saw it vigorously carried through and completed : thus, probably, rendering his latter moments more serene in consequence : that is to say, as far as a judicious disposition of this world’s wealth can contribute to such serenity. Peace to the ashes of RINALDO . . . for I have enjoyed his converse, and partaken of his hospitality !

LORENZO. Is this the *whole* of the havoc which the grim

private collections where he sojourned—and may be fairly said to have carried on his concerns upon a scale as original as it was bold and successful. In a short period he amassed a very considerable fortune ; and died at the age of fifty-nine, leaving a widow and five children behind to lament his departure. He was without doubt a fond husband and an affectionate father.

monster, Death, hath made among Bibliomaniacs frequenting the Auction-Room?

LISARDO. Let me consider!... No: there are further ravages to be recorded. Bear witness, ye, who used to 'hang upon the accents' of the tongues of the PARMEGIANO, and RAFAELLE of their day—I mean—who used to witness the exertions of honest JACK LOCHÉE and courteous

* *honest JACK LOCHÉE and courteous GEORGE LEIGH.*] See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxxv and lxxxvi, for an account of these 'Worthies' of Book-Auctioneers. There is a private print of Mr. Leigh (who died at the advanced age of 74) which was published by Mr. Triphook, and is engraved in the stipling manner. His hammer is in his right hand; but the *nose*, methinks, like that of Gil Blas' second wife, is 'un peu trop long.' Mr. Lochée's end was truly unfortunate: as a brain fever had deprived him of all reason and recollection. In the memoir of him, in the *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxxv. p. 571, he is said to have been facetious, dealing his jokes around. I never could distinguish this peculiarity. He smiled much and often; and was a rare 'liberty boy' out of his desk—but good-natured and obliging, withal, to an extreme. He lost a beloved wife and 'fair sweet woman,' according to the account of her from the pen of Mr. Joseph Haslewood, in the *Gent. Mag.* who followed her to the grave, and who is pleased in that account to designate her husband as the 'Lord of her heart!'

Mr. Leigh had been in partnership with S. BAKER, and with the father of the present Mr. Sotheby; the latter of whom now exclusively carries on the business. Leigh took every thing in the coolest possible manner; but it has been observed that with his immense practical experience of the prices of books, he expatiated very little, and seemed to have a mere negative or quiescent knowledge of bibliography, during the sale. His voice was soft, and he had a sort of jirk in its *cadenza*—somewhere between the *affettuoso* and *adagio*. Now and then his hammer came down with a sharp and startling thump; but in general it moved mechanically, and dropt in a sort of 'dying, dying fall.' It was an instrument, however, of no mean importance; for according to a privately printed poem, ycleped '*Bibliography, in Six Books*,' 1812, 8vo. it should seem to have had a genealogy or descent not wholly unworthy of competing with that of the sceptre of Agamemnon. Thus singeth the whimsical bard thereupon, in the aforesaid 'privately printed' poem:

. and down
Th' important *Hammer* drops. (This instrument
Had wielded been of old by LANGFORD. He
With dying breath to BAKER did bequeath
This sceptre of dominion; which now decks
The courteous hand of LEIGH.)

The reader will mark the perfect propriety of the epithet 'courteous;' inas-

GEORGE LEIGH. What Book-Auctioneer Wights were these! The former, in partnership with the MICHAEL ANGELO of his profession (as he hath been designated *) used to wield his ebony sceptre not far from the neighbourhood of his rival; and the latter 'well stricken in years' ceased to wield a similar sceptre only with the cessation of life. His illness was short, and his strength nearly undiminished to the last. Parmegiano led the way to the shades below; and Raffaele tarried not a long time after him. They had both, in their day, witnessed the dispersion of many a choice collection; of many a precious volume which its previous owner had cherished as if fate and fortune were permanent and immutable! Oh, the fallacy and fickleness of human hopes!... The dreams of perpetual possession in which Book-Collectors indulge!... I believe my 'dead march' is now at an end; and you may prepare for something like the '*Minuet in Ariadne*,' to be succeeded by the '*Overture in Judas Maccabeus*.'

BELINDA. What mean you?

ALMANSA. I will venture a guess. You are about to give us a continuation of the description of such characters attending Book-Sales, before noticed, who are now living. Am I right?

LISARDO. When is Almansa wrong? But, courtesy apart, I was about to do the very thing which you have intimated.

much as Mr. Leigh has been termed the 'Raffaele of Auctioneers.' Our Leigh was in truth a very good natured man, and used his 'crumpled-horn snuff box,' (see the *Bibliomania*, p. 162, note) during the measured bidings for a high-priced article, with uncommon prudence and effect. Dr. Gosset and himself would at times have a sort of coquettish 'disporting' with each other; but the wary auctioneer never lost a word of importance which dropt during these bibliomaniacal gambols!

* as he hath been designated.] In a very droll, and now, I apprehend, rather scarce work, entitled '*Flim Flams, or the Life of my Uncle*,' 1805, 12mo. 3 vol.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
 Dip in the rainbow, trick him off in air ;
 Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere he change, the *Phœbus* of the minute !

PHILEMON. Suffer me first to call over the names of these living heroes of Book-Auction attendance—which I have carefully registered since the memorable day of our visit to no. 145 in the Strand. After Lepidus and Mustapha, comes BERNARDO. What further of Bernardo are we to learn ?

LISARDO. Very much truly. His *Juliana* propensities (not his propensities to the exhilarating country-dance so called by name) continue unabated, for Bernardo is no fickle lover. And then he mixes up with his attachment towards the *Sopewell Nun*, such a regard for *Turberville* and *Gascoigne*—he dwells so long and expatiates so learnedly upon the ‘*Measures of Blowing*’* and the ‘*Quartering of a Buck*’—that it is a marvel and a merriment to hear him. He hath lately achieved two stupendous deeds. Although

* ‘*Measures of Blowing*.’] One would think there was no particular fascination in this phraseology : but to the ear of an *hawking and hunting antiquary*, few sounds—except they be those of the horn itself—convey such pleasant emotions. We have all, perchance, once in our lives, heard of a song, of which the title and burden was ‘the horn, the horn, the merry-toned horn.’ But our business here is with a *sad*-toned horn : which was blown ‘wyth one wynde, one short, one longe, and a longer.’* Dismal was the sound, I say, of that ‘blast,’ upon a certain occasion—to the ears of our respectable Bernardo. To break off this mysterious language—know, gentle reader, that ‘once upon a time,’ a very rare edition of the work, quoted in the sub-note, was lent to the late Mr. Ebenezer Byfield, the engraver upon wood, for the purpose of having certain fac-similes of cuts, therein contained, made for the embellishment of a certain work ! Poor Byfield, by accident (an accident, which happened to be *unique*) LOST the

* ‘The booke of Hunting wherevnto is added THE MEASURES OF BLOWING. Imprynted at London upon the thre Crane wharfe by me William Copland,’ sign. i iij.

not considered to be passionately addicted to revelries and gaieties, to sports and pastimes, (except it be to John Rastell's 'Pastime of People') he hath edited two bulky tomes, ycleped the *Palace of Pleasure*—to which palace he

treasure consigned to him. Thus, while our Bernardo, in the very extacy of anticipation, was exclaiming in the language of an auncient 'caroll of huntynge,'

'There he gothe, there he gothe!!!
with hey go bet, hey go bet howe—
we shall haue sport and game ynowe,'

the wood-cutter, or rather the engraver upon wood, 'hadde let slyppe' the precious cargo consigned to him. What should he do—but advertise? Accordingly the following advertisement appeared forthwith. 'Lost, by the son of very indigent Parents, in going from Russell-Square through Piccadilly to Kensington, an old imperfect Pamphlet, *printed in black letter type, with an engraving on the first page.*—Whoever has found the same, and will bring it to Mr. Byfield, Engraver, No. 20, Paradise-Row, Islington, or to Mr. Reynell, Printer, Piccadilly, shall receive a reward of One Guinea.' This advertisement was read by ATTICUS, at York, just as he had mounted his charger to exercise his regiment. Like a true bibliomaniacal 'Lieutenant Colonel,' he gave orders for the men to go on, and he would overtake them. Meanwhile this advertisement rivetted him to his seat—and he conceived, like many others, that the black-letter gem in question had been the property of one ROSICRUSIUS. But it was not so. It was however a borrowed treasure on the part of Bernardo: the owner of which shewed a marvellous and truly commendable forbearance on the announce of the loss. The three measures of blowing was never *heard* of afterwards. 'Had the affair taken any shape but *that*—had any volume but the *blast-blowing* volume been lost—the result had not been so disastrous,' said Bernardo. Ever since this event, it is observed that Bernardo wears crape round his left arm when he dines with the owner of the lost treasure—and it hath been recently whispered that, in his sleep, or dreams, he occasionally starts, and shouts aloud,

Talbot my hounde with a mery taste
All about the grene wode he gan cast
I toke my horne and blewe him a blast
with tro, ro, ro, ro: tro, ro, ro, ro.
with hey go bet, hey go bet.
There he gothe, there he goth . . *

Meaning, there 'goth' the said EBENEZER BYFIELD!!

* See *Bibliographical Introduction to the Reprint of the Book of St. Albans*, 1810, folio, p. 58.

hath furnished *keys* for only about 250 visitors : and, smit with the love of old poetic lore, he hath of late disported himself in the production of two sister quarto tomes, equally bulky in their girth, and destined also for choice and select readers—under the title of ‘*The Mirror for Magistrates.*’

Bernardo is by no means yet exhausted. His editorial volcano will not be easily extinguished. ’Twould do your heart good to see him at work in his elevated chamber . . . not, however,

Lull’d by soft zephyrs through the broken pane
—meet receptacle for heaven-born poets—but, in a sort of a thickly-wedged book-coated cabin ; where a few partial gleams from stained glass, and a consoling oil painting or two (one of them a choice academic study) are the only ornaments which he suffers to wean his attention from delving into the stores of *Webbe*, *Puttenham*, *Campion* and *Daniel* ! What wonder therefore, if, catching a portion of inspiration from such ‘mighty masters’ of the Lyre, Bernardo himself should become a poet ?’ *

* *Bernardo himself. . . a poet.*] Lisardo, I presume, speaks only from report : and report is generally a treacherous authority. However, Bernardo is certainly the *reputed* author of a ‘*Bibliomaniac Ballad*,’ which appeared in ‘*The Morning Chronicle*,’ some three years ago, with the following dedication :

‘To the Roxburghe Club by way of dedication
And all *black-letter* dogs who have passed initiation.’

The ‘conceit’ or point of this ‘ballad’ lay in stringing together the names of all the old printers into verse of the following measure :

.

As he tipped his hypocras, malmsey, or sack,
With PYNSON like BYNDELL standing close at his back,
He held converse with BERTHELET, GODFRAY, or FAQUES,
Or would chaunt all the *carols* of KELE with new shakes.

LYSANDER. 'Tis most natural, methinks. But proceed with your delineation of other characters. Who comes next?

PHILEMON. ROSICRUCIUS.

LISARDO. 'I crave your mercy'—good master Rosicrucius, thou art the very ant or bee of bibliographical foraging! Some there are who think the writings of Rosicrucius have done infinite mischief: others allow them to be sufficiently dull; and a third portion of readers considers them unconscionably dear as well as prolix. There may be some truth in each of these criticisms: but time, which in the end brings everything to its proper level, will cause us correctly to appreciate the labours of this fertile bibliographer and mad-brained lover of *Spiras* and *Caxtons*! He hath of late had to struggle with some ill health, and a good deal of vexatious arithmetical computation—it being easier to *hope* than to *find* human beings liberal and honourable! Yet this said Rosicrucius perseveres—to the surprise of his friends, and to the comfort of his printer—to plan new works, and to indulge in fresh dreams of remuneration; and let us at least admit that what he publishes is creditable for its mechanical beauty, and the plenitude and singularity of its matter. Like a leader in a mail-coach, he will work gallantly to the last; and perhaps *drop*—when every friend and acquaintance will heartily wish him upon his legs! But a truce. Away with melancholy presage! Who stands next upon the list?

PHILEMON. One who won't so readily stumble. ATTICUS.

When his FLOWER was cropt he'd shew MANTELL *uncut*,
He'd a VOWELL *inlaid*, and made HARRY TAB strut
By Charles Lewis in hogskin, who bound his tall MAN
'Twas with scarlet in bands, DEXTER gilding the van,
&c. &c. &c.

LISARDO. Pyramids are stouter than obelisks; and you say well in predicting longevity to Atticus. The bibliomaniacal-warfare which this *Corvinus-like* collector* carries on, is as tremendous and unremitting as ever. When will he be satisfied? What volumes, of whatsoever nature, will content his ambitious heart? Is it *Poetry*?—he hath ‘enough’ and ‘to spare;’ out-topping the united collections of PEARSON and JOHN DUKE of ROXBURGHE in this favorite department of literature. *Voyages, Travels, Dictionaries, Greek and Roman Lore*—of these he hath an almost superabundance. *Old Dramas* and *old Sermons* are now among his desiderated treasures—and ‘Gammer Gurton’s Needle,’ and Latimer’s first ‘Paule-Crosse’ discourse, are already marked down to be among the ‘delights and comforts’ of his collection.† Of French *Mysteries*, of

* *Corvinus-like collector.*] See vol. ii. p. 455. But when will Atticus erect his marble fountain, furnish his elongated galleries, and entertain his ‘favourite Regiomontanus’ in a boudoir-like recess—adjoining thereto? ‘O Tempora!’ he exclaims, in reply: and thinks of his cheeses, his dairies, his sheep and oxen—(‘Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ’) without envying the owner of such a rent-roll as should seem to belong to the master of the steward seen in the incomparable picture by Wilkie entitled the ‘*Rent Day*!’

† *the ‘delights and comforts’ of his collection.*] Lisardo had probably Beza’s ‘address to his library’ in his mind’s eye—when he indulged in the above observation. This ‘address’ is really so pretty and so congenial, that I hope the reader will pardon the insertion of a great part of so small and exquisite a bibliomaniacal bijou:

AD BIBLIOTHECAM.

Saluete incolumes mei libelli,
 Meæ deliciæ, meæ salutes!
 Salue mi Cicero, Catulle salue,
 Salue mi Maro, Pliniûmque vterque;
 Mi Cato, Columella, Varro, Liui,
 Salue mi quoque Plaute, tu Terenti,
 Et tu salue Ouidi, Fabi, Properti
 Vos saluete etiam disertiores
 Græci, ponere quos loco priore
 Decebat, Sophocles, Isocratesque.

Spanish and Italian Romances and Poetry—who possesseth such and so numerous examples? He positively breakfasts upon *Bibliography*, and sups upon critical lore in the *Litteræ Humaniores*, or Polite Literature. His entrance-passage, stair-case, and rooms of every description, are mere receptacles for book-stowage; and even his culinary operations occasionally stand still—from the *fly* of a certain piece of machinery not having room wherewithal to perform its functions—so cruelly do the parchment-covered duodecimos trespass upon the precincts of that most essential piece of kitchen-furniture!

A well-o-day! How and where will this end? When shall Atticus concentrate his book-forces, and unite the scattered portions of his bibliomaniacal apparatus? At auctions early and late—in town and in the country—as hungry, keen, and voracious as ever—he stops at nothing, and will be satisfied with nothing. Old or modern Greek—Danish or Dutch lore—he hath ‘stomach for them all.’ May his career be yet long and prosperous; but I only wish him to consider that Corvinus died by no means an old man, and that Magliabecchi lived beyond his eightieth year by *cradling* himself in his book-chamber!

LORENZO. By which you mean to infer that the worthy

Et tu cui popularis aura nomen
Dedit: tu quoque, MAGNE HOMERE, salve.

Cuncti denique vos mei libelli
Salvetote, iterumque, tertiumque,
Atque audite meam precationem:

&c. &c. &c.

These are glowing lines from a youthful muse—in other words, from the ‘*Theodori Beza Vezelii Poemata Jvvenilia*,’ 12mo. fol. 37, rev. sine anno. Remember, they are quoted from the earliest impression; which, in the frontispiece, hath an oval ornament—representing Jupiter brandishing his bolts above, and a death’s head at bottom. Emphatically, therefore, this is the *death’s-head edition*!

Atticus is too locomotive—and desirous, as it were, of being at ‘Athens and Thebes’ almost at the same moment?

LISARDO. I comprehend the point of Lysander’s observation. Well! let us ‘possess our souls in patience,’ and a few years shall witness ‘the concentration of the book-forces’ of Atticus. Already some ten thousand choice tomes, in sur-coats of calf or morocco, and gayly sprinkled with ‘gilt on the backs,’ adorn his ancestral abode, some hundred and half of miles from London. Thither will quickly follow the heavy troops of *works of reference*; and lastly, and perhaps reluctantly, shall succeed the delectable flanking companies of *poetry, romances, and novels*, of almost all sizes and languages—and then, to crown the whole, let us fill a goblet (manufactured from the knobs and clasps of the true *Corvinian Binding*) of his own favourite *white-hermitage*—and drink, perdie, some hymenæal toast!—as . . . but we are treading upon tender, if not hallowed, ground . . . Who stands next upon your muster-roll?

PHILEMON. LEONTES.

LISARDO. ‘Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart’ are the name and the virtues of LEONTES! That excellent and venerable character yet lives; lives, in the increased estimation of his long tried friends, and in the very plenitude and zenith of bibliomaniacal reputation. Can human felicity go beyond this? Can worth and wisdom impart more substantial gratification? Steady in his principles, in his pursuits, and his attachments—rich in ‘good works’ as well as in good books—alive to refined taste in every thing connected with *graphic virtù*—the amiable and respected Leontes is gliding, by ‘gradual unperceived decay,’ towards a grave—which may cover his body, but shall never entomb his *name*. The future fate of his extensive and well selected

library is a matter of anxious speculation to some, and of curious enquiry to others. But, in truth, what boots it to consider where it may rest, whither it may go, or how it shall be scattered? Leontes wants no such monument of his worth and virtues. He has nearly filled up the measure of time meted out for him; and he looks with that cheerful complacency to a future state which a well spent life and a well directed faith will always enable a Christian to experience. Peace to the pillow of virtuous old age! Who have we next, dear Philemon?

PHILEMON. HORTENSIVS and ULPIAN—‘a noble pair of book-brothers.’

LISARDO. Their names do good to the ear and heart. They are the very CASTOR and POLLUX of bibliomaniacal constellations. Hortensius, notwithstanding the unceasing and harassing occupations of his profession—and surrounded by writs, pleas, demurrers, rejoinders, surrejoinders, rebutters, and surrebutters—yet contrives to steal away at intervals from all this ‘din of strife,’ and to indulge in his beloved black-letter propensities: thus *graduating*, as it were, in all the MYSTERIES of BIBLIOMANIACISM. Much as he may love Bracton, Britton, and Blackstone, he hath a not less ardent affection for Chaucer, Churchyard, and Churchill; and Littleton and Lovelace contend eagerly with each other for his superior attachment. In like manner Gower and Glanville vie for the warmer favours of Hortensius: so that one may fairly say his library exhibits *contending* copies, on the score of amplitude and beauty, of the works of the authors just enumerated. For binding and arrangement, too, disdain not to copy Hortensius; for upon his bookshelves stand very many of the choicest bijoux of the workmanship of the late Henry Faulkner and of the living

Charles Lewis. Nor is the hospitality of the owner of these treasures of a less quality and calibre than his taste: for Hortensius regaleth liberally—and as the ‘Night and Day Champagnes’ (so he is pleased humorously to call them!) sparkle upon his Gottingen-manufactured table cloth, ‘the Master of the Revels’ or (to borrow the phraseology of Pynson) of the ‘feste royalle,’* discourseth lustily and loudly upon the charms—not of a full-curved or full-bottomed ‘King’s Bench’ perriwig—but of a full margined *Bartholomæus* or *Barclay*, like his own!† And then for his old English Poetry... his dear, dapper, duodecimo *Spensers*!... O che boccone!... But we must positively shut the door upon all this bodily and intellectual luxury—and proceed to Ulpian; or rather to PALMERIN; for a report is current that a sort of abhorrence has been expressed of the former appellation.

Would you therefore visit PALMERIN? Hie for the Hermitage!... and let the postillion flourish his whip thrice round his head‡ ere the hoofs of the horses begin to clatter

* *feste royalle.*] Sic—according to the *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 420, edit. 1810, &c. I am quite ignorant of the present destination of this exceedingly rare book, which hath to name ‘The Boke of Cokery’ printed by Pynson in 1500, 4to. The famous Duchess of Portland (Lord Oxford’s daughter) had a copy of it, from which Herbert gave the description which appears in the work just referred to. How many banquets and dinners were given by the said Duchess—according to the ‘Calender of Cokery’ contained in the volume—is not upon record. What a treat for our friend VITELLIUS, if it had been!

† *Bartholomæus or Barclay like his own!*] That is to say, ‘Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum,’ and Alexander Barclay’s poetical version of Sebastian Brandt’s ‘*Navis Stultifera*.’ They are both beauteous copies of the rare books here alluded to; but the latter—the *Cawood* not the *Pynson* impression—(eheu!) is absolutely the very ‘pink,’ or rather the very ‘lily’ of copies!—so white is its tint, and so stately are its dimensions!

‡ *thrice round his head.*] An imitation, at once palpable and feeble, of the witches going ‘thrice’ round the cauldron in *Macbeth*. Would the horses have been less fleet if the postilion had made only *two* circular flourishes of his whip? This is

in their course for that enchanting spot. It is mid autumn; and the day is tranquil and serene as you strike out of the . . . road, and come within the gates leading to the aforesaid hermitage. The robin sings upon the larch, and the blackbird pours forth his lengthening note from the arbutus: the fragrance of the roses, richly scattered round the approach, together with that of the clematis and mignonette, cheer and invigorate you as you descend from your carriage and shake the master and mistress of the house by the hand, who quit the vestibule to receive you. But admire, ere you enter, the old-fashioned newly-put on roof, and projecting eaves of this lowly hermitage!—and admit that the crimson-tinted leaf of the Virginia, disporting itself along the sides of the walls, and of the said projecting eaves, harmonises admirably with the stained glass, of which you catch a peep in the interior.

We have gone our rounds; wiped our shoes, hung up our hats, ascended the first floor, and have entered THE LIBRARY. Success to every pursuit carried on within its peaceful precincts! You have there the loveliest possible samples of romaunt and poetical lore. The bibliopegistic art there shines in full lustre; and the *first Shakspeare*, by the late Charles Hering, would do your heart good only to see it. That Shakspeare too hath received the emphatic approbation of CORIOLANUS; but it has many flanking specimens of nearly equal skill from the tools of Clarke and the late lamented Faulkner. The room is small, but the book-furniture in it is rich to excess; the light is subdued

a point, I believe, which even the horse-learned Blundevill 'of Newton Flotman in Norfolk,' in his '*Fower chiefyst Offices belongyng to Horsemanshippe*,' (printed by Wylliam Seres '*at the signe of the Hedgehogge*,' 4to. without date) hath by no means (not even in the 1xth chapter of his '*first booke of the arte of Ridyngge*,' which treateth expressly '*Of the Rod*') ventured to discourse of.

by the orange-tinted panes of glass, but the profusion of gilded ornament, throughout, produces a sort of reflex and glow which may serve you a full three quarters of an hour after the sun has ceased to be seen in the welkin. There you may sit, read, write, or meditate, without molestation : for all is tranquillity and verdure around. I could enlarge this feeble sketch of the luxuries of Palmerin's hermitage. I could just notice his choice miniatures of those whom he loves to his 'heart's core ;' while below, in his *Apollo*, I could dwell upon his tasteful specimens of a few of the Flemish masters, and note the crisp and ethereal touch of our favourite UWIN's pencil in particular ! . . . And then for his Dresden-manufactured table cloth—while the roses throng and blush about his opened windows . . . But Palmerin must not have more than his due . . . There is a name or two yet on your muster roll ?

PHILEMON. Yes. There are certain MERCURI . . .

LYSANDER. A plague upon these bibliomaniacal Mercuries ! They keep so sharp a look out, there is no obtaining any thing at a moderate price. The golden age of book-collecting is gone.

LISARDO. You are severe, if not a little unchristianlike, good Lysander. I can by no means, in my royal capacity, suffer such an imputation to be cast. Are Booksellers, of all purchasers, to starve systematically ? Those who live in Cornhill, Pall Mall, Bond Street, and Holborn, will act, I trust, with their usual spirit and discernment ; and not let their falchions rust in their scabbards by abandoning the contest as long as they can honestly and honourably make a profit by their attendance and consumption of time. Proceed, dear Philemon.

PHILEMON. SIR TRISTREM comes next.

LISARDO. All hail to Sir Tristrem!—for no man loveth droller or more fantastic volumes than doth that mighty Bard. He yet lives in the plenitude of his fame and the regular increase of wealth. Who next?

PHILEMON. AURELIUS.

LISARDO. Right welcome be Aurelius! His diligence is perfectly invincible, and his researches have been as completely successful. I long for his *History of Scottish Poetry*, after the manner of that of Tom Warton's English Poetry. As a typographical Scottish antiquary, he is without an equal; and we shall soon see what pleasing and pretty work he hath made with his beloved *Mary*...

BELINDA. What may this allude to?

LISARDO. Simply his projected and forth-coming history of '*Mary Queen of Scots*.' It cannot fail to contain very curious information. The library of Aurelius is indeed a perfect specimen of that species of literature which it professes to embrace; and I love to see his gallant manner of entering the lists of book-auction seeking Bibliomaniacs, and of contending even 'stiffly and stourly' with Atticus himself, for the possession of a long sought after antiquarian treasure! Health and happiness to Aurelius: whose old-age seems absolutely to become greener and greener each revolving year! Who succeeds Aurelius?

PHILEMON. PROSPERO.

LISARDO. I love the enchanting waving of his 'wand.' Prospero, secure in the panoply of an unrivalled collection, (the fruits of the toil and perseverance of other years) yet keeps aloof from the heat and turbulence of Auction-Rooms. At any rate, his appearance is rare, but his anxiety is not the less unremitting. We saw him, however, if you remember, at the sale of RINALDO's library, sometimes conversing

with the undaunted Atticus, sometimes with the energetic Sempronius, and occasionally with the mischievous Roscius:—giving good advice, I make no doubt, to each of these keenly-contending bibliomaniacs. The library of Prospero, containing ‘choice copies’ from the collections of West, Ratcliffe, Tutet, Chauncy, Wright, Pearson and Farmer, is, in my humble apprehension, quite perfect of its kind. A due portion of ‘rich and rare’ MSS. is also admitted; and the printed volumes are replenished with a judicious mixture of theology (especially of rituals) and a most glorious sprinkling of belles lettres and history. The bindings of Prospero’s books are in full gilt ornament; to which time hath given a warm and mellow tint—and the entire library forms one splendid and interesting mass of information; of which no man knows how to make a better use than its owner, as the public have had decisive demonstration. Let Prospero’s kind-heartedness, and readiness to oblige, be also had in constant reminiscence; while his independence of spirit, and undeviating adherence to truth and integrity, render him at once an object of our respect and esteem. You have surely now gone through the muster-roll of book-auction-loving Bibliomaniacs, noticed on a former occasion, and yet alive?

PHILEMON. One more name only occurs, and it is that of MENALCAS.

LISARDO. ‘The bravest of the brave,’ in his contention for large-paper copies of Greek and Roman Classics, is MENALCAS!—and ‘right lovingly’ therefore let us greet him. His ‘oblong cabinet,’ and grenadier row of red-coated *Variorum Classics** yet exists, or rather flourishes. Could MENALCAS be satisfied with such a strait-laced parallelogram of a library?

* See the *Bibliomania*, p. 181.

He could not ; for his ambition, as a Bibliomaniac, is of the largest possible dimensions. Accordingly, he ‘ pulled down, built up,’ and now revels in a more capacious measurement of cubical feet. His books followed him (for books have a dog-like sort of fidelity) into his new suite of rooms : ‘ up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady’s chamber !’ There you now have them ; topography, poetry, antiquities, and even bibliography is vouchsafed to be admitted within such princely appurtenances. The gilt tooling of Charles Lewis, like the creeping tendrils upon the lattice work of the *bocage* before his door, wantons in cunning mazes along the sides and across the backs of the volumes of MENALCAS. A rich and lovely assemblage : morocco, russia, calf, white vellum—there they stand, equally glittering to the eye and tempting to the touch !

LORENZO. Pray inform us—is his ‘ table cloth’ of ‘ Gottingen ’ or of Dresden manufacture ?

LISARDO. I understand your sly allusion. You would speak of the *Falernian* of Menalcas. But who has ever questioned the large-paper kind of hospitality which characterises the mansion of that able scholar and vigilant instructor. No : a day at H . . . Hill, and in the ‘ up stairs ’ or down stairs ’ (for we have no right to invade ‘ my lady’s chamber ’) of Menalcas, is a day of carol and joyaunce to the thorough bred Bibliomaniac. Prosperity to his labours !—for they are equally arduous, incessant, and important : and methinks scarcely any thing but a sight of such bibliomaniacal treasures, as those which he possesses, could possibly refresh, sustain, and carry a man through—immersed in the like arduous occupations ! And here finishes our ‘ *Minuet in Ariadne*.’

LORENZO. You only make us the more impatient for

your ‘*Overture to Judas Maccabeus.*’ Of what nature is it?

LISARDO. I will tell you. Since the period of our mingling in the Auction Room of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, some six years ago, I have made acquaintance with other dragon-like Book-bidders and purchasers, who, I think, are well entitled to be admitted upon the present *Record*.

LYSANDER. Undoubtedly: and do pray prepare your brightest colours, and brandish your favourite brush, in the delineation of them.

LISARDO. You throw me off my guard by such vehemence of expectation. But I shall do my best.

BELINDA. Remember, my paper is before me, and my short-hand accomplishments will be put in motion...

LISARDO. I will do my duty, whatever be the result. Who takes his firm and fixed stand yonder? 'Tis HONORIO; the brave and the bold. I admire his courage and highly approve his taste. No man comes into the field of battle—I should have said ‘the field of glory’—with better principles, better taste, or a more resolute determination, than Honorio. Where a work be ‘a prime article,’ as they designate it, ah, who so courageous, who so vigilant, who so triumphant as Honorio!? And then, what follows? Where sleep his treasures? *Sleep*, did I say? Where are they opened, awake, in broad day, and for the benefit and admiration of his friends?... Must I tell how the Alpine or Chinese roses, how the exotics from America or Japan have given place to the delicious performances—to flowers whose bloom is perennial—from the ‘garden-plots’ of *Spira*, *Jenson*, and *Zarotus*? Shall I lead you in imagination to the morocco (not azalia) bowers, and russia (not orange-tree) vistas, of Honorio? Or shall we recline upon couches in his membranaceous *Palace of Pleasure*? Oh the luxury of that abode!

the felicities which his taste and his well-replenished purse impart ! Not a word here respecting his ‘ table cloth ! ’ . . . ‘ Good wine needs no bush ! ’

ALMANSA. Such a gentleman, methinks, should have a capacious and richly furnished mansion ?

LISARDO. You say well, my Almansa ; for the mansion of Honorio *is* both capacious and richly furnished. And then his *Albanos*, his *Annibal Caraccis*, *Murillos*, *Berghems*, *Bassans*, and *Cuyps* ! All these—in a Palladio-proportioned room, some twenty-five feet in height—are the rich accompaniments of his glass-stained book-vistos, and scattered and classically-embellished libraries. His *Fifteeners* grow in number and in strength, while his *vellum copies* designate him as the LIVING MACARTHY of membranaceous renown ! I could strike a loud and pleasing note, too, in commendation of his private and public virtues : and could disport even in luxuriousness of description of his affection as a husband and father—of his integrity as a citizen of the world—of his patriotism as a senator—of his enlarged and liberal views as a British merchant : and how—the De Medici of his day—there shall be sometimes, peradventure, Indian spices and Greek MSS. consigned to him in the same cargo ! . . . But there are sour and jealous souls who might not stomach the propagation of such facts : and so let us proceed in our ‘ Overture.’

By the side of Honorio stands his friend MELIADUS. A bidder of less daring, but a strenuous and determined possessor of everything appertaining to romaunt and poetic lore in the French language. His *Mysteries*, in the same tongue, are equally numerous and curious. But follow Meliadus home to his costly mansion, and you will no longer admit the superiority of *barley broth* to *sack*, below stairs—

while, above, beneath a range of well-trimmed argand lamps, that shed their soft and exhilarating lustre upon satin-wood book-cases replenished with tomes, rich, rare, curious, tiny, or tall—you disport yourself in all the luxuries of cultivated Bibliomania! The tables are set: the coffee has been circulated: HORTENSIVS grasps this giant folio—ATTICUS pounces upon yonder burnished quarto—PALMERIN is glued to this richly decorated octavo; while LÆLIUS looks on with amazement at the Verards—and BERNARDO, in a snug corner at a distance, is lost in extacies . . . at fine impressions of the cuts in the *Vannerie et Fauconnerie* of *Jaques du Fouilloux*. But who is hugging the *Virgilius* in yonder recess? 'Tis PHILELPHUS, the youthful, the ardent, and the good.

PHILEMON. He is a stranger to me.

LISARDO. Perhaps so; yet nevertheless deserving of a warm place upon the sofa of the mansion where you are now detained. Indeed, of those just described, there is no one who hath so good claim to the 'uppermost chamber' or the uppermost place therein. But let us say 'Good night' to the party here assembled—for they are heedless of the flying hours!—and the pale moon is already setting, and the sky reddening with returning day, ere they think of their chapeaus de bras!

ALMANSA. Not a lady among them! O fie!

BELINDA. What should she do?

LISARDO. Outrageously scandalous. But as my colours are moist and glowing, and my brush is in 'gallant trim,' let me continue my bibliomaniacal delineations. Who have we, in the said sale-room, standing close to the elbow of Atticus? 'Tis EUMENES; the wary, the quiet, and the judicious. With pencil in hand, and opened catalogue before him, he weighs, in the balance of a cautious mind, the rela-

tive worth of each article as it passes under the hammer; and reflecting upon copies of the same class of books, in his own choice collection, he suffers nothing to be lost in the acquisition of bibliographical knowledge. Does Eumenes often stand forward, and bid briskly and aloud? On the contrary, rarely: yet when he sets his mind upon a thing, and screws up his courage 'to its sticking place,' there are few who shew more perseverance than Eumenes. The hammer will sometimes be at an angle of almost 80—giving scarcely room for a polypedical book-worm to creep between it and the desk—before Eumenes deems it prudent to 'put in a word.' But *once* having commenced bidder, he perseveres; till prudence, in its most commanding form, bid him desist. His own collection, of its kind, is quite delicious: belles-lettres, history, and antiquity, in abundance—with a PERFECT Wynkyn de Worde P n, and an almost perfect Juliana of St. A——n's to boot. Let us therefore say, 'thrice and four times happy EUMENES!'

See, yonder!—a very ARCHIMEDES paces the room. His bibliomaniacal appetite is as keen as his professional knowledge is unrivalled. Science, in almost all its branches; history, in very many of its departments; and the 'dear Chronicles' in especial, from simple Froissart, to 'slashing' Belsham, are unceasing objects of pursuit in the minds' eye of Archimedes. No man makes less parade in his book-acquisitions; yet Archimedes hath a library of which the foundation was laid from the spoils of the *Pinelli* and *Paitoni* Collections; of which Crassus might boast; and even Atticus not be ashamed. His name and reputation will last as long as the waters of Thames glide beneath the colossal arches of the *Bridge of Waterloo*—pronounced, by Canova, to be 'the eighth wonder of the world!'

Mark well where HIPPOLITO takes his stand—amidst the *Dantes* and *Donis*, and *Petrarchs* and *Pulcis*, and *Boccaccios* and *Boiardos*, that are passing under the hammer! A very ‘helluo,’ in the devoration of Italian literature. Few men draw their arrows more closely to a head, and few men send them forth with a more deadly precision of aim. Beware how you encounter him for an *Aldine Poliphilo*, or *Giolito Petrarch*, especially when either are upon vellum—and within the binding of Grolier, Maioli, or De Thou! Remember how formidably, upon exhausting a quiver full of the aforesaid ‘deadly’ arrows, he drew his bibliomaniacal falchion, and entered the arena even with Atticus, for Spanish Romances, at the *Stanleian* tilt and tournament! . . .

ALMANSA. Does this commence your ‘Homeric warfare?’

LISARDO. By no means: but to dismiss Hippolito with the commendations which are due to him—you may rely generally upon his taste and judgment; and his late publications, connected with Bibliography in some of its most interesting branches, do equal credit to the one and the other. Few collectors, within so small a space, have concentrated so many rare and precious Italian gems as are to be seen in the library of Hippolito. You observe . . he is just now listening to the dicta of SEMPRONIUS, and deferring to his opinion. And well may Hippolito shew this deference and mark of respect; for the library of SEMPRONIUS, in the particular department to which Hippolito himself is so much attached, hath not its superior within the metropolis. The owner of it exercises the knowledge of Crofts upon a collection, which, if it have not the abundance of Pinelli, has the choice exhibited by Smith and Paitoni. Would that we were favoured with the notes in his interleaved Haym—and that we could be benefited by his constant researches into

the pages of his beloved MAZZUCHELLI ! ?* His collection is chiefly the fruit of other days perseverance ; and it is rich and multifarious to your heart's delight. We have noticed the argand-lamps of MELIADUS . . . but let not the effect of the well-trimmed literary lamps of Sempronius be kept from sight—for many and precious have been the hours, which, in company with PROSPERO, POLAIOLO, and INA, I have enjoyed at banquets in that book-furnished retreat.† Hark—what noise hath reached mine ear ?

BELINDA. You alarm us ! Explain.

LISARDO. 'Tis only BAROCCIO, who hath fired his gun—which however is but feebly shot. The report of this bibliomaniacal gun was once much louder ; but of late years Baroccio hath rarely exercised his engineering skill at book-auctions. And indeed he may well rest satisfied by staying away ; for his own library is exceedingly precious—as, by means of a capacious and richly-furnished purse, he hath leapt at once, as it were, into the possession of a very book-garden of anemones, polyanthuses, ranunculuses, and roses of all colours and fragrance !

LORENZO. I am much amused by these varieties of character among book-auction loving bibliomaniacs. Your 'overture to Judas Maccabeus' is set in a new key, and

* *the pages of his beloved Mazzuchelli.*] Concerning this elaborate, but unfortunately unfinished work, consult the *Bibliomania*, p. 80. Messrs. Payne and Foss recently imported a most delicious copy of it, 'relié en peau de veau,' which had scarcely made acquaintance with its fellow companions, in the richly furnished repository of the same bibliopolists, ere it was swept away (consult vol. i. p. 126 note, respecting a besom or two occasionally used in this same repository) by Mr. Fazakerly: a gentleman who unites taste and judgment in all his book-purchases.

* *that book-furnished retreat.*] Notice hath been already taken (vol. ii. p. 530) of the mellow glow, or tint, of the general book-furniture of Sempronius.

perfectly to my taste. It is not yet drawing to a conclusion, I presume?

LISARDO. Indeed it will quickly terminate—and then for the '*Battle Symphony of Beethoven!*'

PHILEMON. Proceed: but consider the tender nerves of a part of your audience.

BELINDA. We will express our fears as they arise. Do not *bespeak* them. Resume now, illustrious monarch of the day, the aforesaid Judas Maccabeus overture.

LISARDO. 'Tis well. Who advances softly and unaffectedly yonder—entering into discourse with Honorio and Atticus? Thrice welcome, renowned CRASSUS, to the 'throng and and press' of this 'tented field!' At present thy bibliomaniacal sun is 'just peering above the horizon;' but anon it shall blaze with unrivalled splendour in the meridian-hemisphere, as already its beams are beginning to warm the hearts of some, and to gladden the countenances of others. Ample are thy possessions, and cultivated is thy taste—yet thy temperance and discretion are, with me, even beyond the minor virtues of a book-loving character. If I might raise my voice with a sort of Sibylline inspiration, I should say that *that* day is not very remote, in the bibliomaniacal kalendar, when the fluted Ionic column shall grace the interior of thy Library—beneath the curiously wire-protected gallery, where literary journals and bibliographical treasures may extend. Below, the spirits of Leland, of Camden, of Dugdale, and of Gough shall preside—viewing, with increased delight, the choice and innumerable specimens of the antiquities of thine own country—which, clad in morocco, or russia, or yellow calf coatings, from the manufactory of Roger Payne or Charles Lewis, shall embellish, as they occupy, the ponderous shelves below!

A stir is made to the left of the Auctioneer—and in paces PALERMO. His breast-plate is broad; his spear is long and well-pointed; his march is firm; his countenance breathes a conscious air of triumph; there is hope in his eye, and courage in his heart. Yet who hears the voice of Palermo? No one: he gives the nod—(without ‘affecting the god,’ or seeming ‘to shake the spheres’) and the quick-silver of competition rises. The mettle of each is provoked. A lovely Missal, or a vellum Didot, glitters before the wondering eyes of the spectators . . . and Palermo nods again! ’Tis done: the hammer drops, and Palermo bears away the prize—seductive as the charms of Helen, but ah! more capable of substantial solace to the champion who has won them. I honour his spirit, commend his taste, and love his enterprise.

But why is LICIOUS so long absent? Is it because no perfect Gascoigne, nor Cornelius Agrippa, nor John Dee, nor John Webster, hath been hitherto ‘put up?’ Even so: and yet now, methinks, he appears, and makes a forward movement—with his *Dolarney’s Primrose* in his button-hole! That primrose emits a pungent fragrance; as the Roxburghers know full well. However, a copy of *Dr. Fian’s* achievements is put up—and who but Licious, for the absent Philelphus, must win it? He hath a perfectly *magical* library—and in our enumeration of argand-lamp lighted drawing-rooms, remember, I beseech you, the spacious and crimson-tinted ones of our beloved Licious; the smaller of which is almost exclusively devoted to narrow-girted, short, and delectable quartos, developing all the mazes and mysteries of incantation! A sort of rivalry may be said to exist between the back drawing-rooms of MELIADUS and LICIOUS; and yet methinks the green-house, or orangerie,

terminated apartment of the former hath somewhat the superiority ! However, these are noble competitions ; and while the drawing-rooms of half the neighbourhood of either book-hero, are crammed to suffocation with squeezed up beaux and belles, panting for introduction to the ‘ Mistress of the revels ’ and then panting for retirement to—at least two ‘ mo ’ similar revelries

ALMANSA. You are becoming censorious . . .

LISARDO. Not in the least. But do you imagine that censure of the most biting kind, or cutting even with a two-edged blade, would have any effect upon the marble or steel-bosomed guests of such flaunting festivities ? !

BELINDA. Worse and worse !

LISARDO. Let me resume. I say, therefore, while the drawing-rooms of half the neighbourhood of Licius and Meliadus are devoted to midnight amusements, of which the means are usually as frivolous as the end is fruitless—what are the more *intellectual* pursuits carried on among the romance or poetic lore of the one, and the Cornelius Agrippa-like learning of the other ? Let me only add—by way of anticipating a question from Philemon—that the respective ‘ table-cloths ’ of these book-auction-loving Bibliomaniacs are of equal amplitude of size and beauty of manufacture ; and that Anthony Munday himself, if he were living, would admit that he had never before seen such a ‘ *Banquet of Daintie Conceits* ’ as is oftentimes spread upon the one or the other of them !

Ha ! is it so ?—and do I see the retired and sharp-eyed NENNIUS standing yonder ?—leaning against horizontally-placed folios of *Wilkins*, and *Rymer*, and the *Acta Sanctorum* ! I crave your hearty acquaintance, my brave Leland and Camden-loving Nennius—and wish that I could oftener

see you in this field of contest, brandishing your unerring lance, or quietly reposing beneath the panoply of your seven-bulls-hide shield! . .

LYSANDER. This must be a very extraordinary champion.

LISARDO. 'In his way' (as they call it) he hath absolutely no compeer; and Magliabecchi yields entirely to his ascendant genius—for Nennius not only loves *bokes* as lustily as did the librarian of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but he hath something more than a mere *title-page* acquaintance with them. His memory also is equally faithful and well-furnished—and such a gluttonous bibliomaniacal appetite doth he possess, that even *Rymer*, the *Gallia Christiana*, and Bouquet's *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*, will scarcely suffice him for a twelvemonth's 'victualling.' Mabillon, Montfaucon, and Muratori are his dear delights as foreign authors; while his deal-shelves groan beneath the weight of annotation upon our home historians; such as Gildas, Jeffrey, his namesake, Ingulph, Hoveden, Malmesbury, Matthew Paris, Ralph de Diceto, and Benedictus Abbas, &c. &c.—and then for the 'scribbled margins' (as Warburton used to express it) of his Leland, Camden, Twysden, Gale, Sparke, Hearne, Batteley, Grose, King, and others of the like character—oh, 'twould do your heart good only to have a glimpse of them!

LORENZO. More and more wondrous!

LISARDO. I have not yet done with Nennius. He hath no small knowledge of the art of design; and brandishes his pencil upon castles, cathedrals, and churches, that it were a marvel to see how his drawers and portfolios are crammed with the same. There is not a church, nor place of worship, nor castle, within the counties of *Sussex*, *Kent*, and *Bedford*,

but what—if report speak true—he hath brought within the precincts of some 12 inches by 9: and to hear him talk of *Canterbury*, *Winchester*, and *Ely Cathedrals*, bless us, you would imagine that he had witnessed the laying of the foundation stone of each! Shall I mention his . . .

BELINDA. This gentleman, methinks, should be some five hundred years old, and gifted with perpetual youth, or at any rate with the hundred hands of Briareus?

LISARDO. Again I say, ‘I have not yet done with Nennius.’ Talk to him now—of a winter’s evening, while your wood and coal fire is crackling, and the elder-wine hisses upon the hob—of Gaimar, Wace, and the Norman poetry upon which La Rue hath expatiated . . . and he will shew you his own transcripts of new, or his minute collations of well known, MSS. of the same. See, he is waiting with anxious expectation for the putting up of Muratori’s *Antiquities of the Middle Age*! He will certainly possess them—unless his friend Atticus (who hath probably two copies already of that precious work) do not happen to take a fancy for a *third*!

LORENZO. This is bearing hard upon the renowned Atticus; but, reverting to Nennius, I do fondly hope and trust that the intelligence which he possesses will on no account be suffered to perish with him. When will the public be benefitted by the same?

LISARDO. ‘Ay, there’s the rub!’ But what are the encouragements held out for an individual to put forth lucubrations of the like nature? There is, generally speaking, a very limited taste in these matters—while, on the contrary, a passion for a sort of mushroom-miscellaneous knowledge is sure of obtaining success. And besides—there is, strictly speaking, no *government-patronage* in an undertaking of

this kind *. . . and yet who love the histories of their own countries better than the *British*? But let us conclude these NENNIANA by wishing that the gentleman, who has given

* *no government-patronage in an undertaking of this kind.*] Perhaps this observation should be qualified a little: but to an attentive observer of the rise and progress of literature, in other countries as well as our own, it should seem a matter at least of surprise, if not of wonder, that so little has been *here* accomplished in the furtherance of NATIONAL LITERATURE. The present therefore may be a fit place to say a word or two by way of illustration of the hint thrown out at the conclusion of the FIRST DAY of this work. The means of such national patronage are undeniable; for we are the richest country in the world. The talent of directing it to its *right ends* ought also to be equally undeniable—for the country which has produced Cecil and Bacon may be said to be among the wisest upon record. Nor are the opportunities and occasions less numerous and imperative. But any hopes of an effectual establishment, or fund, for carrying such a laudable design into execution, must be sought for in the disposition of the prime minister, of the time being, of the country. It has been often remarked that Mr. Pitt had a total indifference in respect to the interests of literature. This was the more extraordinary, as, consistently with his political views and principles, he must have seen the immense influence of PUBLICATIONS in stirring up the French nation to the REVOLUTION which followed; and of which revolution few used to describe the horrors, or deprecate the results, more powerfully than himself.

Mr. Perceval, with less commanding talents, and less personal influence, was also by no means distinguished for literary attainments: but he had quick and honest views of every thing which might operate towards his country's good. Upon the subject, however, of what we are discoursing, he expressed a courteous deference to the opinions of his predecessors: and only acted as such predecessors had acted before him. To a plan which was submitted to him in the year 1810 (and of which I am not ashamed to avow myself the author) of erecting an eastern wing to the British Museum, running parallel with the wing now appropriated to the Towneley Marbles, &c. for the purpose of establishing a NATIONAL PRESS—he was pleased to return an answer (22 Feb. 1810) that ‘however useful the plan might be to literature, it did not appear to him to be a proper object for undertaking at the public expense, in a country like this, and more especially at the present moment.’ And again, in reply to a second application, he observed that ‘the object of the plan was better attained, in this country, by leaving the execution of it to the will of individuals, than by making it a national undertaking,’ 13 April, 1810. As the time and occupations of a prime minister are too precious for further intrusion, after an expressed opinion like the preceding, the subject necessarily and entirely dropt.

Does the reader—in order to judge of the fitness or unfitness of the Premier's reply—feel any curiosity to know what THAT PLAN was? If he do, he hath the

rise to them, may live vigorously through the four hundred and fifty years which yet remain to complete the longevity

following simple and summary account of it. The Premier was, in the first place, made acquainted (with what he had most probably a previous knowledge) that the National Press of FRANCE, under the reigns of Francis I. Louis XIV. and Louis XVth, had been productive of the most useful as well as splendid acquisitions to literature; and that lately, under the power of Bonaparte, the continuance of Bouquet's '*Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*,'* had been a measure reflecting more substantial reputation upon the then Ruler of France, than the united numbers of his canals, roads, bridges, and victories. So much for precedent and proHEME. Now for the plan itself. That plan consisted, as above intimated, in the erection of a NATIONAL PRESS—to be exclusively devoted to works of intrinsically solid worth, and obviously national benefit. An impulse and an importance were to be given—and might always be maintained—to the operations of that press, which should stamp its productions with the character of real excellence. Our *Historians* and our *Poets*, and *Grammars* in all languages, might be the first objects for effectually bringing it before the public notice. We would leave Oxford and Cambridge in undisturbed possession of their *Bibles* and *Prayer-Books*, and Mr. Strahan equally unmolested in his diverting occupation of producing *Journals* and *Gazettes*: see vol. ii. p. 400-4. In whatever came forth, care, neatness, and substantiality in every respect, should be invariably consulted and adopted: and in *these* things, at least, we might take a lesson of our neighbours: '*fas est et ab hoste doceri*.' The politics of COLBERT are now forgotten; but his sincere and ardent love of literature and of the fine arts will cause his name to be remembered by the latest posterity.

It should also be understood that such an establishment, might, in a very material degree, be made to *cover its own expense*. It might receive a stimulus, in the first instance, from the potent arm of state—but afterwards be left, almost with certainty, to work out its profits, or very considerable returns, by the care, the accuracy, the splendor, or the interest of the works which issued therefrom. How comes it to pass, that we have *no worthy* History of the ANTIQUITIES of LONDON, of OXFORD, or of CAMBRIDGE? That there would be *purchasers* of such works, if they were executed in a manner, and upon a plan, as they ought to be, is, I think, undeniable. But what private individual would embark *twelve thousand pounds* upon either of the first two of these works? Here then it is that a National Establishment would be most effectually exercised. Again: the object of this establishment should be to publish as *cheaply* as possible—thereby keeping printers (who are often times extremely saucy bipeds) upon their guard and

* The xviiith volume of this stupendous and truly national work is just on the eve of publication; the Index alone of which cost its venerable editor, the ABBE BRIAL, full two years in its completion. The xviiith volume is already gone to press; and let us hope that a prediction that this learned septuagenarian 'is not likely to leave his successor behind,' may not be verified.

assigned to him by Belinda. And with Nennius let us finish our 'Overture to Judas Maccabeus.'

ALMANSA. We are now impatient for your '*Battle*

good behaviour. As to the *situation* of it, the BRITISH MUSEUM, which is concentrating within itself every thing that is precious in art and learning, should, without doubt, be the place of its erection. Once more. The reply of Mr. Perceval admits 'the plan to be useful to literature,' but an improper object for undertaking in a country, and 'at a moment' like this. 'Useful to literature'—and yet an improper 'undertaking in a COUNTRY LIKE THIS?'—a country, the richest and perhaps the wisest and best regulated in the world!—a country, which, by a trifling impost, would instantly raise the means both for the erection and effectual conduct of such an establishment—a country, that has already, almost without opposition, devoted, and wisely devoted, SIXTY THOUSAND POUNDS at least in the acquisition of STATUES—many of them breathing all the purity and all the inspiration of Grecian art! Now if such a sum be well spent upon quiescent objects—to be thoroughly relished only by the enlightened few—surely one half of it might be devoted towards giving an impulse—and putting into active circulation—works, closely interwoven with some of our fondest feelings and hopes as Englishmen, as Moralists, and as Christians!

Two observations, or even objections, may be here urged. In the first place it may be said that the expenses which are already attendant upon the support of the BRITISH MUSEUM, are as much as the nation can well bear, 'at a moment like the present.' I do not believe that any enlightened senator would attempt seriously to support, if he should even make, such a declaration. For what are the annual expenses of the NATIONAL LITERARY ESTABLISHMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN? Eight Thousand Pounds! With this expenditure, we preserve and hope to perpetuate, some of the most precious and valuable books, documents, and instruments—in arts, in science, and in learning—for 'the race that is, and the race which is yet to be:' and to which said 'documents and instruments' the same present and future race hath, and will have, constant and unrestrained admission. There is now therefore (and but lately) a reciprocity of interest kept up, equally wise in its ordination, and equally salutary in its results. But to suppose that, at *any* moment, the finances of THIS COUNTRY could not wisely and usefully bring to bear even an additional annual four thousand pounds (if such additional sum were necessary) for an object *equally salutary* is, to my humble apprehension, to advance a very short-sighted supposition indeed.

In the second and last place, it may be said that the government of this country is now at the expense of printing and publishing the *Statutes of the Realm*, a new edition of the invaluable *Book of Domesday*, and of the *Fœdera* of Rymer. Every wise and every patriotic man will love to learn this. But are these works, works of 'literature,' properly so called and understood? In other words, are they *generally* interesting? Do they come home to our 'bosoms and businesses?' Will they be *read*—now, and hereafter? Will they be understood, if

Symphony,' for in that piece of music we presume you intend describing the contention and slaughter hinted at in the opening of your discourse?

LISARDO. Even so: and at once let us strike the blood-stirring note! It is some six years ago, dear Lysander, since you concluded your History of what you were pleased to designate the *Bibliomaniacal Disease*. The sale of DR. HEATH'S Library was, methinks, the last upon record when such narrative was concluded. In other words, the *Heath Battle* was the last at that time fought within the bibliomaniacal arena.* It should seem as if the year of our Lord 1811 were destined, in the annals of the Book Auctions, to

read, in *other* countries as well as our own? Will they impress the Russian, the Pole, the Norwegian, and the Dane, as well as the southern inhabitants of Europe, with more just and more generous opinions of those who were once pronounced to be 'divided from the whole world?' Can such works possibly find entrance into the cottage as well as the palace? and will they describe our *national character* like the touches of Malmesbury or of Clarendon—of Dryden or of Goldsmith? Peace to the latter years—to the dignified repose after long continued toil—of that DISTINGUISHED CHARACTER, by whose care and aid, in especial, the works, before mentioned, have been planned and carried into effect. If that same character should be of opinion that something more, not less salutary, and of a like tendency, be requisite for the completion of BRITISH LITERARY REPUTATION, sure I am that he will not be backward in casting an anxious thought towards its successful execution; and that the 'ESTO PERPETUA' of his country will not desert him 'ev'n in death.'

* Mr. Horne, in his *Introduction to the Study of Bibliography*, 1814, 8vo. has devoted a considerable number of pages to the recording of several book-sales which had taken place since the publication of the *Bibliomania* in 1811. He has also enlarged upon a few of which I had given only the outlines. In turn, I must take up the thread of the narrative, and bring the history of those distinguished transactions in the BIBLIOMANIACAL world down to the present period: and deeply and fully am I sensible of this most important and essential part of the BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON. There will be 'deeds of dreadful note' to record: triumph and exultation on the one part, defeat and anguish on the other. A heart of steel and 'the pen of a ready writer' should be the requisites in the recorder of such transactions! First, for the *Heath-Contest*, consult the *Bibliomania*, p. 617, and more especially Mr. Horne's work, vol. ii. p. 655.

be calm and quiescent, as a prelude and contrast to the tremendous explosion or contest, which, in the succeeding year, was to rend asunder the bibliomaniacal element by the far-famed ROXBURGHE FIGHT.* It had been well

* *the ROXBURGHE FIGHT.*] In other words, the sale of the ROXBURGHE LIBRARY. What emotions are kindled at the very mention only of this far-famed Book-Sale! How many champions, once clad 'in complete steel' for that contest, now sigh, as they gaze upon their suspended armour—their 'haubert, helm, and twisted mail,' their gloves of steel, and battle axe of slaughter—sigh, to think upon the dearly-won spoils of that memorable day! Others, on the contrary, who waited for cooler moments in the fight, and pushed on their coursers more desperately as such openings presented themselves, now gaze in the conscious satisfaction upon the trophies which such skill and valour procured! But all this is sad rhetorical lamentation: and the reader, if he continued much longer in the same strain, would imagine he was going to peruse a funeral sermon upon John Duke of Roxburghe. Far otherwise, I assure him; and let me amplify according to the order pursued by Lisardo.

First, for the *Preface of Mr. George Nicol*. That preface is not inaptly considered by Lisardo as a sort of 'piquet-guard,' preceding the advance of the entire army. At any rate, it proved to be a blood-stirrer: a provocative: a stimulus, at once pungent and palatable, in exciting the bibliomaniacal appetites of the public. But note well, curious reader: the preface, here spoken of, is different from the one which actually accompanied the catalogue of the library: and the important distinction is, that the former consists of 18, and the latter of only 17, pages. Moreover, the former concludes with observing that 'no Prince ever possessed a more attached and devoted subject than John Duke of Roxburghe'—to which is appended a note, that 'The Duke of Roxburghe was a Knight of the Orders of both the Thistle and the Garter.' In the preface accompanying the catalogue, it is said that 'G. and W Nicol will, at the sale, execute with fidelity any commission with which they may be intrusted.' These are important variations. In other respects, the prefaces are the same. Mr. G. Nicol had been the constant associate of the Duke for nearly half a century; and had been greatly instrumental in the acquisition of many of the treasures which distinguished his extraordinary collection. There is no portrait of the Duke or of Mr. G. Nicol in the Catalogue: but the reader will find a stippled engraving of the head of the former, in Mr. Clarke's *Repertorium Bibliographicum*—from a drawing of him in the possession of the latter; and I believe I am entitled to observe, that, had Mr. Nicol previously known of my inclination to publish an engraving of the head of the Duke, *that* portrait would have embellished the *present* pages. However, it may be worse placed than where it is.

Of the Preparer of the Roxburghe Catalogue—of Mr. G. NICOL himself—it seemed 'meet and fitting' that a Portrait should be given in these pages.

known that Mr. George Nicol had long prepared the Catalogue of that extraordinary collection; and a sort of avant-courier, or piquet guard, preceded the march of the whole army, in the shape of a *preface*; privately circulated among the friends of the author. The publication of a certain work, ycleped the *Bibliomania*, had also probably stirred up the mettle and hardened the sinews of the contending Book-Knights. At length the hour of battle arrived. Mr. Evans,

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Accordingly, upon application to the original, for some portrait of himself, I received from him an answer—of which the greater part is here laid before the reader; from a conviction, not only that it will be considered perfectly in order, but that a portion of it will ‘strike home’ to the bosoms of the generous and the good.

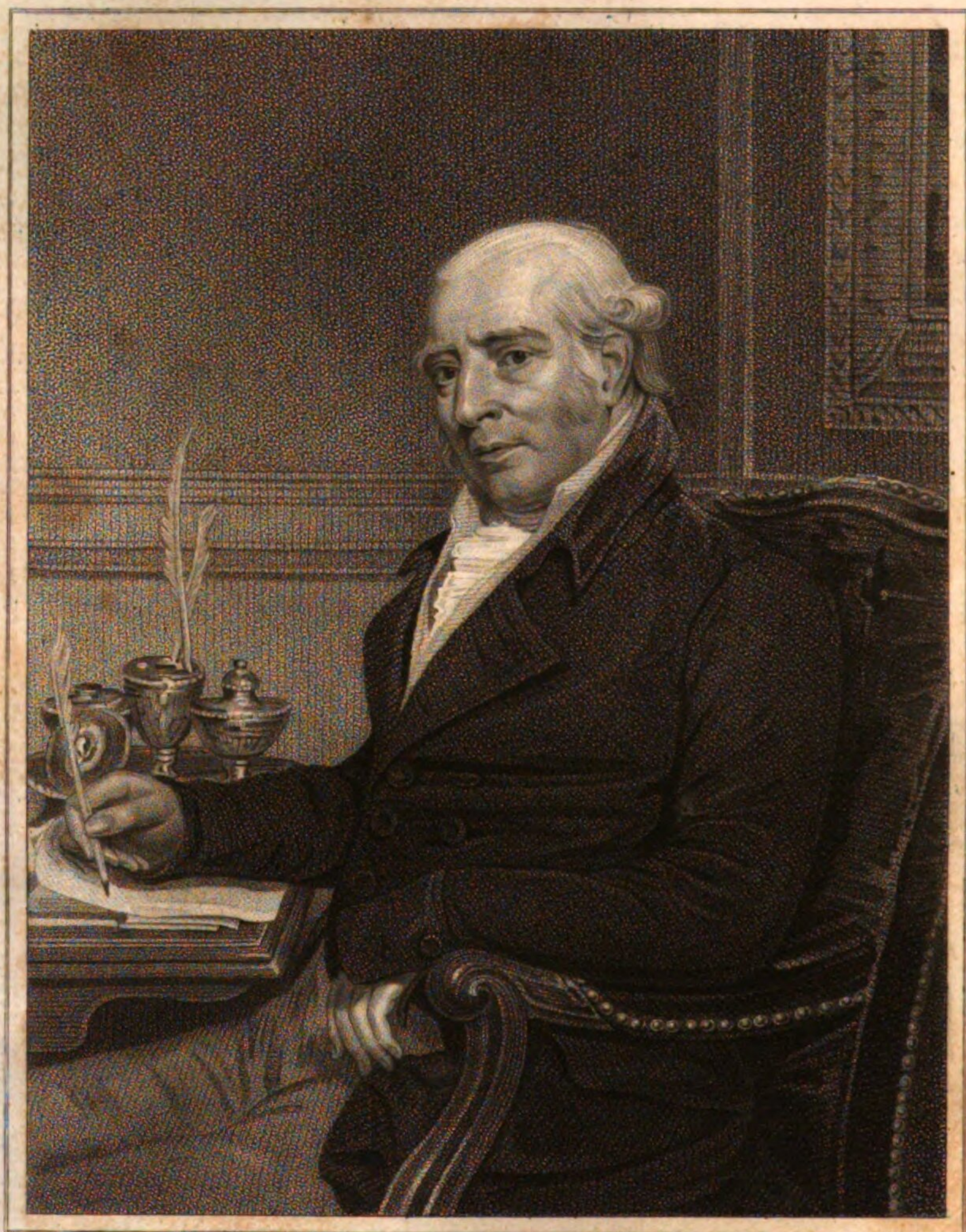
‘Pall-Mall, May 27, 1814.

‘Concerning the honour you intend to do me in your work, I confess myself quite ashamed. I am very sensible, in literary pursuits, how rusty I am: for I have these twenty odd years foregone all my ancient exercise, and taken to *making* fine books, instead of hunting after them.—But still, like the old coachman, I like the smack of the whip.

‘The Portrait in our drawing room is my wife’s, but she will be happy to let you have it, whenever you please. It was painted by Northcote 25 years ago: since that time I have resisted the solicitation of all friends; for sitting for a picture is a most irksome task. But very lately I yielded to my friend Mr. Gibson, upon condition of his employing a young artist, with whom I had accidentally met, between 17 and 18 years of age; but who I found had the transcendent merit of maintaining *a poor Father in jail, and a Mother with four infant Children*. This picture is said to be a very great likeness, and I am sure my friend Gibson will be very happy to let you have it;* and I am equally sure it will give you pleasure to spread the fame of so deserving a young man.’

So much for the portrait of Mr. G. Nicol; which, if the boarder or book-binder have not disobeyed his instructions, you shall see FACING THE NEXT PAGE. But let the reader pay especial attention to the silver INK-STAND in this same picture: for know, that it was the ink-stand constantly used by John Duke of Roxburghe, and into which Mr. Nicol thinks, upon a moderate computation, he may have poured some *two gallons of ink* during his connection with its owner. And now, curious and portrait-loving collector, what if we append to the representation of the compiler of the catalogue, an engraving of that of the VENDOR, of the said Roxburghe Library? What if we annex a striking

* It is the picture here engraved.



Holt sculp.

MR. GEORGE NICOL,
Bookseller to his Majesty.

London, Published for the Rev^d T.F. Dibdin, April 1817.

PRINTED BY LAHÉE

for the first time, wielded the sceptre of dominion as a book-auctioneer; and it must be allowed that such a situation, for a novice, was not less important and difficult than it was of long and severe trial. The result of that trial did not disappoint the expectations of his Employers or of the Public. For *two and forty* successive days—with the exception only of Sundays—was the voice and the hammer of Mr. Evans heard, with equal efficacy, in the dining-room of

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likeness of Mr. EVANS himself?—looking sharply towards the last bidder upon a Valdarfer or Caxton tome? There are ‘wielders of sceptres’ (as above expressed by Lisardo) whose physiognomies may be less acceptable to the public—and thus, therefore, let Messrs. Nicol and Evans move quietly down to a future age, by the side of each other, as they were once conjointly busied in the Roxburghe contest. Mr. Behnes made the design, and Mr. Freeman executed the engraving, (each of them with equal skill and fidelity) of what is here forthwith submitted.



the late Duke—which had been appropriated to the vendition of the books : and within that same space (some thirty-five feet by twenty) were such deeds of valour performed, and such feats of book-heroism achieved, as had never been previously beheld ; and of which ‘ the like ’ will probably never be seen again. The shouts of the victors, and the groans of the vanquished stunned and appalled you as you entered.* The throng and press, both of idle spectators and determined bidders, was unprecedented. A sprinkling of Caxtons and De Wordes marked the first day ;†

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* *stunned and appalled you as you entered.*] The house of the late John Duke of Roxburghe is situated on the north side of St. James's Square ; and is now occupied by Baron Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice of England. There are some five or six steps leading up to the door—when you enter a hall, and go straight onwards, leaving the stair-case to the left. On the right is the door of the dining-room, in which latter ‘ the battle was fought.’* It is a parallelogram of some 35 by 25 feet : consequently there was ‘ ample room and verge enough ’ for the combatants to display their respective skill and courage. The voice of Mr. Evans is by no means like that which we conceive to have been Mr. Justice Shallow's ; and I have, at this instant, a perfect recollection of hearing it as I ascended the last step, and entered the hall—thus stirring up one's courage, and accelerating one's movements, towards the arena of combat.

† *A sprinkling of Caxtons and De Wordes marked the first day.*] There was however but ‘ a sprinkling ’ of the works executed by these printers—namely, only two of each—on the first day. Of these presently. The honour, however, of firing the *first effectual shot*, or killing the first man, in the ROXBURGHE FIGHT, is due to the house of *Messrs. Payne and Foss* : and there is a report current that the very ingenious Mr. Willement is now occupied in introducing this important incident into the quarterings of the bibliopolistic shield of the same firm. The *Aldine Greek Bible* of 1518 was ‘ killed off ’ the first in the contest. It produced the sum only of 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Thus measuredly

* The library was up stairs, chiefly over this very room : from which the books were brought down for sale, each day, as they were required. On the same floor with the library, or rather in the room adjoining it—and into which it opened—slept and died John Duke of Roxburghe. All his migrations were confined to these two rooms. When Mr. Nicol shewed me the very bed upon which this bibliomaniacal Duke had expired, I felt—as I trust I ought to have felt upon the occasion!

and these were obtained at high, but, comparatively with the subsequent sums given, moderate prices. *Theology, Jurisprudence, Philosophy, and Philology*, chiefly marked

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and guardedly, and even fearfully, did this tremendous battle begin. Indeed it is rarely, on the first day of any important book-sale, that the combatants have screwed their courage 'to its sticking place.' But now for the two Caxtons and two Wynkyns—which were also killed off on the first day.

My friend Mr. William Bolland, of forensic distinction, is apt, in one of the pleasant and mirthful moods to which he is oft' times prone, to designate the humble author of this work, as well as of this note, a '*gentle sweetener*' at the sale of which we are now discoursing: in other words, that I attended armed with credential powers from certain champions of high renown, and that certain articles were *sugared up* by myself—who had no further interest in the same, than that my absent friends should become possessed of the treasures contended for. Thus, what was *sugar* to my own palate, might be *sorrell* to that of my opponent! There may be some truth in this facetious remark; for, like Teucer, under the broad shield of Ajax, I am free to admit that I sometimes, unmolested, dealt 'dreadful execution around me.' But for the Caxtons and Wynkyns above alluded to—thus it is. Among the names of the more illustrious champions, distinguished in the field of the Roxburghe contest, the reader will almost naturally anticipate that of GEORGE JOHN EARL SPENCER, K. G. &c. He is perfectly right; for scarcely any of these illustrious champions 'brought their guns to bear' with greater precision and effect than his Lordship: which precision and effect must be considered as the result of his Lordship's acknowledged taste and enterprise in book acquisitions: as the result of his wish and endeavour to complete the various departments of his matchless library—and, among such departments, of that of the DEAR CAXTONS in particular: see sundry exclamations thereupon in the SEVENTH DAY, vol. ii. p. 346. Accordingly, Lord Spencer, being fearful of other engagements which might prevent his attendance on this said first day, wrote to me, explicitly, respecting the acquisitions of the aforementioned Caxtons . . . and here may be said to have commenced the *sugaring system*!—above saucily alluded to by 'my friend Mr. William Bolland, of forensic distinction' aforesaid. Yet I cannot reconcile this system with any thing indecorous or improper.

The Caxtons in question were the *double-columned Festival*, and the *Chastysing of God's Children*. His Lordship, in a letter to me, begged, that, 'in case he did not see me either before or during the sale, I would be so good as to bid for the books in question:—authorising me to go for each as far as one hundred and thirty-one pounds—and if I should get the first *under* that sum, I might, if I pleased, lay on upon the second: so however that both together should not exceed 262*l.*' 17 May, 1812. These were well weighed and able

the earlier days of this tremendous contest : and occasionally, during these days, there was much stirring up of courage, and many hard and heavy blows were interchanged ; and

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instructions ; and the result proved their efficacy. His Lordship however *did* come in person. Mr. Dent was his vigorous opponent till the first article had reached 100 guineas, when he fell suddenly, and as it were, prostrate, from the contest ; and his Lordship 'laying on' (in the manner of Macbeth—see the *Bibliomania*, p. 701) the remaining pounds reserved for the first, upon the second, article—secured the latter also, for 140*l.* : thus acquiring both articles for about 20*l.* below his original calculation—not 'below par,' for they were probably worth double that sum ! To conclude this Caxtonian skirmish ; his Lordship put each volume under his coat, and walked home with them in all the flush of victory and consciousness of triumph ! Meanwhile Mr. Dent recovered slowly from the wounds inflicted upon him, and left the field to recruit his energies for another day. The Wynkyns were the *Lucidarye* and *The Boke named Royall* ; see *Bibl. Roxb.* no. 92-3. The former was obtained by Mr. Clarke for 10 guineas ; and the latter by Mr. Nicol, for 10*l.* In a few days after, these two Wynkyns (*rare aves*, I assure thee, De Worde-loving reader !) would have brought at least *thrice* the sums here given.

It behoves me however, before I touch upon the important subject contained in the subsequent note, to say a word about the progress of the sale, or rather of the mettle of the combatants, in the acquisition of some few of the rarer and more covetable articles which ensued. The curators of the library of Lincoln's Inn acted most judiciously in purchasing the *Sessions Papers and Trials at the Old Bailey*, &c. &c. 2 vol. folio—and the *Proceedings of the Sessions of the Peace for the City of London*, &c. in 80 vol. 4to. (see no. 1006-7) for 378*l.* The sum was large, but the article was capacious ; and the bidders now got accustomed to *fifties* and *hundreds* with as much 'sang froid' as if they had been *tens* and *twenties* ! A bad copy of *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, &c. by W. de Worde produced 70*l.* 7*s.* The purchaser astonished every one : for it was the quiet and grave Mr. Nornaville. But *another* Caxton is at hand—and such a CAXTON ! 'The Mirrour of the World,' 1480—justly designated (see no. 1752) as 'the fairest and finest specimen of Caxton's Printing that perhaps exists.' Gaily did Mr. Evans expatiate upon the beauties of the precious article here consigned to his hammer—and merrily went the biddings around ! Within five minutes these biddings reached the sum of 150 guineas—and this for a Caxton ! The like before was never heard. But . . .

The combat deepens—on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave !

Blows are redoubled—and 200 guineas are shouted aloud ! . . It is on record that a typographical antiquary gave a *loud whistle* upon the article in question

the combatants may be said to have completely *mellowed* themselves in the conflict! At length came *Poetry*,* Latin,

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reaching such a price! No matter. Men in general pay dearly for their 'whistles.' Who has got this 'Mirrour' of Caxtons? It is not yet disposed of. The contending knights are not yet wearied—but, borrowing each a leaf out of Frontinus, they have recourse to stratagem and art:

' Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending . . .'

(*Marmion*, canto vi.)

To drop metaphor. The hammer falls—and 351*l.* 15*s.** are given for this 'fairest and finest specimen' of Caxton's printing!!! Who is the purchaser? Again, 'the quiet and grave Mr. Nornaville.' What mystery is this? A Bond-street bookseller a purchaser of Caxtons!? 'Papæ!' says Mr. Payne—and 'mirabile!' says even Mr. G. Nicol himself. 'The riddle is solved—(exclaims a resolute opposer of the said Mr. Nornaville in the acquisition of the said Mirrour) he is bidding for BONAPARTE!' It was admitted that there was a sort of Porson-like sagacity in this conjecture. The whisper went round . . . 'He is bidding for Bonaparte;' and all eyes were turned upon Mr. Nornaville, who 'blushed a deeper red' in consequence. Yet a moment stay. Within one article of the preceding stands the *Kalendar of the Shyppers*, 1503, folio. It is put up, and this also falls upon Mr. Nornaville, who gives 180*l.* for the same. 'Beyond all doubt he is bidding for Bonaparte!'

* *at length came Poetry.*] The *poetical* department of the ROXBURGHE Library commences at page 60, and concludes at page 104, of the catalogue of the same. Lisardo runs over quickly (and we may here follow his example) the *Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Poetry*—but seems to make a most emphatic pause on his approach to ENGLISH POETRY! And well he might—as the reader shall be presently convinced. Meanwhile it is highly expedient that I soften my way towards the rough and rugged recitals which a record of the vendition of this said 'English Poetry' will display, with some pleasant bibliomaniacal chit-chat by way of apposite proHEME. I take it that it was a view of the 'English Poetry' which struck the first electric spark from the bosoms of some of our well-known antiquaries, collectors, and virtuosi. A portion of a letter from 'Scotland's mighty Bard,' shall lead the way to this our bibliomaniacal chit-chat. That very intelligent collector, who hath already been introduced in our AUCTION ROOM, thus pleasantly expresseth himself in the contemplation of this sale. 'The Roxburghe sale sets my teeth on edge. But if I can trust mine eyes there are now twelve masons at work on a cottage and offices at this little farm which I purchased last year. Item, I have planted 30 acres, and am in the act of walling a garden. Item, I have a wife and four bairns crying, as

* It cost the Duke 9*l.* 9*s.*

Italian, and French: a steady fight yet continued to be fought: victory seemed to hang in doubtful scales—some-

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our old song has it, "porridge ever mair." So, on the whole, my teeth must get off the edge as those of the fox with the grapes in the fable. If I could get a priced catalogue with purchasers names, I should hold it a great curiosity,' &c. *Abbotsford by Melrose, 3 May, 1812.* My friend Mr. Heber, who cannot be supposed to have looked with unmoved sensations upon the string or sprinkle (whichever the reader pleases) of Wynkyns, Pynsons, and Copelands—with which this ENGLISH POESIE was enriched—thus gallantly anticipates the day of battle thereupon—'still I trust we shall strike hard soon, amidst the ruins of the Duke of Roxburghe—"ἐν Καρχηδόνοσ ἐρείπιοις"—though I fear, in the storming of Badajos, there will not be much leisure or opportunity for the exercise of the milder virtues of friendship and forbearance.' *April 25, 1812.* Again, on the 21st of May following: 'as for the *Bibl. Roxburgh.* and all its ruinous consequences (undoing the peace of families, the harmony of individuals, the 'odia et bella plusquam civilia'—to say nothing of the increasing demand for accommodation 'within the rules') sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I have serious thoughts of *giving in*, and staying in quiet at Hodnet. However, as you say, 'nous verrons.' There is something vastly ingenious, methinks, in balancing the 'giving in,' by the 'however—nous verrons.'

So much for proHEME: for 'prologue to the swelling act.' Now for the 'swelling act' itself. The day of the sale of the ENGLISH POETRY (see p. 92 of the Catalogue) at length arrived. Mr. Triphook was the first who distinguished himself by a splendid achievement. He carried off *Webbe's Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, 4to. (which had been sold at the sale of Steevens's library, no. 1128, for 8*l.* 8*s.*) for 64*l.* A pretty earnest of the future feats to be performed! He was followed by one of those (hitherto unknown) knights, who came from the 'far countree,' as intimated by Lisardo, ycleped the Rev. J. M. Rice, my very singular and kind good friend. Mr. Rice, fresh in the field, astonished every one by his promptitude and courage; and he commenced his career by seizing upon *Puttenham* and the *Paradise of Daintie Devices*, which he triumphantly bore away by giving 16*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* for the first, and 55*l.* 13*s.* for the second article. I 'hesitate' to go on with the description—and Gibbon could not have felt greater awkwardness, in the approach to the mention of his 'early love,' than I do upon the mention of—giving 21*l.* for '*England's Parnassus*,' for my then absent friend, Sir M. M. Sykes. Mr. Rice followed me sharply by giving 24*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for *England's Helicon*. Warbling ought to be the strains which should produce such melodious prices! The first day of the sale of the ENGLISH POETRY ended with the purchase of '*A curious Collection of some thousand Ancient Ballads bound in 3 large volumes, in folio*, for . . . shall I add 'horresco referens?' for 477*l.* 15*s.*! See no. 3210 of the Catalogue. I have a perfect recollection of the

times on one, and sometimes on the other side, of Mr. Evans—who preserved, throughout, (as it was his bounden

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moment when Mr. Evans's hammer fell upon this 'Ballad Collection.' The curiosity of the spectators was increased in proportion to the numbers which flocked into the room. Short men were smothered; and nothing but the standing upon a contiguous bench saved the writer of the 'Bibliographical Decameron' from suffocation. Even the worthy Mr. Harris, Librarian of the Royal Institution, who measures some five feet 10 or 11 inches, was compelled to have recourse to the same expedient; and, in so doing, gallantly rescued (at the peril of a compound fracture in his right arm) my excellent friend Mr. James Heywood Markland from an almost overwhelming pressure.* The hour was late when the hammer fell; and the combatants retired gloomily—but determined to occupy the intervening time against the morrow's dawn, in 'closing rivets up,' and thereby giving 'dreadful note of preparation.' It is the dawn of day . . .

The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;

The Knights are up, and huckle on their armour.

The arena is filled: closely wedged stand the champions: the trumpet sounds; the falchions glitter, and they are commingled in desperate conflict. Atticus leads the van. He little expects such a 'tug of war.' 'The Booke of the most Vyctoryous Prince Guy of Warwicke,' printed by his beloved Copeland (see no. 3228) stands temptingly before him: and the purchaser is resolved to be as 'victorious' as the Prince whose deeds are recorded in such precious black-letter strains. The contest is fierce; but Atticus is triumphant . . . yet not without 'empurpling the plain' with his blood. Here then it was, as above intimated by Lisardo, and indeed almost predicted by himself, that Atticus retired awhile from the fury of the fight—like Erypylus among the Grecian heroes—to seek balsamic comfort, or Machaon-like skill, for his wounds. But we cannot accompany him; for the battle now rages beyond all bounds. The 'Constable'—not 'of

* By this time the NEWS PAPERS had got full possession of the extraordinary character of this sale. *The Morning Chronicle* had the honour of leading a-head in this intelligence: for thus it narrated, somewhere about May 24th: 'At no time did the *Bibliomania* rage with more violence than at present. At the Duke of ROXBURGHE's sale, Tuesday last, a collection of two-penny portraits of Criminals, and other remarkable characters, chiefly of persons tried at the Old Bailey, sold for 94*l.* 10*s.* *The Boke of St. Albans*, printed 1486, 147*l.* *The Mirrour of the World*, Caxton, 1480, 351*l.* 15*s.* *The Kalindayr of the Shippers*, 1503, 180*l.*—The last little volume was bought for the Duke by Mr. Nicol, for two guineas. At a subsequent day's sale of the above library, a collection of *Old half-penny Ballads and Garlands*, pasted in three volumes, sold for 477*l.* 15*s.* and a set of the *Sessions Papers*, from 1690 to 1803, sold for 378*l.*!!! This paragraph was copied, abridged, or altered, in a number of other Papers.

duty to preserve) a uniform, impartial, and steady course; and who may be said, on that occasion, if not to have 'rode

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France' but of Scotland—shews his full-beaming visage in the front ranks. He bestows divers lusty strokes upon *The Sevin Seages translatit out of prois in Scottis meter be John Rolland*, Edinb. 1578, 4to.—and evinces his own 'sagacity' in making himself master of such a treasure at the trifling cost of 37l. 5s. 6d. The departure of Atticus from the field, like that of Agamemnon in the xith book of the Iliad, was the signal for a most desperate conflict among the remaining champions. But ANOTHER CAXTON is approaching!—and the Glaucus of Booksellers is preparing to become master of it.

(. . . half unsheathed appears the shining blade.)

He bears down all opposition; and carries it off, at the point of the same sword which just now appeared but 'half unsheathed,' for . . . 336l. Well done GOWER! for it was thy Caxton-printed *Confessio Amantis* which produced this enormous price. But soft . . . what follows 'hard upon?' A CHAUCER, printed by Caxton? No . . . It is a lovely MS. of that Bard . . . and probably, with one exception, the loveliest of the lovely! Glaucus has again entered the lists. His falchion is now perfectly undrawn. A tremendous blow is struck . . . and this most lovely of all lovely MSS. of Chaucer, with the aforesaid exception, lies prostrate beneath his giant arm for 357l! Now then, in right earnest, the battle becomes general and desperate upon the flanks and along the line: but the subject is too serious, touching, and interesting to be further treated in a picturesque manner! . . .

From the MS. Chaucer, just noticed, to the next 80 or 90 successive articles, inclusively, there were 'put up' some of the most choice, curious, and rare tracts of ENGLISH POETRY that the reader can possibly imagine. They were chiefly thin quartos, in the black-letter, printed by De Worde, Pynson, Copeland, &c. &c. so that between one's finger and thumb there might be held somewhere about 5 or 600l. worth of books. In this record of BOOK-MADNESS I will unfeignedly confess myself to be among the greatest sinners. I gave (miserabile dictu!) 81l. for *Hawy's Pastime of Pleasure*, 1517, 4to.; 65l. for the *Castell of Pleasure*; 60l. for the *Love and Complayntes between Mars and Venus*; and 54l. for *La Conusance d'Amours* (an English poem)!! Again: a further record of unparalleled bibliomaniacism—30l. for 'A Booke in English Metre called *Dives Pragmaticus*—very preatie for children to rede!!! and 51l. for two little quarto pieces of *Spenser's Poems*.* With these tiny tomes I marched away—holding them between my finger and thumb, and 'making homeward' with a sort of

* Not one of these extravagant morceaus was for myself. I neither breakfasted, dined, nor supped off any of them: for most essential 'reasons of state' it is fitting that THIS FACT SHOULD BE KNOWN.

in the whirlwind,' at least to have 'directed the storm.' But at length came ENGLISH POETRY!!—and with that

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nervous precipitation. But what was this 'finger and thumb' acquisition compared with that which Mr. Foss grasped within similar extremities? Nor was Mr. Triphook deficient in this *manual* exercise. Let numbers 3257, 3273, 3318, and 3320, record his enterprise and success. The Revd. Mr. Rice kept up, during this dreadful day, all his former reputation and courageous valour: proving himself to be an 'Exemple of Vertu' in the acquisition of Hawes's tract, so entitled, for 60*l.*—and bestowing 14*l.* upon the (royal) *Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie*, 1585, 4*to.* O day of unexampled courage, slaughter, devastation, and phrensy!—unprecedented, and never again (it is hoped) to be witnessed within the arena of an Auction-room! Let me here subjoin an anecdote completely illustrative of the 'courage, slaughter, devastation, and phrensy' exhibited on the memorable day just alluded to. Some of the very scarcest and most beautifully-conditioned copies of old poetry, sold on this day, were the following, at the prices annexed:

3248	Chaucer's Troylus and Creseyde, 1517, <i>W. de Worde</i> , 4 <i>to.</i>	43 <i>l.</i>	0 <i>s.</i>
3259	Lydgate's Temple of Glas, ditto	28	7
3274	Contraverse bytwene a Lover and a Jaye, ditto	39	0
3275	Walter's Tytus and Gesyppus, ditto	36	0
3276	——— Spectacle of Lovers, ditto	43	0
3277	——— Guystarde and Sygysmonde, 1532 ditto,	54	0
3282	Disputacyon or Cōplaynt of the Herte, ditto,	37	16
3283	Cōplaynte of a Lover's Lyfe, ditto	58	0
3284	The Castell of Pleasure, ditto	65	0
3285	Love and Complaynts between Mars and Venus, ditto	60	0
3286	La Conusance d'Amours, <i>Pynson</i> ,	54	0
3288	The Beaulté of Women, <i>Wyer</i> ,	20	0

The 'grand total amount' (to speak emphatically, and according to precedent) of the sums given for these slim and slender articles, was 538*l.* 3*s.* 'But why select *these*?' replies the reader. 'It makes good for my anecdote,' I rejoin. Know, therefore, and believe, that *these very articles* were formerly bound in ONE VOLUME, in the collection of Dr. Farmer (see *Bibl. Farm.* no. 6451) which 'one volume' was sold for *Twenty Five Guineas ONLY*, at the sale of the library. The volume was indeed 'with propriety deemed to be matchless.' Yet another anecdote—budding out of, or engrafted upon, the preceding. This Farmerian volume was purchased by Mr. George Nicol, for the Duke of Roxburghe, at the forementioned sale. At that time my friend Mr. Heber was not so perfectly *mellowed* in his biddings as at present; being then comparatively a young collector. He had however a rare sprinkling of his own of English Poesie—but, from respect to the supposed superiority of the Duke's collection in the same

came the tug and trial of war: Greek met Greek: in other words, Grandee was opposed to Grandee; and the indomit-

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département, he waived bidding for this 'matchless' volume; and Mr. Nicol, in consequence, may be said to have walked over the course. What a walking feat was this, therefore!—and will all the pedestrian matches ever made, or to be made, between the EATONS and the BAKERS of the day, ever produce the sum which that *enchanted* volume brought, when divided into parts, and cased in dark red-morocco surtouts? Mr. Heber however hath evinced marvellous resignation upon the subject of which we are treating; for, when these red-coated tiny poetic quartos were regularly put up under the hammer of Mr. Evans, it was barely possible for him to strike a blow; so heavily, thickly, and rapidly did the dismissed javelins ring upon the sides of the volumes, and rattle about his ears from all quarters! With the exception of the last four articles, the whole were purchased for his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; who, during the contest, stood calmly behind Mr. Foss, and occasionally restrained the impetuosity of his bidding.

The sensation produced by this day's sale (May 26th) was marvellous in the extreme. Those able book-champions, lauded in the text of Lisardo, under the names of HORTENSIVS and PALMERIN, were absolutely thunder-struck. The former, in requesting me to dine with him at a future day (June 4th) writes thus: 'you will meet some bibliomaniacs, but not any so mad as those who gave the prices we witnessed to day.' The latter, in wishing me to meet a few friends on the 6th of June following, had the cruelty thus to assail me in a dinner-invitation note. 'What a pretty d...l you have raised in the book-circle! Pray lay it again,' May 28th. In reply, I confessed my guilt—and Nisus-like, exclaimed, 'Me, me, adsum qui feci—in me convertite ferrum.' But I had the good luck to escape both knife and fork being converted to the purposes implied by the exclamation. Mr. Gutch, of Bristol, in a letter of the 5th of June, expressed himself thereupon after the following manner: 'the Roxburghe sale shews that the public avidity is not one jot abated. I had a list of prices sent me by this day's post, which has made me *stare indeed!*' The 'staring' however was by no means confined to Bristol... for the activity of the Monthly Magazines quickly caused the eyes of the inhabitants of Dublin, Edinburgh, and even of the 'ultima Thule' to be vehemently distended on the occasion. For a minute list of prices, consult Mr. Horne's *Introd. to the Study of Bibliography*, vol. ii. p. 667, &c.

Yet a further elongation of this unreasonable note!? Even so: for, mark well, Lisardo speaks above of DRAMATIC POETRY following these miscellaneous poetic gems of a more ancient date. My friend Sir M. M. Sykes, for whom I had bought all the rare bijoux just noticed, had 'set his heart,' as it were, upon the *first folio Shakspeare*. Not having known the issue of the contest just

able Atticus was compelled to retire, stunned at the repeated blows inflicted upon his helmet. The lance dropt from his hand, and a swimming darkness occasionally dimmed his view—for on that day, the day of *Waterloo* among book-battles, many a knight came far and wide from his retirement, and many an unfledged combatant left his father's castle to partake of the glory of such a contest. Among these knights from a 'far countree' no one shot his arrows with more deadly effect than ASTIACHUS! But it was reserved for ROMULUS to reap the greatest victories in that poetic contest! He fought with a choice body guard; and the combatants seemed amazed at the perseverance and energy with which that body guard dealt their death blows around them!

Dramatic Poetry followed what might be styled rare and early pieces connected with our ancient poets: but the combat now took a more tranquil turn: as after a 'smart brush' for an *early Shakspeare* or two, Atticus and Coriolanus, with a few well known dramatic *aspirants*, obtained almost unmolested possession of the field.

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described, and being at that time at Sledmere, he wrote to me 'fearing he had not been successful;' but 'thanking me to purchase for him the first folio Shakspeare, for which he would go as far as 70 or 80 guineas,' and 'hoping that the day would be more propitious to me—and that I should have purchased for him the few articles he had set his heart upon.' I went therefore as a matter of course to knock down every opponent who should lucklessly intervene between myself and this said Shakspeare: but cheu! I got completely knocked down in turn—and was stunned ere I had exchanged the first few blows! The mysterious Mr. Nornaville secured the prize for 100*l.* Monstrous! But BONAPARTE could afford to give *imperial* prices! Note: this is the Shakspeare of which the 'pleasant conceited iest' is told in the *Bibliomania*, at page 701. It was however by no means what is called a 'tip-top' copy. In general, the dramatic department of poetry was disposed of very reasonably; and Messrs. Nicol, Triphook, and Lowndes, may be said to have got quiet possession of the several articles they were in pursuit of.

At this period, to keep up our important metaphor, the great ROXBURGHE DAY of Battle had been somewhere half gone through, or decided. There was no disposition, however, on either side to relax from former efforts; when (prepare for something terrific!) the ROMANCES made their appearance; and just at this crisis it was that more blood was spilt, and more ferocity exhibited, than had ever been previously witnessed.

LORENZO. I can anticipate the *important article* in the favourite class of collection to which you are bringing us. The DECAMERON of BOCCACCIO!?

LISARDO. 'Tis bravely conjectured, my Lorenzo: yes. . . when the hammer fell at *Two Thousand Two Hundred and Sixty Pounds* upon the VALDARFER BOCCACCIO of 1471,*

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* *the VALDARFER BOCCACCIO of 1471.*] Perhaps the most notorious volume in existence; as the following very marvellous tale, connected with the sale thereof in the ROXBURGHE LIBRARY, will abundantly prove. Mr. Nicol, in his avant-courier of a preface, so saucily noticed by Lisardo, had not a little provoked the bibliomaniacal appetites of his readers: telling them that 'in the class of Italian Poets and Novellists there were many very rare articles; among the Novellists was the first edition of *Il Decamerone di Boccaccio*, 1471. This was certainly one of the scarcest, if not the very scarcest book that existed. It has now (continues he) for upwards of 300 years preserved its unicity, if that term be allowable.' see p. 10: and no. 6292 of the Catalogue. It was also previously known that this very book had been a sort of bone of contention among the collectors in the reign of the first two Georges. Lord Sunderland had seen it, and Lord Oxford had cast a longing eye thereupon; but it was reserved for an ancestor of the Duke of Roxburghe to secure it—for the gallant price of 100 guineas! This purchase took place before the year 1740, for we find Marchand making allusion to it in his *Histoire de l'Imprimerie*, 1740, p. 101-3, among the instances 'of extravagant and excessive prices then given for rare books.' It had possibly escaped notice as well as combustion (against the anathemas of Savonarola) in former days, by having received the lettering of 'CONCILIUM TRIDENTI.' What a 'ruse de Bibliomanie!'

I have a perfect recollection of this 'notorious volume' while in the library of the late Duke. It had a faded yellow morocco binding, and was a sound rather than a fine copy. The expectations formed of the probable price for which it

the spectators stood aghast!—and the sound of Mr. Evans's prostrate sceptre of dominion reached, and resounded from,

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would be sold, were excessive; yet not so excessive as the price itself turned out to be.* The marked champions for the contest were pretty well known before hand to be the Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Blandford (now Duke of Marlborough) and the Duke of Devonshire. Such a rencontre, such a 'shock of fight,'

* My worthy friend, the late Mr. T. Johnes—of whose MSS. so much has been said in the FIRST DAY of this Decameron—had often cast a wistful eye towards the acquisition of a few of the *Roxburghe tomes*. In a letter to me of the 16th of May, 1812, he thus expresses his wishes thereupon: 'I thought that I should not have been tempted; but a few things have since struck me, and I trouble you now to consult you about them. There are a few *Alduses* which I have not got, and as you have my catalogue, I shall be much obliged if you would buy them for me. Among them is the first lot, the Aldine Greek Bible, which was stolen at the time of the fire from my saved books. The others which I want are but very few. I wish, in the first place, for no. 3210, Major Pearson's *Collections of Old Ballads*; but I shall thank you to let me know for what price you may suppose it will sell.' He then mentions a few other, very subordinate, articles, and goes on thus: 'now you must allow that I am moderate. I do not interfere with your black-letter lore, nor with any of the Romances, nor the FAMOUS BOCCACCIO, Caxton, &c. &c. and I trust that you will give me credit for my forbearance.'

On the 13th of June ensuing he wrote again as follows: 'From what I read in the Morning Chronicle, I suppose none of the books which I wished for at the Roxburghe sale have been bought. Indeed I was not very eager about them, and the *shameful prices* some of the books have sold for has astonished me. I am told that the OLD BOCCACCIO will bring 1000*l.*! How are we ruined?! I shall thank you for a line, ever so short, on Wednesday, to say what it sold for, and who was the HERO that bought it. He should, if at the *above price*, secure a place in the New Bedlam. I think you should give us an appendix to your *Bibliomania*, to celebrate properly such maniacs. We shall go from home, for a few days, at the end of the month, and return on the 7th of July, when I shall hope you may find leisure to recruit from the heat of auction-rooms by our fine mountain-air.' A week afterwards, he was pleased thus to moralise upon BOOK-MADNESS. 'Much as I love books, I am really shocked at the prices they now sell for I thank you kindly for what you say of the Nos. 7067, &c. [*"A curious Collection of Miscellaneous Tracts, printed from 1570 to 1700, 11 vol. 4to. and of Historical and Political Tracts, printed from 1586 to 1700, 28 vol. 4to."*] but I am indifferent about them (as ignorant of their contents) and wish not to buy unless at a very cheap rate, and I suppose nothing sells *there* cheap. Say 10*l.* or 12*l.* at the utmost; and if you can buy them under that price, so much the better. My reason for desiring them is, that frequently, in such collections, some very rare tracts are therein contained.' My friend had here additional cause for moralisation—for the tracts in question produced 55*l.* collectively! The first lot was bought by the late Duke of Norfolk for 34*l.* and the second by Mr. Black for 21*l.*

The sentiments of an English connoisseur were echoed by those of a Parisian correspondent and bibliographer of the distinguished name of VAN PRAET. That erudite bibliognost thus joked with me upon the subject of the Roxburghe Sale, in one of his letters of the following year, March 2, when the Imperial

the utmost shores of Italy. The echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark.

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naturally begot uncommon curiosity. My friends Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Lang, and Mr. G. H. Freeling, did me the kindness to breakfast with me on the morning of the sale—and upon the conclusion of the repast, Sir Egerton's carriage conveyed us from Kensington to St. James's-Square.

The morning lowered,
And heavily with clouds came on the day
Big with the fate of . . . and of . . .

In fact, the rain fell in torrents as we alighted from the carriage and rushed with a sort of impetuosity to gain seats to view the contest. The room was crowded to excess; and a sudden darkness which came across gave rather an additional interest to the scene. At length the moment of sale arrived. Mr. Evans prefaced the putting up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated upon its excessive rarity, and concluded by informing the company of the regret and even 'anguish of heart' expressed by Mr. Van Praet that such a treasure was not at that time to be found in the imperial collection at Paris. However, it should seem Bonaparte's agent was present. Silence followed the address of Mr. Evans. On his right hand, leaning against the wall, stood Earl Spencer: a little lower down, and standing at right angles with his Lordship, appeared the Marquis of Blandford. The Duke, I believe, was not then present: but my Lord Althorp stood a little backward to the right of his father, Earl Spencer. Such was 'the ground taken up' by the adverse hosts. The honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made!—'One hundred guineas,' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to 500 guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased; and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths.

'A thousand guineas' were bid by Earl Spencer—to which the Marquis added

Library had *acquired* the Boccaccio of Valdarfer (by an imperial 'ruse,' of which I know, but forbear to disclose, the history.) 'Nous avons tous été fort étonnés du prix exorbitant auquel ont été portés à la vente des livres du Duc de Roxburgh, la PREMIERE EDITION DU DECAMERON DE BOCCACE, 1471, et le Recueil des Historiens Troyennes de Caxton, 1474. Nos amateurs François de Livres du xve siècle ne sont pas passionnés au point de commettre de tels actes de folie. La Bibliothèque Imperiale ne seroit pas en état non plus de donner ces sommes aussi excessives pour des livres qui ne sont pas uniques. Car on connoît du Decameron plusieurs exemplaires, outre celui de la Bibl. Imp. Elle a de même l'édition de Mantua, 1472, qui est encore plus rare.' But quære 'plusieurs exemplaires?' And thus much for a SUB-NOTE.

Boccaccio himself startled from his slumber of some five hundred years; and Mr. Van Praet rushed (but rushed in

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'ten.' You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing well nigh stopped . . . every sword was put home within its scabbard—and not a piece of steel was seen to move or to glitter save that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand. See, see!—they parry, they lunge, they hit: yet their strength is undiminished, and no thought of yielding is entertained by either . . . '*Two Thousand Pounds* are offered by the Marquis'. . . Then it was that Earl Spencer, as a prudent general, began to think of an useless effusion of blood and expenditure of ammunition—seeing that his adversary was as resolute and 'fresh' as at the onset. For a quarter of a minute he paused: when my Lord Althorp advanced one step forward, as if to supply his father with another spear for the purpose of renewing the contest. His countenance was marked by a fixed determination to gain the prize—if prudence, in its most commanding form, and with a frown of unusual intensity of expression, had not bade him desist. The father and son for a few seconds converse apart; and the biddings are resumed. '*Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds,*' said Lord Spencer! The spectators are now absolutely electrified. The Marquis quietly adds his usual '*ten*'. . . and there is an END OF THE CONTEST! Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a due pause—and indeed, as if by something præternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended 'in mid air.' However, at length down dropt the hammer . . . and, as Lisardo has not merely poetically expressed himself, 'the echo' of the sound of that fallen hammer 'was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark.' It rung also round the shores of Italy . . . but I am wandering. Of course a great deal of gossip, and of serious and secret whispering, preceded and succeeded the sale of this Boccaccio. I will not pretend to vouch for the accuracy of what was afloat: but it was said (and these '*on dits*' are generally built upon a foundation of rubbish) that the Marquis would not have gone beyond *Fifteen Hundred Pounds*—if his noble relative (Earl Spencer) had not come down *in person* upon the occasion: while the Duke of Devonshire is reported to have acknowledged that *Sixteen Hundred Pounds* was his fixed ultimatum-bidding. These however may be mere '*nugæ*,' nor are they very essential if true. The price given for the VALDARFER BOCCACCIO of 1471—may be truly said to have astonished the whole BOOK-WORLD. Not a living creature could have anticipated it: but this might be called the grand æra of BIBLIOMANIA.

The News Papers* and Magazines of course got quick possession of the fact

* The following paragraph appeared in *The Day* for June 18, 1812. 'Yesterday a competition took place at the Roxburgh Library Sale for the *Decameron of Boccacoi*, [sic!] a single volume, in small folio, printed in the year 1471; when, after a most spirited bidding, it was knocked down to the Marquis of BLANDFORD

vain) amidst the royal book-treasures at Paris to see if a copy of the said VALDARFER BOCCACCIO could there be

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just mentioned . . . but we must not lose sight of the prices of a few more extraordinary articles of ROMAUNT LORE which marked the sequel of this unparalleled day. The *Philocolo di Boccaccio* of Milan, 1476, was purchased by Mr. Nornaville for 38*l.* 17*s.* The *Fayt of Armes and of Chyualrye*, by Caxton, 1479, was consigned to the same hands (see vol. ii. p. 517) for 336*l.* The *Andewarpe Jason* of 1492, to Mr. Ridgway, for 94*l.* 10*s.* And now comes another wonder! The *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, by Caxton, was contended for by Sir Mark Sykes, the Marquis of Blandford, and Mr. Ridgway—the latter of whom was confessedly bidding for the Duke of Devonshire. It was beyond all doubt a ‘prime article;’ as might have been expected from Mr. Nicol’s mischievous preface so often noticed, where he had ‘tickled up’ this precious tome in the following very tempting manner: ‘among the books printed by Caxton, in this collection, which, in point of condition and cleanness are unparalleled in any library in the world, there is another instance with what attention his Grace looked into books. In the first book printed by Caxton, with a date, the *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, folio, 1471, which is also the first book printed in the English language, there is a sheet, (to use the technical expression of a printing office) *transposed*, by which means the *pages*, and *not the leaves*, are misplaced. This the Duke has distinctly noted, with his own hand, in the book. In the same book is a very curious note, written on vellum, in an ancient hand, and modernised by the Duke, which shews that this copy belonged to ELIZABETH GREY, *Queen to Edward the Fourth*. . . ‘This lady was sister in law to Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, at whose command, and under whose patronage, Caxton

for 2260*l.* The competition was between that Nobleman and BUONAPARTE’S Agent.’

The *Morning Herald* and *British Press* had each the following statement: ‘We mentioned yesterday the price at which the *Decameron of Boccaccio* sold. Earl SPENCER was the competitor with the Marquis of BLANDFORD, the *fortunate* purchaser. The Marquis proposed starting with five guineas, but Lord SPENCER put it in at 100*l.* [This, it has been seen, is incorrect.] When the Marquis bid the last 10*l.* Lord S. said, “I bow to you.” The engagement was very fierce, and at its termination there was a general “Huzza!” [No! it was a quiet plaudit of hands.] Presently after, the Marquis offered his hand to Lord S. saying, “We are good friends still!” His Lordship replied, “Perfectly—indeed, I am obliged you.” “So am I to you,” said the Marquis, “therefore the obligation is mutual.” He declared that it was his intention to have gone as far as 5000*l.* Before, he was possessed of a copy of the same edition, but it wanted five leaves; “for which five leaves,” as Lord S. observed, “he might be said to have given 2260*l.*”—A bookseller, by order of Bonaparte, bid 2000*l.* for the *Boccaccio*, which DE BUNE [sic! pro DE BURE] told the auctioneer, when he was in Paris, was the only great *desideratum* in Napoleon’s library.’ The *Gentleman’s Magazine*, for August, 1812, did not fail to arrange, in tempting battle-array, all the accounts before promulgated of this extraordinary transaction.

found! The price electrified the bystanders, and astounded the public!

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says this book was translated and printed. It is not therefore surprising (concludes Mr. Nicol) that Caxton presented so fine a copy of this book to his Queen, and the sister-in-law of his patroness.' Causes are adequate to their effects. It cannot therefore be matter of astonishment that the forementioned book-knights, goaded by a description so strong and so fascinating, shewed all their mettle in order to acquire this delectable tome. Sir Mark vigorously pushed on his courser, till 500 guineas were bidden: he then reined in the animal, and turned him gently on one side 'toward the greensward.' More hundreds are offered for the beautiful Elizabeth Grey's own copy! The hammer vibrates at *Nine Hundred Guineas!* The sword of the Marquis is in motion: and he makes another thrust—'One thousand Pounds!' Let them be '*Guineas*,' said Mr. Ridgway, and guineas they were!* The Marquis now recedes. He is determined upon a retreat—another such victory as the one he has just gained, must be destruction . . . and Mr. Ridgway bears aloft the beauteous prize in question—but a thousand guineas for a Caxton—'simple persone.'! Shall we say '*Excitat ille dies ævo?*' By no means: for why should not William Caxton hold up his head as high as Christopher Valdarfer? and yet that rogue of a Christopher beats him by the altitude of a thousand guineas.

Let us go on some little further in recording the gallant deeds of this deathless day. Mr. Nornaville, that 'man of mystery' (but without an 'iron mask') is again preparing for action; and 110*l.* are given by him for *The Mooste Pytefull History of the Noble Appolyn, Kyng of Thyre* (see no. 6353) printed by our beloved De Worde in 1510. But the spear of Lord Spencer again glitters in the fight; and he bears off, at the point of it, '*The History of Blanchardyn and the Princess Eglantyn*' (UNIQUE, but unfortunately imperfect) for 215*l.*! A rich and rare conquest—and well was the Noble Lord entitled to the acquisition of

* Lord Spencer had previously possessed himself of the precious volume, here contended for, by offering, within two or three months of the Roxburghe sale, *two hundred pounds* for the same, to the then owner of the copy which had been formerly in Steevens's collection, and was bought at the sale of that library for 14*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* (see no. 1150.) It was, at that time, the largest sum ever offered for a Caxton; an offer, which exceeded my own express wish and entreaty, to his Lordship, by 50*l.* and with which offer the owner of the treasure expressed himself (as he well might) abundantly satisfied. No doubt, like Mr. Gutch, he must have 'stared' a little upon finding it above sold at so enormous a price! But such a copy was *unique*—and had, moreover, an old and scarce print (one of Israel Van Mecken's, I think) inserted within it. Note however. NEITHER of the copies here discoursed of was PERFECT. Lord Spencer's wanted the *first* leaf, and the Duke of Roxburghe's the *last*. Further be it known—that, on the day preceding the sale of the volume here mentioned, Lord Spencer had purchased an extremely imperfect copy of the French *Recueil* (see no. 6201) for 116*l.* 11*s.* This was as it should be.

What boots it to recount minutely the various achievements which marked the conclusion of the *Roxburghe*

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such a treasure: for, 'some years ago,' himself and the late Duke tossed up who should possess this very volume, for 10*l.* 10*s.*, when it lay at old Mr. Payne's! The Duke won: but the Earl now wins—yet think, courteous reader, of the difference of the wear and tear of the respective victories. Who comes forward, so briskly and so determinedly, in yonder front rank? 'Tis Atticus—recovered from the Guy Earl of Warwick contest. (See p. 57, ante.) What provokes such mettle? Look yonder... 'The right pleasaunt and goodly Historie of the four Sonnes of Aimon,' a tall and 'goodly' copy, in red morocco binding, and printed by his favourite Copeland in 1554! See our *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 137. This is the 'golden-apple' that tempts our romance-loving Atticus! He wins—and hastens to eat this apple of gold: for which not fewer than fifty two golden guineas are given. 'Terque quaterque beatus!' But thou hast bled profusely, brave Atticus, for this 'golden treasure.' The noble Marquis appears again in the 'tented field:' and well do I remember the tough contest, which I had the temerity to engage in, with a champion of such approved courage—but 'tis *The Lyfe of Virgilius*, printed by Dusborough at Antwerp, with wood-cuts, in 4to.—and *The Storye of Frederyke of Jennen*, with wood-cuts, printed at the same place in 4to.—and more especially *The Storye of Mary of Nemegen*, with wood-cuts, which 'provoke the fight!' I frankly acknowledged my defeat—not however till I had inflicted upwards of one hundred and seventy strokes (alias, had bidden 170*l.*) for these three precious little quartos collectively. I was more lucky in obtaining (for myself, but afterwards given up to Lord Spencer) *Wynkyn De Worde's edition of La Morte d'Arthur*, of 1498, perfectly unique, for 31*l.* 10*s.*—as well as *The Palace of Pleasure*, of 1575, for 42*l.*: the latter, expressly for Sir Mark Sykes: thus renewing, what my excellent friend Hortensius is pleased to call, the *sweetening* system. What a day was this ROMAUNT DAY!—producing to the coffers of the representatives of John Duke of Roxburghe, somewhere between five and six thousand pounds: a sum, more than that given for the ENTIRE COLLECTION! 'Euge' and 'Papæ!'—but neither 'Væ' nor 'Pudet,' let us hope: see vol. i. p. clx, note.

And now, let me conclude this book-chivalry recording note, with a marvelously pleasant and abundantly merry jest. It happened that Earl Spencer, upon visiting his nephew, the Duke of Devonshire, a few days after the conclusion of the Roxburghe Sale, was taken, by the Duke, to an old-fashioned mahogany book case, with plate-glass doors. 'Open Sesame!' exclaimed his Grace—and what, think you, was seen therein! Nothing more nor less than ALL THE BOOK-RARITIES AND DAINTIES which the said 'mysterious' MR. NORVILLE had bought, pending the sale—not for Bonaparte, forsooth, as the wise ones had predicted!—but for the OWNER of the said 'plate-glass door' 'old fashioned

contest, or to describe, in the manner of Homer, the melancholy devastations which followed that deathless day? The battle languished towards its termination; but, notwithstanding, in *Classics*, *History*, and *Antiquity*, there was oftentimes a disposition manifested to resume the glories of the earlier part of the day—and to shew that the spirit of BIBLIOMANIA was not made of poor and perishable stuff. Illustrious be the names of the Book-Heroes who both conquered and fell during the tremendous conflict just described! And let it be said that JOHN DUKE OF ROXBURGHE hath deserved well of his country and the book-cause.

LORENZO. That is readily granted. But did there not arise, from this ever-memorable book-fight, a sort of Society or Club, entitled ‘The ROXBURGHE CLUB?’ * I have heard strange things of that said Club.

mahogany book-case.’ Loud was the laughter, and ‘right pleasaunt’ were the jokes, in which these Noble Book Champions indulged upon such a ‘mervelous’ sight! It had, however, for three quarters of a minute only, a sort of enchantment-like effect upon his Lordship!—as he told me on the self-same day. However, when the remaining fourth quarter of the minute had ceased, enchantment gave way to a hearty and right commendable congratulation thereupon!

* *The ROXBURGHE CLUB.*] This ‘Society’ or ‘Club’ took its rise at the house of Hortensius. The reader, at page 60, ante, may have noticed an invitation to dinner (sent to me by the said Hortensius) to take place on the 4th of June, 1812—little apprehending the important results of that dinner. On the clearance of the Gottingen-manufactured table cloth, before commended, (see page 28) the *Roxburghe Battle* formed the subject of discussion: when I proposed that we should not only be all present (if possible) on the day of the sale of the BOCCACCIO, but that we should meet at some ‘fair Tavern’ to commemorate the sale thereof? ‘Agreed,’ exclaimed Eumenes—and Palmerin said ‘ay’ as heartily as the rest. The Boccaccio day arrived, on the 17th of June. Meanwhile I had prevailed upon Lorenzo and Atticus to join us, and upon Earl Spencer to take the chair upon the occasion. Earl Gower and Viscount Morpeth were also, I believe, enlisted into the commemorative circle. We met some 18 in number, at the St. Alban’s Tavern, St. Alban’s-Street, now Waterloo-Place—but my friend Mr. Haslewood (who, with our mutual friend Sir Egerton Brydges, soon fell into the scheme) preserves a drawing of the tavern as it then stood, and

LISARDO. Of the 'strange things' which you may have heard, I neither know nor will pretend to say aught in justification or opposition: since it is a matter of perfect

moreover, of the members, in the order in which they first sat down within the same tavern. A precious morceau, some centuries hence! The utmost cordiality and good humour prevailed.† Lord Spencer did not appear to have suffered the

† The News Papers and Magazines, wherein are duly chronicled 'the living manners as they rise,' soon caught hold (as might have been expected) of the establishment of this distinguished bibliomaniacal Club. Accordingly, the first meeting was thus noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 13, 1813, by a 'young Templar,' as is shrewdly suspected. 'ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIBLIOMANIO-ROXBURGHE CLUB.—Amongst the important events of latter times, there are few that have excited a greater degree of interest than the transactions which took place at ROXBURGHE-HOUSE in July, 1812. The warfare in St. James's-Square was equalled only by the courage and gallantry displayed on the plains of Salamanca about the same period; and History will doubtless relate these celebrated feats in the same volume, for the information and astonishment of posterity. As a Pillar, or other similar memorial could not be conveniently erected to mark the spot where so many *Bibliographical Champions* fought and conquered, another method was adopted, to record their fame, and perpetuate this brilliant epoch in literary annals. Accordingly, a phalanx of the most hardy veterans has been enrolled, under the banner of the far-famed Valdarfer's Boccaccio of 1471, bearing the title of the ROXBURGHE CLUB. As their proceedings are too momentous to perish with the fleeting page of a news paper, Mr. Urban is requested to inscribe them on the adamantine columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

'The first Anniversary Meeting of this noble band was celebrated at the St. Alban's Tavern, on Thursday the 17th ult. being the memorable day on which the before-named Boccaccio was sold for 2260*l*. The Chair was taken by Earl Spencer (perpetual President of the Club,) supported by Lords Gower and Morpeth, and the following gentlemen, (amongst the absentees were His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who was prevented attending the Anniversary by indisposition, the Marquis of Blandford, and Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.) viz. Sir E. Brydges, Messrs. W. Bentham, W. Bolland, J. Dent, T. F. Dibdin (Vice President,) Francis Freeling, G. H. Freeling, Jos. Haslewood, Rich. Heber, Tho. C. Heber, G. Isted, R. Lang, J. H. Markland, J. D. Phelps, T. Ponton, jun. J. Townley, E. V. Utterson, and R. Wilbraham, Esquires. Upon the cloth being removed, the following appropriate Toasts were delivered from the Chair:

'1. *The cause of Bibliomania all over the world.* 2. *The immortal Memory of Christopher Valdarfer, printer of the Boccaccio of 1471.* 3. *The immortal Memory of William Caxton, first English printer.* 4. *The immortal Memory of Wynkyn de Worde.* 5. *The immortal Memory of Richard Pynson.* 6. *The immortal Memory of Julian Notary.* 7. *The immortal Memory of William Faques.* 8. *The immortal Memory of the Aldine family.* 9. *The immortal Memory of the Stephens.* 10. *The immortal Memory of John Duke of Roxburghe.*

'After these, the health of the Noble President was proposed, and received by the company, standing, with three times three. Then followed the health of the worthy Vice President (proposed by Mr. Heber), which it is scarcely necessary to observe was drunk with similar honours.

'The President was succeeded in the Chair by Lord Gower; who, at midnight,

indifference to the Members of that Society what opinion the public may be pleased to entertain of them. The Roxburghe Club was formed upon a special occasion, for a purpose exclusively bibliomaniacal; and the members chose to make the 17th of June, the day on which the Valdarfer

least from his recent contest for the Boccaccio—and I will not dissemble the justifiable pride of my heart, when I found myself, as Vice President, and sitting at the bottom of the table, *THE FATHER* of this *ILLUSTRIOUS CLUB*! My friend Mr. George Isted, also a member of the same, is a little disposed to contend with me for the honour of such a distinguished title. Claims to parentage are, I am well aware, sometimes of a very equivocal nature; but I cannot suffer myself to be ‘non-suited’ in this case. The Society *originated* as I have specifically mentioned; and *origin* and *parentage* are surely synonymous terms. Mr.

yielded it to Mr. Dent; and that gentleman gave way to the Prince of Bibliomaniacs, Mr. Heber. Though the night, or rather the morning, wore apace, it was not likely that a seat so occupied should be speedily deserted; accordingly, the “regal purple stream” ceased not to flow, till “Morning oped her golden gates.”

‘The Roxburghe Club is limited in number to 31 members, and one black ball is fatal to the candidate who offers himself upon a vacancy; so that a Directorship of the India Board, or of the Bank of England, will henceforth be a situation of comparative insignificance. In future, therefore, no child can be said to be portionless whose father is a ROXBURGH, as *one* of their *Reprints* will doubtless prove an ample provision!

‘I have now, Mr. Urban, performed my object, in furnishing you with some account of this glorious day; and you will readily admit, that when the origin of this Institution, and the vast and interesting schemes which it embraces, are well considered, the ROXBURGHE CLUB must be regarded, in a national point of view, as conferring dignity and importance upon the land that gave it birth.

‘With my hearty wishes for the success of our first toast, in which you will cordially join, “The cause of BIBLIOMANIA all over the world,”

‘I am, Sir, your’s, &c

TEMPLARIUS.’

The last meeting was thus noticed in the *Times News Paper* for 1816: ‘ROXBURGHE CLUB.—The fourth anniversary dinner of this extraordinary Club, of black-letter notoriety, took place on Monday last at Grillon’s, in Albemarle-Street. We have more than once made our readers acquainted with its origin and object; and we have now only to record the scene of gaiety and good-humour which distinguished its fourth anniversary meeting. Earl Spencer, the President, took the Chair as usual, surrounded by his noble relatives and friends, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Gower, Viscounts Morpeth and Althorp, Mr. R. Wilbraham, Mr. Heber, and a long and illustrious list of Bibliomaniacs; with the reverend Author of the work, which has given rise to such mischief, at the bottom of the table, as Vice President. Our readers, we fear, will not be much benefitted by an enumeration of the toasts usually given on this occasion; commencing with ‘*the immortal memory of Christopher Valdarfer*,’ and running through all the changes of typographical harmony till the “waning night grew old,” when they ceased with that of “*the illustrious memory of the Stephanine family*.”’

Boccaccio was knocked down, the anniversary of their meeting. I learn that they disport themselves 'right merrily' upon this their bibliomaniacal anniversary; and that Grantees, of the first book-calibre, equally grace and enliven the

Isted says he proposed it to be an 'annual' meeting. Let us therefore both 'divide the crown'—yet I am quite confident that a similar proposition was entertained and urged by myself with all the zeal that I was master of.

Our laws are few and simple; and indeed we may be said to be governed by what my Lord Coke, and after him Mr. Justice Blackstone, calls the 'lex non scripta.' It was proposed for each member, in turn, according to the order of his name in the alphabet, to furnish the Society with a REPRINT of some rare old tract, or composition—chiefly of poetry; and Mr. Bolland volunteered as the first reprinter. The first year, however, turned out to be a fallow one. Nothing was done in the way of reprint. Disappointments unexpectedly arose in the frustration of Mr. Bolland's schemes—and it was not till the third meeting, or the *Second Anniversary*, that the Society were delighted with the reprint (in the black-letter,) of LORD SURREY's poetical version (the first specimen of blank verse in our language) of the *Second Book of the Æneid*; from the press of Mr. A. I. Valpy. Meanwhile the Society had been increased, and had attained its full number—THIRTY-ONE. After the dedication to the Club (as usual in every reprint) the names of the Members are inserted in Mr. Bolland's, and in every subsequent reprint, in the following order:

EARL SPENCER, K. G. PRESIDENT.

The Duke of Devonshire.	Francis Freeling, Esq.
The Marquis of Blandford.*	George Henry Freeling, Esq.
Earl Gower.	Joseph Haslewood, Esq.
Viscount Morpeth.	Richard Heber, Esq.
Viscount Althorp.	George Hibbert, Esq.†
Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart.	George Isted, Esq.
Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.	Robert Lang, Esq.
William Bentham, Esq.	Joseph Littledale, Esq.
William Bolland, Esq.	Edward Littledale, Esq.
James Boswell, Esq.	James Heywood Markland, Esq.
Rev. William Holwell Carr.	John Delafield Phelps, Esq.
John Dent, Esq.	Thomas Ponton, Junr. Esq.
Rev. T. F. Dibdin, V. P.	Peregrine Towneley, Esq.
Rev. James William Dodd.	Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq.
Rev. Henry Drury.	Roger Wilbraham, Esq.

The works which have been reprinted and distributed at the two following

* Now Duke of Marlborough.

† Late Rev. Thomas Cuthbert Heber.

assemblage by their presence. Their number (for reasons which I neither know nor can guess at) consists of *Thirty One*; and to secure a succession to the first vacancy, in this

anniversaries, are these: 2. *Dolarney's Primrose*, 1606, 4to. 3. *Newes from Scotland declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer, who was burned at Edenborough in Ianuarie last.* 4. *The three first Books of Ovid de Tristibus, translated into English (Metre) by Thomas Churchyarde*, 1578, 4to. (each at the Shakspeare Press.) 5. *Caltha Poetarum; or The Bumble Bee, composed by T. Cutwode, Esq.* 1599, (printed by Mr. Bensley.) 6. *Poems by Richard Barnfield*, 1598, 4to. (at the Auchinleck Press; of which in the Tenth Day.) Thus the fallow year made the subsequent ones, upon true agricultural principles, only the more FRUITFUL. I must not however omit to notice a strange and 'right merrie conceit' of my friend Mr. George Henry Freeling—which 'was enacted' at the last year's meeting. From his intimate knowledge of witchcraft (for to him we were indebted for the 'damnable life of Doctor Fian' aforesaid) he kept up a sly intercourse with the imps of Mr. Bulmer, and caused a most mysterious black-letter morceau to be printed, by way of supplying the place of a French-roll within the napkin upon each of our plates. That black-letter morceau, entitled '*La Contenance de La Table*' (much more precious than every other culinary morceau of which we could possibly partake) had the following dedication: 'To the Roxburghe Club, this reprint of a rare Manual for the BEHAVIOUR OF YOUTH AT TABLE, is dedicated and presented for their Edification and Improvement by their faithful and obedient Servant, A Member.' The hit was a happy one; and the surprise and delight of each member, upon discovering the said morceau within his napkin, was 'right pleasaunt' to behold:—and few enjoyed it more than our Noble President, and his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who sat at his left hand. There was one copy only of this book printed UPON VELLUM, very exquisitely indeed, which was presented by Mr. G. H. Freeling to his Father. Let us say with Lisardo, at the conclusion of the 'Eighth Day' of this Decameron, 'innocent indulgences, venial extravagances, these!'

The works with which the Club are promised to be gratified on the following meeting, for this present year of our Lord, 1817, are these: *Historia &c. di due Nobili Amanti, &c.* (the original story of *Romeo and Juliet*) from the edition of Benedetto Bondoni at Venice, without date); *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed from a unique copy in the Garrick Collection, by W. de Worde; *Livre du Faulcon*, from the original edition of Verard; the *Interlude of Mundus et Infans*, from an unique copy by W. de Worde—the preceding being executed at the Shakspeare Press: the *Glutton's Feaver*, by Thomas Bancroft, from a unique copy, printed by Mr. Bensley; and Baldwin's *Funeralles of Edw. VI.* printed by Mr. G. Woodfall. Mr. Haslewood had indeed (with that keen sensibility attached to every thing which belongs to female talent, for which he is so eminently distinguished) encouraged us to hope for a reprint of the '*Mery Gestes of the Wydow Edyth*,' from the press of

most select and extraordinary 'Table Ronde' society, is, I understand, a point of the very utmost difficulty. Nay, the succession even to a *Vacant Garter* is scarcely of more difficult obtainment!

PHILEMON. I presume, like all dinner associations, the Members of this Club quaff their tokay and hermitage with unremitting diligence, and . . .

LISARDO. Softly, I pray you. 'The Members of this Club' make 'tokay and hermitage' very subordinate considerations. They have their toasts—numerous, I admit—but of a nature calculated to excite the most generous and enthusiastic sensations.

ALMANSA. May the ladies presume to be indulged with the hearing of some choice few of these toasts?

LISARDO. Willingly. Thus, the Noble President, after removal of the table-cloth (but whether that cloth be of Gottingen, or Dresden, or Hamburgh manufactory, I will not take upon me to determine) proposes, '*The immortal memory of John Duke of Roxburghe*—which is succeeded by proposing *the immortal memories of Christopher Valdarfer*—of *Sweynheym and Pannartz*—*Fust and Schoeffher*—

BELINDA. Enough, enough!—though I have not forgotten the eulogies conferred upon these typographical worthies by Lysander, in the FOURTH DAY of our Bibliographical Decameron . . .

LISARDO. The whole concluding with '*The Cause of Bibliomania all over the World!*'

Rastell (see our *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 87) and I had flattered myself with bringing forward a reprint of that unique tome entitled '*Dives Pragmaticus, &c. a boke very preattie for children to rede,*' in English metre: but obstacles, not necessary here to be mentioned, have frustrated the fulfilment of such hopes. The 'Widow' and the 'preattie' child's book must be reserved for the following year. 'Le bon tems viendra.'

ALMANSA. I own I like this last sentiment exceedingly ; and am perfectly disposed to say ' amen ' to it.

LYSANDER. Thanks for your *Roxburghiana*. Proceed now, brave monarch, with the notice of other Book-Battles fought within the metropolis of the empire.

LISARDO. The year ensuing the Roxburghe Contest was most singularly marked by bibliomaniacal sparring—or rather, by downright sabreing—at book auctions. It should seem indeed, that, after the wonderful event just described, every man began to fancy he had a VALDARFER BOCCACCIO ;*

* *every man fancied he had a VALDARFER BOCCACCIO.*] This is by no means a mere flourish of fiction on the part of Lisardo, as the reader shall be presently convinced. Within forty-eight hours of the commemoration of the Roxburghe sale, Lord Spencer, as the disappointed bidder for the *true* Boccaccio, received more than one letter filled with allurements to become a purchaser of that exquisite treasure : and editions, of all ages and sizes, were deemed to be the *true edition* in question. His Lordship, for full three weeks ensuing, continued to receive similar epistolary communications. But, as might have been expected, there was not a syllable of accuracy in any of them. Meanwhile the door of Mr. Evans was besieged with cargoes of books, purporting to contain fine copies, not only of the Valdarfer Boccaccio, but of other rare works which were sold at the Roxburghe sale : and I think I have a perfect remembrance of being present when Buxton's *Hebrew Concordance* was taken out of one of these cargoes—supposed, by the owner of the said cargo, to be nothing less than the BOCCACCIO in question. Felicitous conjecture ! Another cargo also contained *Speght's Edition of Chaucer*, purporting to be a *Manuscript of Chaucer*, of equal beauty with the one noticed at page 58, ante. Again, enviable discovery ! Mr. Nicol could also tell ' A. C. mery Talys ' connected with supposed discoveries of *Valdarfer Boccaccios*, *Carton Chaucers*, and *Wynkyn de Worde Morte Arthurs*.

But I will tell at least *one* tale upon this unique subject. Upon the sale by auction of the property of a late distinguished character, known in the vicinity of St. James's, as well as in the fashionable circles of the metropolis, *ONE VOLUME* was held in especial reservation—and not suffered to be publicly disposed of. Upon this volume, the agent for the disposal of the property of the deceased did me the honour of a consultation—for what should this said volume be—but, nothing more or less than—the *Valdarfer Boccaccio* !? I listened to the communication with infinite satisfaction ; for now, peradventure, ' thinks I to myself,' Lord Spencer shall be a match for the present Duke of Marlborough—in the Valdarfer department of bibliography. ' Sir,' said the agent, ' I can bring it to

to attach a disproportionate value to his book-treasures; to draw them from their covert-holes or hiding places;—and to

you.' 'Tis a stout folio,' I replied, 'and will require a large pocket and a great deal of coaxing for entrance to boot.' 'A stout folio?' 'Yes, somewhere upon 13 inches by 9.' 'Dear Sir, 'tis a quarto, I assure you.' 'Then it must be most inhumanly cropt—but bring it—and voyons.' He came, he brought, and I saw; 'twas a common *Venetian reprint* of somewhere about 1721, in quarto. The preceding for 'HOME NEWS' respecting the Boccaccio.

ABROAD the sensation produced was equally unprecedented and ridiculous. My friend the Rev. ——— received, upon his arrival at Paris, some twelve months ago, the following 'letter of advice'—as I believe they call these communications in the commercial world. 'Monsieur, un dépôt curieux de monuments historiques se distingue parmi les curiosités de la Capitale. Vous y trouverez sur nos plaisirs, nos costumes, &c. des Livres rares; il y en a qui ont précédé l'époque de l'Imprimerie: MSS. avec miniatures antiques. On y peut voir LE BEAU BOCCACE sur la ruine des Grands acheté à Londres G. 2200—et que j'offre à prix bien modéré! Ainsi que de jolies Bibliothèques portatives, commodes pour les étrangers voyageurs, avec cartes, postes, &c. atlas et poesies anciennes, rares, d'éditions gothiques, et autres. J'ai l'honneur d'être,' &c.

There is something, methinks, vastly original and happy in the union of the 'BEAU BOCCACE' and the 'jolies bibliothèques portatives,' in this Parisian morsel of bibliographical intelligence. But in Italy the effect was very extraordinary. A report had obtained here that a certain collector at *Milan* was absolutely in possession of the TRUE Valdarfer Boccaccio, and was disposed to part with the same. Mr. Foss (the partner of Mr. Payne, so often mentioned in these pages) accordingly set out upon the Boccaccio pilgrimage—authorised to purchase the copy, if perfect, for Earl Spencer. The season was cold: indeed it was mid-winter—when, standing upon the poop of the vessel, between Dover and Calais, Mr. Foss indulged in the first stanza of his favourite song:

' Then adieu to Old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
May the gale be propitious which wafts me from you.'
&c. &c. &c.

The gale however was *not* 'propitious,' in a bibliographical sense; for although Mr. Foss reached Paris, and afterwards Milan, with perfect safety, he was unable to accomplish the object for the sake of which he had taken shipping at Dover. The owner, in the meanwhile, had heard of the price for which the Roxburghe copy of this said Boccaccio had been sold; and put a veto even upon the *sight* of the golden fleece for which our bibliomaniacal Jason had ventured upon the salt seas. Mr. Foss returned heavy-hearted and untriumphant. He believes (and I join in the belief) that the said Milanese collector was *never* in possession of the book! A cruel stratagem.

The year following this memorable adventure, rather than exploit, Mr. John

suppose that, by some secret talismanic power, they assumed the properties of the philosopher's stone by converting whatever they touched into gold! Accordingly, in the year 1813 were sold, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, the collections of Dr. GOSSET and RALPH WILLET, Esq.—the latter more particularly known under the name of the MERLY LIBRARY. At Mr. Evans's, the sale of the well-known library of STANESBY ALCHORNE, but more particularly of that of the late COLONEL STANLEY, gave an extraordinary stimulus to the passionate lovers of rare and beautiful books within the vicinity of Pall Mall: while the collection of HORNE TOOKE, disposed of by Messrs. King

Payne, nephew of Mr. Thomas Payne, set off upon a continental excursion for the purchase of the *Raimondini Collection* of Alduses and the well known *Borromeo Collection* of Italian Novels and Romances. In his journeyings in Italy he happened to hear of a very choice collection of early books belonging to the Abbate Tommaso de-Luca: whose house was situated amidst frightful acclivities, in the territory of Cadore in Friuli. But what can stay the progress of an ardent youthful bibliomaniac, burning for the sight and the possession of Jenson's, Valdarfer's, and Alduses! Accordingly, Mr. John Payne readily scaled all these acclivities—and, without the aid of hot vinegar, he found the most projecting and granite-grained rocks in every respect pliable to his progress. He reached the house of the Abbé in question; who had been busied in reading an old thumb'd Milan News Paper—and who with an arch look, and emphatic tone of voice, exclaimed, 'here I see what prices you give in England for rare books—but if the *Valdarfer Boccaccio* brought 2260*l.* what would not yonder *Aretin's* version of *Phalaris*,* UPON VELLUM, produce?' 'Risum teneatis?'—but Mr. John Payne *did* suppress down-right laughter: giving only a sort of mirthful expression to the curl of his upper lip. Thus infatuated were collectors both abroad and at home. The answer to the Abbé's question would be, 'somewhere about thirty pounds'—ay, even if the vellum had been executed in the office of Zarotus!

* The book in question is thus described (at page 21) of the Abbé's own catalogue of his books: 'Phalaridis Epistolæ ab Aretino latine factæ. Tavisii, Ger. de Flandria, 1471, 4. cum Pictura elegantissima ejusdem ætatis.' It forms one of five articles—'impressi in bianchissime Pergamene, e conservati in maniera che sembrano dal Torchio usciti di fresco.' The catalogue, which is alphabetical, consists of 286 closely printed pages, and has the following title: '*Catalogo di una Pregevole Collezione di Manoscritti e di Libri a Stampa delle più ricercate Edizioni*, Venezia, della Tipografia di Alvisopole,' 1816, 8vo.

and Lochée, completed the book-auction annals in this same year.

There is little time, I fear, to dwell minutely upon each ; but I may commence the book-auction annals of the year 1813 by observing that the library of LEPIDUS, or of Dr. Gosset,* was select, well-chosen, and afforded an excellent opportunity for the classical scholar, or devoted collector of theology, or belles-lettres, to enrich his stores, and thus increase his knowledge. There was scarcely any large paper here ; or any particular temptation from splendour of binding—but, generally speaking, the copies were sound, clean, and perfect, and clad in very respectable and even desirable covertures. The *Gosset Battle* was very evenly and methodically fought ; and throughout the contest very little hard fighting or few extraordinary feats were exhibited.

Not so—as the next in chronological order—was the STANLEY TOURNAMENT ! † I call the sale of Colonel

* *the library of LEPIDUS or of Dr. Gosset.*] For the character of the owner, read page 5, ante : for an account of the prices for which a few of the choice articles were sold, consult Mr. Horne's *Introduction to the Study of Bibliography*, vol. ii. p. 651.

† *the STANLEY TOURNAMENT.*] While the reader follows Lisardo in his vehement or rhetorical style of description, I choose to disport myself 'at the foot' of such description, in a few pertinent, and, let me hope, not wholly uninteresting remarks—connected with the sale of the beautiful library in question. Mr. Horne, however, (vol. ii. p. 674) has been so copious in his specimens of the rare articles contained in it, and the prices for which they were sold, that scarcely any thing, in the same department, is left for myself. The late Colonel Stanley was eminently distinguished for his choice and taste in bibliomaniacal collections. He was a well-versed scholar, a finished gentleman, and an honest man, both in his public and private capacity, and had been many years member for Lancashire. Induced, by an honourable motive, to get the most for his collection, *just at the period when it was sold*, he resolved upon disposing of his Library by public auction. His neighbour, and I may add, old acquaintance, Mr. R. H. Evans (who had now established his reputation as a Book-Auctioneer) was selected by him for executing the important object in agitation. The Colonel lived within a few doors of Mr. Evans, and frequent

Stanley's books rather a *tournament*; because the opposing knights came caparisoned in gorgeous trappings, upon

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were the opportunities which I had, and enjoyed, of seeing the progress of *cataloguing* (as it is called) going on in the house of the owner of the treasures. It must be confessed that, even at first sight, the effect of these treasures, clad in the bibliopegistic vestments of the binders above specifically noticed by Lisardo, was most delicious to the eye of book taste and book knowledge. Copies 'bound out of sheets'—tall copies—uncut copies—unique, or illustrated copies—what symptoms of the bibliomaniacal disease were here visible!

The report of the *condition* and *character* of the STANLEY LIBRARY soon circulated abroad; and it is almost needless to add that such report was most favourable. What *Ariostos*, *Boccaccios*, *Cancioneros*, &c. were shortly to be exhibited to the public eye! At length came on the sale—on the 30th of April, and the seven following days. The first *Giunta Vitruvius* of 1513, brought 11*l.*: *Vincentio Saviolo's Use of the Rapier and Dagger*, 1595, 4to. provoked many thrusts and 'palpable hits' by the respective combatants—owing chiefly to a piquant, or fight-provoking, note appended thereto by Mr. Evans. Lovely copies of the ornithological labours of *Edwards*, *Latham*, and *Lewin*, produced about 48*l.* a piece—while a matchless coloured copy of the large paper folio *Buffon*, in 10 volumes, was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for 126*l.* These were noble beginnings! Messrs. I. and A. Arch were the brave and fortunate possessors of ONE of the TWELVE LARGE PAPER copies of Bishop Wilson's edition of the Bible, for 58*l.* 16*s.* The first day's sale concluded at the 142d article, producing 1110*l.* 15*s.* Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry, marked the second day's sale. The Marquis of Bath secured for his own fine library the large paper set of *Vulpus's Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius*, at 28*l.* 7*s.* (bound in russia, out of sheets) his Majesty's Library gave 21*l.* 10*s.* for Steevens's copy of the *Elsevier Virgil* of 1676. Messrs. Arch again stepped forward, and obtained the folio *Dante* of 1757, for 37*l.* 16*s.*: Mr. Heber became 'all alive' as the Italian authors shewed their tempting fronts—and down fell the hammer upon the *Tasso* of 1590, 4to. ('fine copy from the Mazarine library') which he secured for 10*l.* Mr. Triphook now began to draw his 'rapier' from its scabbard: he gave 36*l.* 15*s.* for the *Didot Tasso* of 1784 ('illustrated with 114 drawings') and 22*l.* 1*s.* for *Boiardo's Orlando Inamorato* of Milan, 1539, 4to: add to which, 19*l.* 19*s.* for the *Orlandino* of Venice of 1526, 12mo. The *Ferrara* edition of the *Orlando Furioso* of 1528, is purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for 63*l.*—a magnificent price!—but Mr. Heber displays equal, if not greater, magnificence in the obtainment of a set of 'popular legends composed for the amusement of the people, chiefly of Florence,' which were contained in one green-morocco-coated quarto tome, and knocked down to him for 73*l.* 10*s.* He yet perseveres, and obtains the *Cento Novelle of Brugiantino*, printed at Venice, for 18*l.* 18*s.* Fortunate warrior! The second day's sale produced 1011*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

coursers reined in by golden bits, and with weapons rather calculated for shew than for slaughter. The whole sale bore

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Here are no limits for such a minute dissection of the following days. A few of the remaining curious articles must therefore assume the following order: premising, that the reader must consult Mr. Horne's work, or the catalogue itself, for the notes accompanying most of the ensuing articles—which, as Lisardo has well observed, do their author great credit:

426	Shakspeare's Plays, 1623, folio, in fine preservation, bound in russia by R. Payne, <i>Purchased by Mr. North,</i>	37l. 16s. 0d.
427	The same 1632, folio, <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	13 2 6
428	The same (portrait and title inlaid) 1664, <i>Purchased by the Marquis of Bath,</i>	16 16 0
429	The same, fourth edition, fine copy, 1685, <i>Purchased by Mr. Collins,</i>	7 9 6
430	The same, 1733, 8vo. 7 vol. enriched with ms. notes, <i>Purchased by Earl Gower</i>	11 11 0
443	Dialogus Creaturarum, &c. 1480, folio. In every respect an exquisite book both for size, condition, and binding by R. Payne: <i>Purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,</i>	42 0
464	Brusonii Facetiarum Lib. VII. folio. Romæ, 1518, folio, <i>Purchased by Mr. Triphook,</i>	40 19 0
479	Cento Novelle Antike, 4to. without date, extremely rare <i>Purchased by Earl Spencer,</i>	59 17 0
481	Boccaccio Il Decamerone, de Gregori, Venet. 1516, 4to. Count Hoym's copy; in exquisite condition, <i>Purchased by Mr. Triphook,</i>	63 0 0
	(It cost Colonel Stanley 5l. 5s.)	
482	Boccaccio Il Decamerone, 1527, 4to. Genuine edition, <i>Purchased by Mr. Dulau,</i>	35 14
500	Musuccio Il Novelino, 1492, folio, fine copy, (table wanting) <i>Purchased by Mr. Triphook,</i>	36 0 0
511	Girardo Cinthio gli Hecatombithi Mont. Reg. 1565, with all the dedications, bound in yellow morocco, <i>Purchased by Mr. Dulau,</i>	22 1 0
513	Novelle del Bandello, 1554, 4to. 3 vol. with the 4th. part printed at Lyons, 1573, in all 4 vol. Orig. edit. fine copy, red morocco <i>Purchased by Mr. Clarke</i>	28 17 0
669	Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566, 4to. bl. mor. <i>Purchased by Mr. Triphook</i>	30 0 0
670	Fenton's Tragicall Discourses, 1567, 4to. <i>Purchased by Mr. Triphook</i>	13 2 6
715	Los quatro Libros del valoroso Cavallero Don Cirongilio de Tracia, &c. Sevil, 1545, <i>Purchased by Mr. Triphook</i>	50 0 0
716	Espeio de Principes, y Cavalleros, 1617-13, folio, 4 parts in 2 vol. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber</i>	38 17 0

a sort of chivalrous aspect—produced, from the exquisite volumes of which the Stanleian library was composed. Uncommon pains were taken in the formation of the catalogue by Mr. Evans; and the result proved that such

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718	Tirante il Bianco, Vineg. 1538, 4to. Purchased by Mr. Arch	14	14	0
724	Cervantes' Don Quixote de la Mancha, Madrid, 1605 and 1615, 2 vol. first edition of each part, Purchased by the D. of Devonshire	42	0	0
725	The same, Madrid, 1608. Second edition of the first part: revised by Cervantes, Purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	12	12	0
726	The same: Madrid, 1780, 4to. 4 vol. morocco. Purchased by Mr. Freeling	17	6	6
768	Ciceronis Opera, Elzev. 1642, 12mo. extraordinary fine copy (let me add 'extraordinary fine price') morocco. Purchased by Mr. Way,	18	7	6
853	Froyssart's Chronicles, 1525, folio, by Pynson and Middleton. The beauty of the copy cannot be surpassed. Purchased by Mr. Triphook	38	17	0
913	Monstrelet's Chroniques de France, Paris, 1572, folio, 3 vol. in 2, large paper. See some notice (at vol. ii. p. 478) respecting this matchless copy. Purchased by Sir M. M. Sykes	136	10	0

The last, but on no account the least, article in this exquisite collection, with which I shall trouble the reader with any account, was the DE BRY: a name and a work which remind the curious collector of all the toil, pain, and penance which he may have endured in the collation of his own copy. Colonel Stanley's 'exemplar' was bound in 7 folio volumes; and, being 'most beautiful in every respect, might, from the profusion of duplicate plates and parts, be deemed UNIQUE.' Mr. Evans had done every thing, in the way of commendatory annotation, which a book-vendor could possibly accomplish. The appetites of the *cognoscenti* were sharpened to the utmost: and the sale of the De Bry was the last article in the last day's sale but one. A great company attended; and expectation may be really said to have stood upon 'tip-toe.' I will not record the intermediate biddings; but the Duke of Devonshire, who stood with perfect composure at the bottom of the table, watching the progress of the biddings, and himself making his 'shot tell' in turn, was the LAST BIDDER—and the fortunate purchaser of this princely set of volumes, for 546*l.*! Let it however be known that the last bidder BUT ONE was the present recorder of the transaction: and that, exclusively, on his own account—from a simple and unsophisticated admiration of the treasure in question—and without one *saccharine* particle (see page 53) mixed up in the elements of competition. The biddings were leisurely, and as it were at minute-gun intervals. Upon the cessation of the contest, all tendency towards opposition entirely ceased on my part. My congratulations were spontaneous and hearty; and I afterwards learnt that His Grace (who had,

pains had not been thrown away. The collection was indeed (as I have heard the vendor of it more than once exclaim) his '*favourite*.' Something so choice, so rare, so *recherché* in each department of literature!—and contained in *copies*, of which the very VITELLIUS of voluptuously-conditioned books might have shouted aloud in the acquisition! Here were *Roger Paynes*, and *Herings*, and *Staggemiers*, and *Walthers*, and *De Romes* and *Padaloups*, in their very perfection. Rich as the collection was known and allowed to be previous to the sale, the prices for which several copies were sold, and the total produce of the sale, even astonished each curious speculator, and went far beyond every previous calculation. If ever a limited collection shewed the taste, judgment and liberality of its owner, it was the collection formed by the late lamented COLONEL STANLEY. And what gives it a more *original* character is, that it was the second, of any importance, upon record, which was disposed of during *the life-time of the owner*!

The Stanley Sale achievements had hardly concluded, when, within scarcely a fortnight of such conclusion, Mr. Evans had the disposal of a portion of the valuable library

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much to his *renommé*, 'set his heart' upon this treasure) meeting Lord Spencer just returning in his carriage from the House of Lords, made a sort of cheering, by waving his hat round his head; thereby implying the '*vici*' of Julius Cæsar upon the occasion! Such tokens of triumph are honourable to all men; and the higher the rank of the victor, the greater the splendor of the victory. They are worth all the winnings upon all the race-courses in his Majesty's united dominions. The total amount of the sale of the Stanley Collection was 8232*l.*; being upwards of 1000*l.* per diem! This amiable Bibliomaniac stated to Mr. Evans that the collection had cost him about 2500*l.* but that from the great rise in books he flattered himself they would realize four thousand pounds; and ordered Mr. Evans to insure them for that sum at the Globe Office. And here take we leave of the STANLEY TOURNAMENT: . . . a sight of greater bibliomaniacal joyaunce having hardly ever before, or since, presented itself within the arena of Pall-Mall!

of the late STANESBY ALCHORNE.* The Alchorne-Battle lasted but *a Day* — yet, during the five hours which that battle consumed, there was seen many a deed of note—

* *Library of the late STANESBY ALCHORNE.*] Mr. Horne commences his list of 'Catalogues of the principal British private Libraries,' with that of the Alchorne Collection: see his *Introd. to the Study of Bibliography*, vol. ii. p. 638. His account however is necessarily brief, yet 'pithy and pertinent.' I must make, comparatively, large drafts upon the patience of the reader; for the mention of the 'Alchorne Contest' is like touching a full-sounding note, which imparts to my ear a mixture of joyful and melancholy sensations. The sequel will prove how this joy and sorrow are mixed together. Listen—lover of the memories of departed bibliomaniacal heroes!—whose spirits glance by moonlight across the stained-glass windows of your libraries, to gambol upon lawns, soft and verdant as the velvet which enclose your romaunt or chronicle-lore! Again, I say, 'list oh list.'

It was towards the end of January, in the year of our Lord 1813, that I received a letter from my late lamented friend Mr. Johnes (who, some half dozen years back, had purchased the Alchorne Collection of the worthy Thomas Payne, 'Bookseller Extraordinary to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent') containing the momentous intelligence of an inclination, on his part, to dispose of the collection in question, mentioning expressly the name and the probable wish of EARL SPENCER to become the purchaser. Now it so happened that his Lordship had, formerly, received a tender of the very collection in question—just after it was sold to the said 'Bookseller Extraordinary to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent;' but owing to his having, at that time, just entered upon the important situation of Secretary of State for the Home Department—in conjunction with Mr. Fox for the Foreign Department, and with Lord Grenville as Minister—he had absolutely no time either to consider the proposition, or, if considered, to examine the books out of which such proposition grew. Accordingly his Lordship declined the offer: but I must say, upon authority the most unimpeached, (because it is his own) that a subsequent reflection produced—if not 'a pricke of conscience,' according to Father Hampole's method of considering such 'compunctitious visitings'—at least a sort of uncomfortable feeling, and the 'lateri [not 'lethalis'] arundo' was discernible upon a close inspection. No doubt, however, most of the books in question were duplicates.

But we must not lose sight of Mr. Johnes's letter: 'Wilkes (says he) used to say that he was an extinct volcano. I am an extinct collector; for although I enjoy what I have, my plans are now taking an idler bent—for who am I toiling for?†. . . If you can recommend me a purchaser, I shall thank you; and as books, since I bought it [the Alchorne Collection] have risen so amazingly, if Lord

† He had at that time not long lost his daughter, and only child.

many an heroic achievement—and much dealing of heavy and lusty strokes. Such a contest could not but be sanguinary; and methinks I yet hear the shouts of yourself,

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Spencer will give me *three* times what I paid, it shall be at his service.' I lost no time in making his Lordship acquainted with such 'momentous intelligence,' because I had very frequently heard him regret 'missing' the Alchorne books. His Lordship received my letter at Althorp, just as he was about to step into his travelling carriage for his Grace the Duke of Bedford's at Woburn—'I am just (says he, in a necessarily short reply) setting off for Woburn, and write in great haste. The offer in your letter of yesterday is indeed a tempting one, and I believe I cannot resist it, especially if Mr. Johnes should accede to your mitigated proposal.' I proposed visiting Hafod for the sake of examining the books; but his Lordship thought such an undertaking, at such a time of the year, perfectly unnecessary; and thanking me for my zeal thus manifested on the occasion—and trusting to his own supposed perfect recollection of the *condition* of the books in question—he consented to the terms, mitigated as they had been by some conditional propositions on my part. It boots not to talk of the value and extent of the terms of payment. The bargain was struck. The books arrived: but the memories of all parties, including even that of Mr. Payne, turned out to be somewhat *treacherous*. There were dirty, and eke defective, copies—and the duplicates were manifestly numerous. However, it was necessary that the trenching or pruning knife should be again exercised in 'mitigation' of pecuniary 'punishment;' and I will do Mr. Johnes the justice to say that he underwent the amputating operation with the unflinching intrepidity of a martyr.

The preceding history accounts for the origin of the sale about to be mentioned. Out of the 120 numbers or articles, of which the Alchorne Collection consisted, not fewer than 45 (among which the whole of the Caxtons were included) were **DUPLICATES**. Only one of these duplicate Caxtons (*The Boethius*) bettered his Lordship's copies: the rest were disposed of, as about to be described. The acquisitions, among the other books retained, were chiefly as follow: several scarce pieces in quarto, and some fine volumes in folio, from the press of Wynkyn De Worde; with the *St. Alban's Chronicle* of 1483, wanting however the last leaf. The early Latin Classics were almost all duplicates. With the foregoing exceptions it was resolved to sell the whole of the Alchorne-Hafod books, adding thereto such other duplicates as his Lordship might possess. The sale was, as Lisardo emphatically says, a **ONE-DAY FIGHT**—and certainly such a 'day' had never before occurred on the spot where the battle was fought. There were 'Incunabula Typographica' of nearly every description, for every palate! The News Papers thus prepared the public for the contest: 'The *Biblio-Mania* seems to have been rather excited than satiated by the late sales of the **ROXBURGHE**

brave Lorenzo—and of ATTICUS and HORTENSIVS—in proportion to the devastation which was committed ! . .

LORENZO. I look upon my achievements on that day to

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and STANLEY collections. We observe that a long list of ALDUSES and CAXTONS is again coming under the hammer, on the 22d inst. The ALCHORNE collection, which, together with some extraordinary early Classics from Lord SPENCER'S library, is then to be sold, will, it is to be hoped, supply our typographical antiquarians with enjoyment for the ensuing half year.' *Times*. Mr. Evans's advertisement did not a little contribute to fan the bibliomaniacal flame ; for thus was the sale announced in the *Morning Chronicle*. ' RARE BOOKS.—By AUCTION, by R. H. EVANS, 26, Pall-Mall, on Saturday, the 22d instant, a Portion of the valuable LIBRARY of the late STANESBY ALCHORNE, Esq. containing various rare and first editions, printed in the 15th Century, including some of the scarcest and most interesting specimens of the presses of Gutenberg, Fust, Schoyffer, Mentelin, Vindelin de Spira, Schuzler, Aldus, &c. and some of the rarest articles in the infancy of printing in England, by Caxton, Lettou, Machlinia, Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynson. To which are added, the Duplicates of a Nobleman. The whole will be sold on the 22d instant.'

Subjoined to the early printed books were a few short notes, with the letter D affixed : for the accuracy or inaccuracy of which I considered, and still do consider, *myself* responsible. At length came on the day—fair, joyous, and such as promised Richmond an earnest of victory previous to his Bosworth-field brush with Richard ! I will not dissemble the sensations I felt before and during the sale. Having been in a great measure instrumental to the ' striking of the bargain,' and having been highly gratified by the prompt and gallant spirit evinced by Lord Spencer in *making good* the same—in other words, in advancing the sum finally agreed upon—I was naturally and necessarily anxious that he should, on no account, be a loser in the end ! . . But we must now hurry to the field. Mr. Evans has taken his chair of presidency and umpirage. The combatants have sharpened their weapons, and, upon elevation of his wand, ' out fly *some score* of flaming swords.' At first the contest, as usual, is languid. Books of every day occurrence fall with little effort on the part of the bidder. Mr. Bolland made the first desperate thrust, and carried off '*Spenser's Complaintes*, 1591 (first edition) for 8*l.* 8*s.* Sir M. M. Sykes is the second hero in order in the record of ' desperate thrusts'—and he gives 19*l.* for the first Aldine Demosthenes of 1504. Messrs. Arch gallantly possess the *Pynson Froissart* of 1523-5, for 26*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* defective in the title of the first, and the last leaf of the second volume. Mr. Payne springs forward to possess the blue morocco-coated *Fabian's Chronicle* of 1533, for 6*l.* 6*s.*—and now the mettle of each is more sensibly provoked : their weapons fly faster and thicker : the battle burns on all sides, and becomes perfectly general ' along the flanks' as well as ' along the line.' Mr.

have been singularly indicative of an heroic spirit . . . and I think upon them with renewed satisfaction when I observe, yonder, the fruits of such toils and struggles for victory.

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Bolland again becomes 'mighty Victor, mighty Lord,' and purchases Lesclabart's fac-simile of the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*, for 10*l.* 15*s.* It is now long past mid-day: the sun is declining: and two-thirds of the articles are already disposed of. But at this crisis come on the BOOKS PRINTED IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY—and here begins the tug and trial of war! Let us cease metaphor, and read as follows: putting, in imagination, a laurel-wreath round the brow of each victorious champion.

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|-----|---|----|----|---|
| 121 | Joannis de Janua, Summa, quæ vocatur Catholicon, 2 vol. First Edition, and the Fourth Book printed with a date. Hic liber egregius. catholicon. dnice incarnationis anni, 1460, Alma in urbe maguntina nationis inclite germanice, &c. impressus atque confectus est. purchased by Mr. Grenville, | 58 | 16 | 0 |
| 122 | Ciceronis Officia. Printed by Fust and Schoeffher at Mentz, 1466. 4to. purchased by Mr. Grenville, | 26 | 15 | 6 |
| 123 | Thomæ Aquinatis Secunda Secundæ. Folio. Consummatū per Petrum Schoiffher de Gernsheim Anno domini. 1467, die sexta mens. marcij. purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, | 13 | 13 | 0 |
| 124 | Lactantii Opera. Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, at Rome. Folio, 1468, purchased by Mr. Bolland, | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| 127 | Valerius Maximus. Printed by Mentelin. Without name of Printer, Place, or Date. Folio, purchased by Mr. Grenville, | 40 | 0 | 0 |
| 128 | Valerius Maximus. Printed by Schoeffher at Mentz. Folio, 1471, purchased by Mr. Grenville, | 26 | 0 | 0 |
| 129 | Valerius Maximus. Printed by Vindelin de Spira at Venice, 1471, folio, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, | 14 | 14 | 0 |
| 130 | Quintiliani Institutiones. Printed by Jenson, at Venice, folio, 1471, purchased by Mr. Heber, | 7 | 10 | 0 |
| 131 | Suetonii Opera, Jenson, 1471, purchased by Mr. Heber, | 4 | 5 | 0 |
| 132 | Orosii Historia. Printed by Schüzler, at Augsbourg, folio, 1471, purchased by Sir M. M. Sykes, | 26 | 0 | 0 |
| 133 | Tortellius de Orthographia. Printed by Ulric Han and Simon Nicolas Lucensis, at Rome, folio, 1471, purchased for His Majesty's Library, | 15 | 15 | 0 |
| 134 | Tortellius, De Orthographia. Printed by Jenson at Venice, folio, 1471, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| 135 | Justinus. Bound in russia. Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, at Rome, folio, 1472, purchased by Sir M. M. Sykes, | 21 | 0 | 0 |

LISARDO. Let me add that, for a *one Day-fight*, there is nothing like it upon record. The combatants were hardly cooled when they betook themselves to the *Horne Tooke*-

SALE OF THE ALCHORNE LIBRARY.

135*	Catullus Tibullus. (1472, folio.) purchased by Mr. Heber,	12	17	0
137	Catonis Magni Autoris moralitissimi Ethica pregnantissima. First Edition. Augustæ, 1475, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	9	19	6
146	Euclidis Elementa. Latine. Printed by Ratdolt, folio, Venice, 1482, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	11	0	0
154	Aristotelis Politica et Economica. Latinè. Without Name of Printer, Place, or Date, folio, purchased by M. M. Sykes,	13	13	0
155	Chrysostomi Homiliæ in S. Matthæum. Without Name of Printer, Place, or Date. folio, purchased by Messrs. Arch,	7	12	0
156	Horatii Opera. Without Name of Printer, Place, or Date, folio. In blue morocco, purchased by Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.	38	7	0
158	Cicero De Oratore. Supposed to be printed by Vindelin de Spira. Without Date. Folio. purchased by Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.	14	0	0
159	Manilius. Printed by Hoensteyn, at Naples. Without Date. Quarto, purchased by Mr. Heber,	7	7	0

So much for Greek and Latin. Let us next see the importance attached to books printed in our *mother-tongue* during the xvth century : in other words, to Books

PRINTED BY CAXTON.

166	The Game and Playe of the Chesse, translated out of the French, &c. imperfect, purchased by Longman and Co.	54	12	0
167	The Book named Cordyale, purchased for His Majesty's Library,	127	0	0
168	The Chronicles of Englund, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	63	0	0
169	The Booke called Cathon, purchased by Mr. Singer,	51	9	0
170	The Doctrinal of Sapyence, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	78	15	0
171	Fayttes of Armes and of Chyualrye, 1489, purchased by Longman and Co.	60	1	0
172	The Golden Legend. By me Wyllyam Caxton, 1493, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	82	19	0
173	The Boke of Consolacion of Philosophy, purchased by Mr. Singer,	53	11	0
174	The Chastysing of Goddes Chyldren, purchased by Longman and Co.	94	10	0

PRINTED AT SAINT ALBANS.

175	Chronicle of Saint Albans, with the Fruit of the Times. Imperfect. purchased by Mr. Singer,	15	15	0
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PRINTED BY LETTOU AND MACHLINIA.

176	Tenores. Nouelli Impssi p. nos. Johem Lettou et Willm de Machlinia i Citate Londinarū, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	42	0	0
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* wanting the Tibullus, &c.

Contest: in other words, to the sale of the library of that singular and shrewd author of the *Epea Pteroenta*,* or the *Diversions of Purley*. No doubt, a very laudable curio-

SALE OF THE ALCHORNE LIBRARY.

177	Vieux Abridgement des Statutes, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire	27	0	0
178	Speculum Christiani. per Wilhelmum de Machlinia, ditto, .	34	13	0
179	The Cronicle of Englonde, (a fragment only) purchased by Longman and Co.	2	18	0

PRINTED BY WYNKYN DE WORDE.

180	Hylton's Scala Perfeccionis, The Ladder of Perfeccion. From the Colophon we learn that this book was printed by Wynkyn de Worde. 'In Willyam Caxstons hows so fyll the case.' Ano Salutis. 1494, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, .	18	18	0
182	Vitas Patrum, 1495, purchased by Mr. Singer,	59	17	0
183	Polycronicon, Enprynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn Theworde, 1495, purchased for Mr. Singer,	21	0	0
184	Legenda Aurea; The Golden Legende. The frontispiece is wanting; also a leaf containing lives and histories taken out of the Bible, 1498, purchased by Longman and Co.	15	15	0
185	Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum, imperfect, but has the last leaf, which is generally wanting. purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	13	13	0

PRINTED BY PYNSON.

186	Diues and Pauper, red-morocco, by Me Richarde Pynson, 1493, A perfect copy of the first book printed by Pynson: purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	21	0	0
187	Intrationum Excellentissimus Liber, 1510, purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,	43	13	0

The Clock had struck six ('O Tempora!' exclaim the spirits of Maittaire and Hearne—) when the hammer fell upon the last article above noticed: and the produce of this 'one day fight' was upwards of 1900*l*.† I hastened to communicate the result to the Noble Owner; when it was found, upon adding the amount of the *Alchorne Articles* in the sale—to that of the sums allowed, and liberally allowed, for the articles, from the same library, retained—that his Lordship had 'brought himself home' within about 25*l*. Thus nice was the calculation, and thus fortunate the result!

* The sale of the library of the singular and shrewd author of the "Επεα Πτεροεντα,] The library of John Horne Tooke was begun to be sold by Mr. Lochée, on the 26 of May 1813; and the sale lasted four days. The *crack* article in the collection was 'Materials in MS. for a New Dictionary:' but there

† There were *fifty* copies of this catalogue struck off upon LARGE PAPER of the size of the Bibliotheca Spenceriana; to be bound up, if required, with that work. Messrs. Arch yet possess a few of these copies for sale.

sity was excited towards obtaining a few specimens of the books of a man, who had made so much noise in his time,

SALE OF HORNE TOOKE'S LIBRARY.

were a few other singular and uncommon specimens of the taste and learning of the Collector. I will give almost the whole of these 'uncommon specimens.'

- 98 Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France, with ms. notes
by Mr. Tooke, purchased by Mr. Heber, 8l. 12s. 0d.
- 138 Cheeke's Hurt of Sedition, 1569, 12mo. purchased by Mr. Perry, 2 3 0
- 144 Tullye's Offices, &c. W. de Worde, 1531, 12mo. purchased by
Messrs. Arch, 3 15 0
- 191 Complaynt of the Herte throughe perced with the lokynge of the
Eye, W. de Worde, 4to. no date, purchased by Mr. Triphook, 30 0 0
- 194 Dives and Pauper, W. de Worde, 1496, folio, purchased by
myself; afterwards given up to Messrs. Arch, and now in the
possession of Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. 16 16 0
- 274 Godwin's Enquirer, 1797, 8vo. with ms. notes by Mr. Tooke,
purchased by Major James 2 15 0
- 275 ——— Political Justice, 1796, 8vo. 2 vols. with ms. notes by the
same; but the 2nd volume NOT CUT! 2 2 0
- 279 A Goodly Treatyse or the Golden Pystle, 4to. W. de Worde,
purchased by Mr. Goldsmid, 6 3 0
- 305-6 The Trials of Himself and Thomas Hardy, full of ms. notes: the
first purchased by Mr. Heber for 6l. 15s. the second by Mr.
Loché for 5l. 5s. 12 0 0
- 310 Harris (W.) Versification of the Bible, 1578, 4to. Purchased by
Mr. Wilbraham, 2 3 0
- 315 ——— (James) Three Treatises on Art, Music, and Happiness,
1744, 8vo. Purchased by Mr. G. Chalmers, 2 5 0
- 316 Harris's Hermes, 1771, 8vo. With a great number of ms. notes
by Mr. Tooke. Purchased by Longman and Co. for the purpose
of enriching Mr. Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, . . 16 0 0
- 318 Hart on Orthographie, 1569, 12mo. Purchased by Mr. Heber, . 6 6 0
- 350 Earl of Surry's Songes and Sonnets, 1587, 12mo. (Eight leaves
wanting). Purchased by Mr. Heber. 8 10 0
- 364 Johnson's Dictionary, 1755, folio, 2 vols. With a great number of
ms. notes, alterations, and emendations by Mr. Tooke. Purchased
by Major James, but afterwards given up to Messrs. Longman,
and Co. for the purpose of enriching Mr. Todd's new edition of
that work 200 0 0
- 425 Locke's Works, 1727, fol. 3 vols. ms. notes by Mr. Tooke. Pur-
chased by Mr. Maltby for the London Institution, 18 0 0
- 433-4 Lowth's Introduction to the English Grammar, 1767, 1769, 8vo.
Both these copies (with Tookëan proposed emendations) were
purchased by Mr. Maltby for the London Institution; together - 9 11 0

and who had evinced a philological taste and erudition equally original, acute, and comprehensive. But I will be

SALE OF HORNE TOOKE'S LIBRARY.

440	Lydgate's Styringe of Kyng Henry the fyfthe, &c. 1531, 4to. Printed by Redman. Purchased by Mr. Triphook,	15	0	0
441	Lye's Dict. Saxon. et Goth. &c. 1772, folio, 2 vols. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. for Mr. Todd's new edition of Johnson's Dictionary,	34	0	0
442	Lyfe of Petronella. Pynson. Without date: 4 leaves: wormed. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	6	2	6
443	Lyfe of Edwarde Cōfessoar, &c. 1533, 4to. Printed by W. de Worde. Purchased by Mr. Triphook,	14	0	0
474	Miracles of the glorious Vyrgin, 1530, 4to. Printed by W. de Worde. Purchased by Mr. Triphook,	13	10	0
476	Monboddo's Origin and Progress of Language, 1773, 8vo. 2 vols. ms. notes by Mr. Tooke. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	5	7	6
479	Mornyng Remembrance of the Countess of Richmond and Darby. W. de Worde, 4to. Purchased by Mr. Triphook,	9	9	0
562-3	Priestley's Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, and Disquisi- tions, with ms. notes. Both purchased by Mr. Heber,	5	10	0
570	Lytell Boke, that speketh of Purgatorye, in verse. Printed by Wyer, 4to. Purchased by Mr. Triphook,	17	0	0
585	Reed's Inquiry into the Human Mind, 1769, 8vo. with ms. notes. Purchased by Mr. Stace,	2	3	0
594-5	Ritson's Remarks on Shakspeare, 1783, 8vo. Two copies, with ms. notes: the first purchased by Mr. Cuthell, for 4l. 4s.; the second for 7l. 2s. 6d. by Mr. Stace,	11	6	6
658	Spelmanni (H.) Glossarium, 1687, folio ms. notes.	3	17	0
660	——, (J.) English Works of 1727, folio. ms. notes of Tooke. Purchased by Mr. Stace,	5	5	0
661	Spenser's Works, 1805, 8vo. 8 vol. with ms. notes by Mr. Tooke. Purchased by Mr. S. Rogers,	6	15	0
759	Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1583, 4to. (Imperfect.) Purchased by Mr. Utterson,	15	0	0
760	Gawin Douglas's Virgil, 1710, folio. with ms. notes by Mr. Tooke. Purchased by Mr. Cuthell,	4	7	0
773	Wallis's (J.) Gram. Ling. Anglic. 1765, 8vo. with ms. notes by Mr. Tooke. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	2	2	0
775	Warton's History of English Poetry, 1774, 4to. 3 vols. with ms. notes by Mr. Tooke. Purchased by Mr. Stace,	9	0	0
806	A very numerous Collection of Cards and Volumes in quarto, &c. a preparation for a new Dictionary by Mr. Tooke. Purchased by Mr. Brookes,	43	0	0

free to aver, that the greater, or at least the better, part of critical purchasers of these Tookëan tomes, were disap-

SALE OF HORNE TOOKE'S LIBRARY.

The preceding specimens may be useful in giving a notion of the particular character of the collection under consideration, and in specifying who are the present owners of copies which were enlarged, if not enriched, by the 'ms. notes' of their late learned possessor. It will be seen that politics, philosophy, and philology, were the chief marks of the intellectual propensities of John Horne Tooke: nor will it be a matter of surprise with those, who knew the character of that vain and marble-hearted citizen of the world, that no copy of the *Bible*—save a black-letter metrical version of it (see no. 310, above, for the mere purpose of philological consultation) or of the *Gentleman's Calling*—was found within the same collection. Mr. Tooke must stand or fall as a philologist, and his *Ἑπτα Πτερόεντα* will for ever secure him from a break-neck tumble. As a lexicographer, or etymologist, he will probably not be considered in the most exalted point of view. Lisardo has not caricatured his account of the general complexion of the *ms. addenda et emendanda Horn-Tookeïana*. Within five months after the sale of the library here described of, I went over, in company with our mutual friends AURELIUS and NENNIUS, to spend a *philological* day with the able and amiable editor of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary—at his rectory at Coulsden, chiefly (as he had requested) that we might take a leisurely survey of the treasures contained in the Tookëan volumes. Mr. Todd was sufficiently enveloped by these diffuse lucubrations. Sometimes we found him a little alarmed on account of a Macbeth-like *dagger* marginal embellishment—and sometimes perfectly dazzled by the splendour of a *star*—within the same margins! Anon, there would be a coarse *hand*, pointing to what was invisible, or comprehensible only to the designer of the said hand: then again we observed three or more portentous *marks of admiration*—and the greater part of Lye, Skinner, and Spelman, scribbled or adorned with the like *ms. addenda et emendanda*. Mr. Todd has now made himself perfect master of the whole of the Tookeïan system of lexicography; and to say that his own labours will *not* be benefitted by such a master, would be to advance a very naughty falsehood: but to say that they will be benefited in proportion to the expectations raised, or to the money expended, would be to advance a falsehood of equal naughtiness. So quaint, queer, and extravagant are sometimes the said *ms. addenda Tookëïana*, that Mr. Todd is compelled to conclude that our Horne was disposed to quiz or hoax his friends and future readers! The present editor of Johnson's Dictionary stands in no absolute need of the labours of John Horne Tooke. Now that he possesses them, he will doubtless engraft what is good, and reject what is evil, from his own rich philological stores. The day is shortly coming when he will 'rest from these labours:' and every lover of the religion and literature of his country (of each of which Mr. Todd has long been a distinguished ornament)

pointed: for a vehement and perverted love of politics had, in too many instances, usurped the place, or biassed the decision, of pure philological enquiry and criticism. I speak entirely with reference to the *manuscript notes* in the margins of the said 'Tookëan tomes;' for I have seen with my own eyes, as well as understood from the testimonies of those upon whom the most unqualified reliance may be placed, that in very many pages of very many volumes, there were mere squibs and crackers of personal obloquy, or of general unqualified abuse of religion and of 'the body politic'—which appeared to be 'let off' with a wantonness that would have disgraced a school-boy of thirteen! Nevertheless, in one or two instances some determined book-mettle was shewn, and some loud-ringing blows were inflicted upon the rattling helmets of the philological knights who came express for the contest.

The Book-Auction fights of the summer of 1813 may be said to have ended with the sale of the library of JOHN HORNE TOOKE.* Winter came; and with that winter of

must earnestly hope that such 'rest' may be succeeded by a commensurate reward. The names of NICOLSON, and TANNER are now exclusively remembered by their *philological* attainments. But there are rewards which sit more pleasantly and comfortably upon ecclesiastical heads than even mitres!

* *the book-auctions of 1813—ended with the sale of the library of JOHN HORNE TOOKE.*] Not exactly so, either: for Lisardo has either forgotten, or does not think it worth while to mention, the sale of a very choice collection of books, in generally-beautiful condition, which belonged to the late REV. L. DUTENS, F.R.S. F.S. A.—for let us meet out to every man his full measure of titular consequence—more especially when, as in the present instance, a propensity be manifested towards the same copiousness of measure. We will first say a word or two, by way of prohemie, respecting the owner of this 'choice and beautiful' library. Some few years before his death he published a work entitled '*Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose.*' The reposing traveller was Mons. Dutens himself; and the work contained all the vanity, without the wit and eloquence, of the Confessions of J. J. Rousseau—upon which some have supposed it to be in part modelled. I was well acquainted with Monsieur Dutens, and had

the same year there was fought, under the hammer-guidance of the venerable Leigh, such a fight, as, take it for all in all, the like again hath not been witnessed since the memorable day of the Roxburghe battle. I would be understood here

frequent opportunities of witnessing how completely, in every respect, his well dressed circular *peruque* was a sort of personification of his mind. He had talents—such as ingenuity, upper-form learning, and a vivacious spirit of research and of expression. These were all arranged in precise order, (like the curls of the said *peruque*) and were obedient at a moment's call. He was therefore loquacious in company, and had the best possible opinion of his own conversational powers. Yet he seemed to be impressed with a conviction that his talents were not so fully appreciated by the male, as by the female part of his auditory; and he was always 'making play' to sustain his expiring reputation with the former, by every possible effort to elicit applause from the latter! Thus, on the announce of dinner (as I have often witnessed) it was 'a marvel' (so Caxton would have expressed it) to see our Octogenarian,

. . . . of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,

looking complacently around, to select some favourite *bas-bleu* to take his arm, and join him in leading off the descending procession to dinner. He was indeed a sort of literary 'Sir Plume;' and a more determined courtier, in domestic life, was never imported from the country which gave him birth. What is droll, he had the living of Elsdon, one of the dreariest spots in Northumberland, and fancied that no one was such a favourite with his congregation as *himself*: because that congregation seldom or never saw his countenance, or, when seen, could not exactly comprehend the language which he uttered! He was one of the heartiest men, for his time of life, that I ever beheld; but then he had all the advantages of lettered ease—a gently-rolling chariot; a well-aired, rather than a well furnished, house; a society which kept good hours, and a reputation which rather made him sought after than otherwise. His activity continued almost undiminished to the last; and I have seen him at the semi-gothic mansion of a well known Baronet, situate not very many furlongs from Putney Bridge, exercise the queue at the billiard-table with surprising alacrity and success. He might be said to have almost had a presentiment of his dissolution; for not many weeks before his death he called upon all his friends, in the said 'gently-rolling chariot,' to return them their letters: and himself not long afterwards expired with scarcely a struggle or a groan.

His Library was sold by auction by Mr. Christie, in the summer of 1813; and whether it be that that distinguished public vendor of property possess less attraction in the vendition of *tomes* than in that of *pictures, houses, and lands*—it shall not be here determined; but the attendance was slack, and the prices for which the articles were disposed of were comparatively moderate. Mr. Triphook attended,

emphatically to allude to the *Willet Contest*, or to the sale of the MERLY LIBRARY.* That memorable battle commenced

and lost nothing that could contribute to his own reasonable profits. He bought a most beautiful copy of the *French Hudibras*, by Towneley, in red morocco; and a young collector, with a well-regulated taste, might, at the sale, have possessed himself of treasures which should have excited the envy of a veteran. A prettier sprinkling of *Elzevirs*, *Bleaus*, and *Barbous*, hath been rarely witnessed!

* *the sale of the MERLY LIBRARY.*] Mr. Horne (vol. ii. p. 684, &c.) has been so full and particular in his extracts or specimens of the prices of the rarer articles in this well known library, that it would answer little or no purpose to turn up the ground again which has been so successfully cultivated by himself. I shall therefore willingly, and perhaps judiciously, recommend the reader to the pages just referred to. Meanwhile let me notice a remark—that the BIBLIOMANIA is said to have raged more furiously at this sale than even at the Roxburghe: but this observation is somewhat hasty and unfounded. Without doubt the MERLY LIBRARY was well sold; and there was no lack of mettle, or deficiency of courage, among the knights, or their squires, (as Lisardo not unhappily expresses it) who appeared within the arena of conflict. I had myself large commissions from Earl Spencer and Sir M. M. Sykes; but Messrs. Longman and Co., Mr. Triphook, and Mr. Booth, were competitors not likely to be defeated without ‘the toil and tug of war.’ It cannot however be dissembled that the *Durandus*, the *second Psalter*, the *Catholicon*, and the *second Lactantius*, were imperfect or inferior articles: to balance which there were some very fine *Block Books*, early *Bibles*, and *Caxtons*. Lord Spencer procured Dr. Mead’s copy of the Oxford edition of Aretin’s version of Phalaris (1485) for 85*l.* which had cost Mead only 16*s.* and Caxton’s ‘vii. profytes of trubylacion’ (see *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. iv. p. 329, and 357) for the enormous sum of 194*l.* 5*s.*! The Caxtons, indeed, brought gallant prices; and the *Gower* and *Tully upon Old Age*, &c. were among the very finest copies of those works which I had ever seen. Sir Mark had determined upon 250 guineas for the former, and 150*l.* for the latter; but he lost both: the Marquis of Blandford (now Duke of Marlborough) having secured the former at 315*l.* and the latter at 210*l.* Frightful havoc! The *Prynne*, however, (see no. 2026) he was determined upon possessing—even had it reached a sum considerably beyond that to which it attained; namely, 152*l.* 5*s.* The copy no doubt was very fine, and so it ought to have been. Messrs. Longman and Co., Mr. Singer, and Mr. Booth were the chief successful combatants for the BLOCK-BOOKS, which really brought frightfully-disproportionate prices. But what a resolute champion was the latter in giving 262*l.* 10*s.* for the *Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers by Caxton*? And how keenly did his Grace the Duke of Devonshire contend for the possession of Caxton’s second edition of the *Game of Chese* for 173*l.* 5*s.* and for the lovely *Jenson’s Bible* of 1476, UPON VELLUM, for 168*l.*—the latter of which (vol. ii. p. 362) hath already called forth our powers of admiration! Messrs. Arch bought lustily and largely at this sale,

about the beginning of December, and continued for a full fortnight. Such a time of the year seemed little calculated

SALE OF THE MERLY LIBRARY.

chiefly for Mr. Roscoe; and the name of Mr. Payne must, in the rarer and more high priced articles, be considered as standing for that of the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville. The total produce of this memorable sale, which lasted seventeen days, was about 13,500 pounds. Beyond a doubt the collection was most admirable and judicious.

I cannot thus come to the close of the memorable BIBLIOMANIACAL YEAR 1813, without giving the reader a very curious and very harmless piece of book intelligence. The Roxburghe sale of the preceding year had, I suppose, enflamed the fancies and perverted the judgments of every book-vendor (as it should seem) abroad and at home. Mr. Cuthell's clerk sent me the following singular list in the month of April of the same year—with the accompanying epistle: 'Sir, a correspondent of mine on the continent offered me the books mentioned in this list. I don't wish to order them unless I was sure of a sale for them; should Lord Spencer, yourself, or any of your friends wish for them, please to inform me as soon as possible: the licenses being about to be stopped. I remain, Sir, for John Cuthell, your most obedient servant, Wm. Clarke.' The prices attached to the greater number of articles of this short but singular list will probably cause the most 'mad-headed' to marvel abundantly. Les voici!

- 1 Biblia Sacra Moguntiae, 1462, 2 vol. folio, bound in russia, printed on vellum, with the initials painted in miniatures: a splendid copy: very large margin, 450l.
- 2 Biblia Sacra, Venetiis apud Jenson, 1476, folio, bound in marbled calf, printed on vellum: a most splendid copy with the initials painted in miniatures, 210
- 3 Biblia Sacra, Parisiis, 1476, 2 vols. folio, bound in blue morocco, gilt ornaments round, a beautiful copy, 80
- 4 Biblia Polyglotta Cardinalis Ximenis, 6 vols. folio, sumptuously bound in red morocco, with gilt ornaments round, a copy in the most exquisite preservation, 150
- 5 Joannis de Janua; Catholicon; Moguntiae, 1460, folio, bound in red morocco, a sumptuous copy, 120
- 6 Plinii Historia Naturalis, Romae apud Panartz, 1470, folio, bound most splendidly in red morocco, with gilt ornaments round, 80
- 7 Aliud Exemplar, Romae, 1473, Panartz, splendidly bound in red morocco, 24
- 8 Aliud Exemplar, Parmae, 1476, apud Corallum, bound in red morocco, 28
- 9 Decretum Gratiani, Moguntiae, 1472, 2 vols. folio maximo, printed on vellum, excessively scarce, adorned with miniatures, a most splendid copy, in the best preservation, original binding in wood, 240

for causing the Book-Knights 'to prick forth' from their snug resting-places, and fur-lined retirements—but the arena was thronged; and if the aforesaid knights could not come in person, they might attend by their *Squires*. And so it was that these Squires shewed themselves worthy of the trust confided in them, and of the valour and reputation of their respective masters. ATTICUS and HORTENSIUS, however, attended in person. Our Lorenzo was far away—a distant, but not heedless, observer of the fate of the combat.

LORENZO. Even so; and I suffered smartly for my interference.

LISARDO. It could hardly have been otherwise; for it must be allowed that, occasionally, there was much 'attractive mettle' in the objects for which the contention was set on foot. So heavy and incessant were the blows—so varying the fate of the combat—so earnest, anxious, and unremitting was every champion who entered the field, that it may be gravely doubted, and as gravely argued, whether they were conscious of the 'cold season' in which they were assembled: for you might occasionally see Atticus sitting apart, upon a soft turf, and wiping the 'heavy drops' from his brow—engendered by such furious commotion! The battle usually ended by torch-light; for the coming on of darkness was no quieter of the determined spirits of the assailants.

Generally and justly speaking, the Merly library was a noble collection: yet the earlier printed books, of foreign execution, somewhat disappointed the knowing in biblio-

10 Mezerai Histoire de France, Paris. Guillemot, 2 vol. folio, 1643, 46 et 51, large paper, containing all the detached Feuilletts and Cartons, bound in red morocco, very scarce, . . . 45l.

I need hardly add that the matter instantaneously and wholly dropt: for the purses of our most wealthy collectors were not, even at this time, quite unfathomable. Now, alas, they are shallower by some 'five fathom' or more!

graphy. The Caxtons, however, were generally of right fair aspects and comely dimensions: and huge were the sums which their beauty caused them to bring. The philosopher viewed, with a sorrowful countenance, the breaking up of those fountains of literary waters which had nourished and rejoiced many a thirsty and many a grateful visitor: but the Bibliomaniac secretly delighted in diverting the channels of such waters into his own urns. Thus differently do our tastes, our passions, and our reasons operate.

We now approach the Book-Auction Campaign of 1814. This year was chiefly distinguished for the *Towneley Fight*: in other words, for the sale of the first part of the Library of the late venerable JOHN TOWNELEY;* a character of the

* *the library of the late venerable JOHN TOWNELEY.*] In commencing our account of the sale of this, and of a few subsequently sold libraries, we necessarily take leave of Mr. Horne; whose work was published in the summer of the year 1814, just preceding the sale about to be noticed—and in time only to select a few of the more important articles, without the prices affixed: see vol. ii. p. 755-8. The selection is judiciously made: but the prices—exclaims the hungry bibliomaniac!? They are here, I reply: yet, first, of the venerable owner of the treasures about to be described. I had a slight acquaintance with him a few years before his decease, and was at all times freely admitted to a sight of his *Julio Clovio*, (see vol. i. p. clxxxviii) his *MS. Homer*, his printed books, and his *Hollars*: the latter probably a matchless collection. Mr. Towneley had one of the finest figures, as an elderly gentleman (for he died at 82), that could possibly be seen. His stature was tall and frame robust; his gait was firm; his countenance was Roman-like; his manners were conciliatory, and his language was unassuming. His habits were simple and perhaps severe. He generally rose at five, and lighted his own library-fire—and his health was manifest in his person and countenance. He was entirely an unpretending man—and may be said to have collected rather from the pleasure and reputation attached to such pursuits, than from a thorough and keen relish of the kind of taste which it imparts. He had an ample purse, and it was most liberally unstrung when there was occasion for effectual aid. This observation may equally apply to matters *out of the bibliomaniacal record*; but as a book-purchaser he was considered amongst the most heavy-metalled and determined champions in the field. Poor John Manson used to be his *caterer*. Manson (a late bookseller in Gerard-Street) was a purveyor of no ordinary spirit and skill. He adored his employer, as he had

most amiable and interesting cast, and who had devoted the latter years of an extremely protracted life—or rather of a vigorous and green old age—to the accumulation of trea-

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

good reason so to do: for Mr. Towneley had been to him a protector in the most comprehensive sense of the word. It was amusing to see the gallant style in which Manson used to come into action (for his master) when a large paper Hearne, or Dugdale, was the object contended for: it was 'thwickum and thwackum' with him, for he used to lay about him on all sides. 'Wherefore this storming,' good Mr. Manson? 'Oh, Sir, he must and shall have it—I darn't see his face if I lose it:—and so he would go on to the tune of *Thirty Guineas* for a large paper PETER LANGTOFT!

There was a bust of the late Mr. John Towneley, casts from which were given to his particular friends. Manson had one of these, which he placed over the mantle-piece of his best room—and beneath which he would occasionally disport himself in rather unseemly bacchanalian orgies—all, however, for the love which he bore his master! Mr. Clarke has a stippled engraving from this bust, to embellish his *Repertorium Bibliographicum*; but the effect is unpleasing. A mere Roman-nose, with a bald head, has little expression; while, in the original, the "Ἀμβρόσια Χάϊται" (natural or artificial) give it dignity and effect. Enough for the nose: (see, however, vol. i. p. 155, note, respecting the importance of nasal discussions) let us now hie to a description of the library—'of the late venerable J. Towneley.' There were two sales of this Collection: both by Mr. Evans. The first part was sold on the 8th of June, 1814, and nine following days—the second on the 19th of June, 1815, and nine following days. Beyond all doubt the *first part* was in every respect the most interesting, as the reader will immediately have decisive demonstration. There were not fewer than *nineteen large paper Hearnés*; of which *Hemingford's History of the Edwards*, in 2 vol. brought 30*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* and *Trokelowe's Annals of Edward II.* produced 23*l.*:—'pretty stiffish prices,' as they say in the market! It is however surprising, as Mr. Towneley was a Roman Catholic, that he had not procured a large paper copy of *Roper's Life of More*. What had his purveyor been about? He possessed the work, but on small paper, and it produced the sum of 10*l.*—about eight pounds beyond its intrinsic worth. The Hearnés closed the *first day's* sale with no mean effect.

The SECOND DAY passed off without producing any extraordinary sensation: but the THIRD DAY produced something like an earnest of what might be expected in the subsequent part of the contest. Among others, take the following:

357 Early Printed Tracts.—Letter from the Bishop of Verona to Pope Paule, translated by M. Throckmerton, imprinted by Wolfe, 1556.—Sermon of Henry Bullinger, imprinted for Lynne, 1549.—A Godly Meditation of John Bradfoth, imprinted by

sures of every description in the shapes of *books* and *engravings*. Great were the expectations formed of that fight; but such expectations were by no means disap-

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- Coplande, 1560.—Epist of St. Huldericus to the Pope against the unmarried Chastitie of Priestes.—Tretise of Popular Sickness, 1559, and various other curious old Tracts in the same volume.
Purchased by Mr. Heber, 7l. 10s. 0d.
- 358 Early Printed Tracts.—Order of Matrimony, imprinted by Scoloker.—Epistle of Erasmus on the Sacrament, imprinted by Wyer.—Dialogue between Knowledge and Symplicitie, a Poem, imprinted by Scoloker.—Three Notable Sermons of John Calvyn, 1562.—Ballet of Ty the Mare Tom Boy, Ty the Mare, finis quod Wylliam Kith. (Ritson had evidently never seen this Ballad; he published one with this title, containing 77 lines; this is clearly the original, and consists of about 400 lines.) Pistel sent to Gilbard Potter when he was in Prison, for speakinge on our most true Quenes part the Lady Mary, before he had his Eares cut of, 1553.—Laws of Geneva, 1562.—Lamentation of a Christen against the Citye of London, 1548.
Purchased by Mr. Heber, 16 16 0
- 371 Epistre contenant le proces criminel faict à l'encontre de la *Royne Anne Bouillant d'Angleterre*, extremely rare, Lyon, 1545, . . . 4 14 6
- 372 Estats de France, opprimez par la Tyrannie de Guise, extremely rare, 1560, and other curious French tracts against the House of Guise. Both tracts *purchased by Mr. Triphook,* . . . 4 14 6
- 382 Golden Letany in Englysshe, Imprinted by Skot.—The Rosary, with the Life of Jesu Christ. Imprinted by Skot, 1537. A note of Dr. Farmer's in this book states that Herbert had never seen any other copy of these two books. *Purchased for Earl Spencer,* 4 14 6
- 385 Gerson de Imitatione Christi, in fine old binding, ruled, Lugd. 1561. *Purchased by myself,* 3 0 0
- I notice this article for the sake of observing that the *pattern of the binding* of the volume has been copied by C. Lewis, and introduced by him with the happiest effect, in some books of uncommon interest and curiosity. Among the rest may be mentioned the VELLUM COPIES of the *Greek Anthology* of 1494, in the possession of Earl Spencer and the Right Hon. T. Grenville.
- And now, gentle reader, breathe awhile ere you commence the *Caxton* and *black letter folio* department, in the close of this said *third day*. Les voilà!
- 425 Bocace, de la Genealogie des Dieux, bound in russia, Paris, par Antoine Verard, 1498, *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* . . . 6 6 0

pointed. Mr. Evans had to prepare the *arena*; in other words, to dress the catalogue: and a most inviting selection of rich and rare articles was exhibited. But what think

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

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| 426 | Bocace, Temple des Nobles Malheureux, Epistre de la Royne Marie à son frere Henry d'Angleterre, red-morocco, Paris, par Galliot Du Pré. 1517. Purchased by Mr. Laing, | 13l. 13s. 0d. |
| 427 | Bocas's Falle of Princis by Lydgate, very rare. The fourth book printed by Pynson, in russia. Emprynted by Pynson, 1484. Purchased by Mr. Heber, | 27 16 6 |
| 428 | Boccace's Falle of Princes, by Lidgate, cuts, imprinted by Tottel, 1554. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. | 2 12 6 |
| 429 | Hector Boece's Hystory and Croniklis of Scotland, translatit by Bellenden. Extremely rare, very fine copy, red morocco. Imprintit in Edinburgh by me Thomas Davidson. Purchased by Mr. Laing of Edinburgh, | 85 0 0 |
| 433 | The Book named Cordyal, which treteth of the four last and final Thinges, translated by Lord Ryvers, in morocco. Imprinted by Caxton, 1480. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. | 94 10 0 |
| 434 | Chaucer's Workes, with dyvers Workes which were never in print before, a scarce and curious edition, folio. Printed by Godfray, 1532. Purchased by myself, | 5 5 0 |
| 436 | Chaucer's Troylus and Creside, fine copy, wants one leaf, signature P 1, Explicit per Me Caxton. Purchased by Mr. Triphook, | 252 0 0 |

Manson told me that he had given only 10l. 10l. for this book, and about the same sum for Boece's Croniklis of Scotland. They were both delightful copies.

A little breathing marked the *fourth Day*, till towards its close; when

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtled in the darkened air . . .

On rushed the combatants to obtain the respective prizes in view. Their missile weapons were discharged with renewed nimbleness and ferocity. They hack, they thrust, they are contorted into every varying attitude for victory. The fate of the close of the day was thus:

- | | | |
|-----|--|---------|
| 522 | Elisabeth's (Queen) Prayer Book, portrait and plates, printed by Daye, 1581. Purchased by Mr. Prest, | 8 8 0 |
| 527 | Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier.—Lyly's Euphues, the anatomy of Wit, 1581. Purchased by Mr. North, | 4 14 6 |
| 528 | Gascoigne's Posies, Hearbes, and Weedes, 1575, rare. Very fine copy. Purchased by Mr. Heber, | 21 10 0 |

you, among such 'rich and rare articles,' of the BEST MANUSCRIPT extant of the venerable HOMER? You recede from surprise and amazement; but it was even so! Dire

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- 529 Gascoigne's whole Woorkes, with the Steele Glass, 1587.
Purchased by Mr. Bolland, 18l. 7s. 6d.
- 531 Gardiner's England's Grievance Discovered in relation to the Coal Trade, with curious plates, and portraits of the Kings of England, and of Mary and Elizabeth, very rare, (no map). *Purchased by Mr. Triphook,* 4 0 0
- 533 Gerson's treatyse on the imitation of Criste, translated by Atkynson, at the special request of Prynccesse Margarete Moder to Henry VII. Imprynted by Pynson, *Purchased by Mr. Triphook,* 9 0 0
- 537 Chronicle of England. Imperfect. Imprynted by Machlinia, *Purchased by Mr. Heber.* 12 0 0
- 538 Chronicle of Englonde with the Fruyte of Tymes, wood-cuts, wants the first leaf of the table. Enprynted by Wynkyn de Worde, 1515.—Descrypcyon of Englonde, enprynted by Wynkyn de Worde, 1515. *Purchased by Mr. Hutton,* . . . 30 0 0
- 539 Discription of Britayne, the eighth leaf is admirably supplied by manuscript. Caxton, 1480. *Purchased for His Majesty's Library,* 85 1 0
- 540 Descrypcion of Englonde, blue morocco. Pynson, 1510. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* 17 0 0
- 541 The Dictes and Sayenges of the Phylosophers, translated by the Erle of Ryvers, morocco. Enprynted by Caxton, 1477. First edition: 29 lines in a page. *Purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,* 189 0 0
- 542 Doctrinal of Sapyence: wanting 4 leaves. Printed by Caxton. *Purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,* 63 0 0
- Hereupon ended the fourth day. The FIFTH DAY was not unworthy of its predecessor; as the reader shall be forthwith made acquainted.
- 559 New-Yeeres Gift, presented at Court, from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, (commonly called Little Jefferie,) with a very rare portrait of Jeffery Hudson. A manuscript note in this book says it is bound with a piece of Charles the First's waistcoat, and tied with the blue ribbon of the Garter, 8vo. *Purchased by Mr. Sturt,* 14 14 0
- 567 Office of the Holy Week according to the Missall and Roman Breviary, very scarce, plates by Hollar, blue morocco, 8vo. with two cuttings upon ivory inserted, Paris, 1670. *Purchased by Mr. Clarke,* 5 2 6

therefore was the conflict for such and similar treasures, which were contended for on the SEVENTH and LAST DAY. The concussion of the surrounding elements was such, that

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- 587 Ricraft's Survey of England's Champions and Truth's faithful Patriots with the lively Portraitures of the several Commanders. A very curious book, and one of the rarest pieces of English History, blue morocco, 8vo. 1647. *Purchased by Mr. North,* 33l. 1s. 6d.
- 612 Heywood's Spider and Flie and other Works, 1556 and 1562. Leaf supplied by ms. in the Epigram: and portrait on back of the leaf wanting: otherwise a fine copy. *Purchased by Mr. North,* 16 16 0
- 618 Horæ Beatae Mariæ Virginis ad usum Insignis Ecclesiæ Sarum, 4to. Printed upon vellum by Julyan Notary, excessively rare, 4to. 1503. *Purchased for the Duke of Devonshire,* . . . 48 6 0
- 619 Heures à l'Usage de Rome tout au long sans riens requerir, royal, 8vo. printed upon vellum. Each page is decorated with a border, containing a series of engravings: the large plates are richly illuminated, bound in green morocco, Paris, par. Gillet Hardouyn, 4to. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* . . . 12 0 0
- 623 Jones's Bathes of Bathes Ayde (there are some complimentary verses by Churchyarde and Lupton prefixed), 1572.—Jones's Benefit of the Auncient Bathes of Buckstone's, 1572.—Jones's Growth of living Things, whereunto is annexed Galen's Booke of Elements, 1574, in russia. *Purchased by Mr. Heber,* . . . 3 15 0
- 628 Kalender of Shepeherdes, cuts: wanting 1 leaf, and 1 leaf damaged at corner. Imprynted by Wynkyn de Worde, 1528, folio. *Purchased by Mr. Triphook,* 19 0 0
- 630 A Lyttel Treatise called the Lucydarye, Imprynted by Wynkyn de Worde, folio. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* 10 10 0
- 631 Lyfe of a Virgin callyd Petronylla, whom Erle Flaccus desired to his Wyf: a very rare poetical tract, in 4 leaves, folio. Enprynted by Pynson. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* . . . 6 6 0
- 632 Legende of Englande, enprynted by Pynson, 1516.—Hereaftre foloweth a devout Boke compyld by Mayster Walter Hylton, enprynted by Pynson, 1506, folio. *Purchased by Mr. Triphook,* 12 17 0
- 650 Faytes of Armes and Chyualrye, *Per Me Caxton.* Two leaves, in signature K, admirably supplied by ms. and scarcely discernible from the print. [See a similar occurrence in the Roxburghe copy; vol. ii. p. 517.] Most beautiful copy, in red morocco. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* 136 10 0

Mr. Evans is reported to have with difficulty maintained his presidential seat, and held the sceptre of dominion within his 'gripe.' But if any mortal, if any bibliomaniacal hero,

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- 651 Froissart's Chronicle, translated by Lord Berners, 2 vol. in russia.
Both volumes printed by Pynson. Title of the first, a reprint.
Purchased by Mr. Heber, 42l. 0s. 0d.
- 654 The Golden Legend. Enprynted by Caxton. Imperfect. *Purchased by Mr. Hutton,* 35 0 0
- 655 Hygden's Polychronicon, imprynted by Caxton, 1482. Wants sheet A, containing the Proheme and part of the Table, signature B 1 and C 1 in the Table. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* 40 19 0
- 659 Hylton's Scala Perfectionis, 1533, 4to. W. de Worde. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* 6 6 0
- 662 Lydgate's Auncient Historie and only trewe and syncere Cronicle of the Warres betwixte the Grecians and the Trojans. Imprinted by Marshe, 1555. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* 10 5 0
- We now come directly upon the SIXTH DAY, which (as 'good wine needs no bush') shall speak for itself without proheme or prologue.
- 696 Unlucky Citizen experimentally described in the various Misfortunes of an Unlucky Londoner (by Kirkman, author of the English Rogue), cuts, rare, 8vo. *Purchased by Mr. Heber,* . . . 4 4 0
- 697 The Unkinde Deserter of Loyall Men and True Friends, red morocco, Superiorum permissu, 1676, 8vo. *Purchased by the Earl of Leitrim.* 31 10 0
- * * * One of the rarest pieces of Irish History (says Mr. Evans)—'A most severe invective against the Duke of Ormond, written by Nicholas French, Catholic Bishop of Ferns, an unprincipled politician who repeatedly changed sides.' See the Catalogue for a further description.
- 700 Mémoires de Grammont, large paper, with 72 portraits beautifully coloured on the outlines by Gardiner, to resemble drawings, and an original drawing of Lucy Waters inserted, splendidly bound in red morocco. London, 4to. Only 5 copies printed. (This copy had cost Mr. Towneley 95l.) *Purchased by Mr. North,* . . 52 10 0
- 721 Opus Eximium de vera differentia Regiæ et Potestatis Ecclesiasticæ, &c. Printed by Berthelet, 1534, 4to. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch, and afterwards sold to Earl Spencer,* 21 10 6
(It had been Herbert's copy, and was sound but crompt.)
- 725 Ordinarye of Crysten Men. Cuts, fine copy. Enprynted by W. de Worde, 1502, 4to. *Purchased by Mr. Stace for the Duke of Devonshire,* 7 0 0

ever did acquire imperishable renown, from a contest of the like nature, it was surely EUSTATHIUS. Eustathius the learned, the dauntless, and the magnanimous! Let us, after

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- 758 Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, both parts, first edition, 1590 and 1596.
—Spenser's *Colin Clouts Come Home againe*, first edition, 1595,
4to. Purchased by Mr. North, 12l. 0s. 0d.
(This had once been my copy, and was sold to Manson for 5l. 5s.)
- 770 Hamilton's (Sir W.) Collection of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman
Antiquities, with descriptions by D'Hancarville, 4 vol. Naples,
1766. Purchased by Messrs. Arch, 42 0 0
- 772 The *Lyf of Saint Katherin of Senis*, and the Revelacions of Saynt
Elysabeth the Kynges Doughter of Hungarye, in russia. Im-
prynted by Caxton. Purchased by Mr. Stace for the Duke of
Devonshire, 231 0 0
- 774 *Myrrour or Glasse of Christes Passion*. Imprynted by Redman,
1534. Purchased by Mr. Heber, 3 0 0
- 775 *Museum Worsleyanum*, Engravings of Antique Basso Relievos,
Bustos, Statues, and Gems, in the possession of Sir R. Worsley,
with descriptions, 2 vol. unpublished, very rare, red morocco.
Purchased by Messrs. Arch, 96 12 0
- 778 *Nova Statuta*, bound in russia. Printed by Machlinia, circa
1483. Purchased by Mr. Laing, 16 0 0
- 782 *Opere del Petrarca*, blue morocco, Ven. per Bernardino da
Novara, 1488. Purchased by Mr. Laing, 6 6 0
- 783 *Passion of Our Lord Jesu Christe*, wythe the Contemplations,
extremely rare, cuts, in russia, 1508. Purchased by Mr. Triphook, 12 12 0

This book (says Mr. Evans) has been ascribed to Pynson, but, from the language, I believe it to have been printed in the Low Countries.

At length — 'last and not least' in this memorable Book-Conflict, we reach the SEVENTH DAY: and if, with the exception of the last day of the sale of Mr. Edwards's library, I were called upon to initiate the novice into all the desperate fury, and wily stratagems, evinced in contests of this nature, I would take him softly by the hand, and place him in an observing, but unmolested corner, within the arena of this hardly-eclipsed field of battle. But see . . . the knights are giving the rein to their golden-bitted coursers,—the trumpet sounds, and away they go!

Quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum.

Let us not however be carried away with them, so as to forget the momentous duties of the historian's part. At first, there was but slight skirmishing: but a few of the *latter quartos* (from 834 to 841) drew some smart blood. The

dinner, fill the vine-encircled goblet—once grasped, it is said, by the sturdy hands of Budæus, Harry Stephen, and Casaubon—and drink ‘immortality to Eustathius;’ and if

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

‘wood of spears’ began to ‘bristle’ as the *folios* were put up. The very first article was a sort of 36 pounder. But I will break off metaphor, and tantalise the impatient reader no longer: except it be to inform him of the regret, amounting to anguish, which I experienced, from being compelled (on account of ill health) to be absent from that tremendous day’s contest. However, I had sent a few thumpers in the way of commissions—and waited with becoming fortitude for the result.

842 *Antichite di Ercolano*, 9 vol. Napol. 1755. Purchased by Mr. Laing, 40*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

843 *Parallelum Olivæ nec non Olivarii Protectoris Angliæ*, portrait of Oliver Cromwell on horseback by Faithorne, fine impression, frontispiece and genealogical tree by Faithorne, Lond. 1656
Purchased by Mr. Clarke, 9 0 0

845 *Rudbeckii Atlantica, cum Figuris et Tabulis*, 5 vol. red morocco, Upsalæ. 1679, 1689, and 1698.

The excessive rarity (says Mr. Evans) of this valuable book is well known. Almost every copy of the third volume was destroyed by a fire; of the very few which escaped the flames, scarcely any have the Index. De Bure says, the only copy with the Index which he had ever been able to see was Gaignat’s. See the catalogue for a further description. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. 84 0 0

846 *Rive, Collection des Miniatures tirées d’anciens Manuscrits, avec les Explications*, blue morocco (see vol. i. p. xxii, concerning this work.) Purchased by Messrs. Forster and Gordon, 37 16 0

847 *Rastell’s Pastyme of People*, 1529, folio, 6 leaves supplied by a fac-simile reprint, and 3 plates supplied by the reprint of 1811.
Purchased by Mr. Clarke, 43 1 0

849 *Scriptores Historiæ Anglicanæ*, a Gale et Fell, Oxon. 1684, 3 vol. large paper. Purchased by Mr. Payne, 33 12 0

851 *Specimens of the Military and Civil Costume of England from the most remote Period down to the Eighteenth Century*, delineated by Carter during the years 1809, 1810, and 1811, in russia. This (says Mr. Evans) is a most interesting collection of 114 original drawings, executed with great taste and spirit. They are taken from the most authentic sources, and exhibit in chronological order a complete view of the habits and dresses of the English, accompanied by explanations in manuscript. [The original cost of this volume was 300*l.* Mr. Towneley gave 195*l.* for it; and it was now purchased by the Hon. E. Arundel, for 141 15 0

you please, the Ladies shall join, in an Æschylus-framed chorus, in chanting the gallantry and spirit of that redoubted Book-Knight ! ?

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- 853 Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, with plates from the small edition inserted, 1630, russia. *Purchased by Mr. Prest,* . 15l.15s.0d.
 856 Thuani Historia, 14 vol. Lond. 1737, best edition, large paper, illustrated with portraits, green morocco. This had been Mead's, and afterward's Gulston's, copy. *Purchased by Sir H. Englefield,* 53 11 0
 858 Tewrdanncths, &c. a romance poem in German verse, 1517, printed upon vellum, but wanting 28 leaves [see vol. i. p. 202, of this work.] *Purchased by Sir H. Englefield,* . 25 4 0
 862 Vitas Patrum, printed by W. de Worde, 1495, folio, a fine and perfect copy. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* . 53 11 0

We now approach the climax and catastrophe—in a department not sufficiently attended to by book-knights in general: I mean,

MANUSCRIPTS.

- 869 Pontificale Innocentii IV. a most magnificent MS. of the fifteenth century upon vellum.
 * * This Pontifical (says Mr. Evans) was composed by Ferri of Clugny, Bishop of Tournay, as appears by the commencement. As Ferriacus compiled this Pontifical whilst he was Bishop of Tournay, an appointment he received from Sixtus IV. who became Pope in 1471, and as he resigned this Bishopric in March 1474, this manuscript must have been executed during the interval of these dates. *Now in the Collection of Mr. Hibbert,* . 127 1 0
 870 Missale Romanum. A beautiful Missal on vellum, ornamented with 25 large paintings, with numerous miniatures; many of the pages have painted borders, representing the zodiac, subjects of natural history, &c. The Calendar is decorated with appropriate miniatures, blue morocco, 4to. *Purchased by Mr. Lloyd,* 49 0 0
 871 Horæ Beatae Virginis, on vellum, with 12 paintings, 8vo. red morocco. *Purchased by Mr. North.* . 21 0 0
 881 Lydgate's Life of our Lady. Manuscript on vellum, blue morocco, 4to. *purchased by Messrs. Longman,* . 14 0 0
 882 Lyf and Marturdom of Seynt Kateryne. Manuscript upon vellum, blue morocco, 4to. *Purchased by Mr. Triphook,* . 11 11 0
 883 Lyfe of Seynt John Baptist and of Seynt John Evangeliste. Manuscript upon vellum, blue morocco, 4to. *Purchased by Mr. Prest,* . 6 16 6

Let us breathe—for six seconds only—ere we approach the *κεμήλιον* of THIS and of EVERY OTHER collection in our country. 'Tis the

ALMANSA. I can assent to no such proposition.

BELINDA. How, I pray, are we to harmonise in a chorus, of which we have never before heard the name?

LISARDO. I crave pardon: but in truth the chorusses of

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

884 HOMERI ILIAS, cum Scholiis et Glossis interlinearibus. Codex
Pervetustus Membranaceus.

THIS VENERABLE MANUSCRIPT OF THE ILIAD (says Mr. Evans) is written upon vellum, in a very fair and legible hand. The margins are replete with most valuable and important scholia. Heyne has given a fac-simile of it in his Homer (Tab. D. vol. i.) &c. [I have no space for the whole of Mr. Evans's spirit-stirring note hereupon.] This is the identical manuscript which was formerly in the possession of Victorius and Salviati at Florence, the supposed loss of which had been deplored for more than two centuries. Critics have unanimously assigned it to a very remote period of antiquity: 'EST ILLE CODEX FACILE OMNIUM QUOS HABEMUS UNA CUM VENETIS ANTIQUISSIMUS, IDEMQUE IN OPTIMIS,' says Heyne, &c. 'Oxford (concludes Mr. Evans) justly triumphs in the possession of her manuscripts of Plato and Euclid. The purchaser of this inestimable treasure will be congratulated by future critics and bibliographers on the acquisition of the BEST MANUSCRIPT OF THE NOBLEST OF POETS.

What a prelude! What a note to touch—and what vibrations to be produced! However, here are no limits for further rhetorical flourishes. The bidding lay between the learned University of Oxford, represented by ———, and a 'doctissimus' member of the learned University of Cambridge. These champions drew blood at every stroke. But who shall subdue the Diomed-like spirit of EUSTATHIUS? His spear inflicts the last wound. 'Six hundred and twenty pounds!!' says he. Astonishment seizes his adversary: he has hurled his last dart. No Deiphobus is near to aid with his counsel, or to supply him with another missile weapon. He pauses—he staggers—he sinks—he yields! 'Huzza,' and Eustathius marches off in triumph with the prize beneath his arm 'Vos Valet et plaudite!' quoth he. His car of victory is at the door. He mounts. The lash of the charioteer is heard, and the whirling wheels seem like circular fires as the said car moves onward for the mansion of the victor. 'Nulla dies unquam'.. and THOU like IT 'immortal shall be!'

But where are we? At G——h or in Pall-Mall? Let us return to the fight: for there are yet 'deeds of note' to distinguish and record:

888 Josephe, Histoire des Juifs. MS. upon vellum, with numerous
miniatures very finely executed, red morocco, folio. Purchased
by Messrs. Forster and Gordon, 43 1 0

Æschylus and the labours of the modern Eustathius seem somehow to harmonise with each other:—or, if you please, to form a sort of natural amalgamation. To resume, how-

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- 889 *Josephe, Anciennctez des Juifs*. Very beautifully written upon vellum, with 13 most beautiful large miniature-paintings, bound in morocco, with compartments on the sides, folio. *Purchased by Mr. North,* 84*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
- 890 *Valère Maxime, par Maistre Symon de Hardin*, 2 vol. MS. upon vellum, with a great number of miniature paintings, red morocco, folio. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* 32 11 0
- 892 *Ystore de Thebes* [see vol. i. p. ccviii.] MS. with 133 drawings. *Purchased by Mr. Utterson,* 21 0 0
- 894 A Collection of English Mysteries or Theatrical Pageants. A volume, very fairly written upon vellum, in the reign of Henry VI. or Edw. IV.; and, as it is supposed, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the county of York. It contains several *mysteries* or theatrical *pageants*, constructed from incidents in the Old and New Testaments, differing entirely in language from the celebrated *Chester and Coventry Plays*, though agreeing, with some few exceptions, in the subjects, &c. See Mr. Evans's very full and interesting account. The preceding account (concludes Mr. Evans) was most obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Douce, a gentleman profoundly versed in theatrical lore, and whose familiar acquaintance with our early English literature, at least equals that of the most learned of his contemporaries. After consulting with the same high authority, I can confidently assert that no theatrical article of equal curiosity or value has ever been submitted to public competition. *Purchased by Mr. Goldsmid,** 147 0 0

The last article but one, of the last day's sale, was that upon which I frankly own I had long set my heart; and it is some consolation, not wholly divested however of melancholy sensations, that I was the last bidder BUT ONE. The article was the following: the description of which was supplied by the skilful pen of NENNIUS. As a *graphic* treasure, appertaining to British history, it can hardly be exceeded.

- 904 A most beautiful manuscript upon vellum of the twelfth century (Latin) containing,
I. A Letter of King Henry I. to Anselm, Abbot of St. Edmunds,

* And sold at the sale of *his* Library in 1815 (no. 287) for 157*l.* 10*s.* *Purchased by Mr. North.*

ever, the Book-Campaign Narrative. The *Second Part* of the TOWNELEY COLLECTION was sold in the summer of the

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

forbidding him to leave his Abbey.—II. Letter from Talbot, prior of St. Edmunds, earnestly intreating Abbot Anselm to return to his Abbey.—III. Augmentation of the pittances of the monks, by Abbot Anselm.—IV. List of the tenements whence the expenses were to be supplied.—V. Legend for the Vigil of St. Edmund (one illuminated initial.)—VI. The Life, Martyrdom, and Miracles of St. Edmund, in thirty-two singularly curious paintings of the early part of the twelfth century, exhibiting the architecture, shipping, arms, armour, and various habits of that period, in the following subjects :

1. Arrival of the Danes in Northumbria by Sea.—2. They defeat the English.—3. King Edmund receiving his arms.—4. His coronation.—5. His liberality to the poor, &c.—6. Arrival and descent of Hinguar in E. Anglia.—7. Danes storming a town.—8. Hinguar dispatching a messenger to Edmund, to demand his submission.—9. Edmund receiving the message.—10. Hinguar informed of the king's residence.—11. Edmund seized by the Danes.—12. Bound.—13. Beaten.—14. Tied to a tree.—15. Shot with arrows.—16. His head cut off.—Hid in a bush.—17. Return of the Danes on board their vessels.—18. Edmund's body discovered.—19. His head found in the paws of a wolf.—20. The head carried away, followed by the wolf, and 21. Fitted to the body.—22. Body conveyed to the grave.—23. Buried.—24. Thieves attempting to break into the church.—25. Miraculously bound and brought before Bishop Theodred.—26. He orders them to be hanged.—27. The body of Edmund taken away from his church through fear of the Danes, is denied admittance into the house by a priest; the house miraculously set on fire.—28. The cart bearing the body passes over Stratford Bridge on one wheel.—29. A monk sent to warn Sweyn not to molest St. Edmund's monastery, is rudely driven away.—30. St. Edmund in a vision kills Sweyn.—(31. *We cannot interpret.*)—32. Beatification of St. Edmund.

VII. The Miracles of S. Edmund, in two books, (*with 23 elegantly illuminated initials,*) differing considerably from those in the British Museum, by Hermannus and Osbertus de Clare. MSS. Cott. Tib. B. ii. and Titus, A viii. VIII. The Life of S. Edmund, by Abbo Abbot of Fleury, with two illuminated initials. IX. The Legend of S. Edmund, with the responses, &c. set to music, and 12 illuminated initials.

Purchased by Mr. Booth, . 168 0 0

But soft! . . . the day is well nigh past: the combatants retire: the din of battle is ceased to be heard. And here take we leave of the first TOWNELEY CONTEST.

following year, 1816. Comparatively with the first, it was greatly subordinate: yet there were some gay and gallant articles in it which provoked the competition of some of the

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

Thus much for the *First Part* of the TOWNELEY LIBRARY. The second part is not inaptly described by Lisardo as representing the setting sun—compared with the meridian splendour of the first part. A sort of Odyssey after the Iliad. I must necessarily therefore be brief in the selections from such second part, as there is really no space left for *bye play*, or decorative flourishes appendant thereto. The following are probably the principal articles for rarity, splendour, or curiosity. The sale took place on Monday, June 19th, 1816, and the nine following days, with the usual exception of Sunday.

- | | | |
|------|---|--------------|
| 147 | Abbey Ledger of Durham, wherein are Entry of Patents and Concessions to the Abbot and Convent. An Antient Manuscript upon Parchment, bound in russia, folio. Purchased by Mr. Triphook, [Returned, as not appertaining to Durham.] | 33l. 0s. 0d. |
| 178 | Biographical Dictionary, 6 vol. imperial folio. Manuscript in a very fair and legible hand, composed for the use of Gulstone, the celebrated Print Collector. The value of this article is much enhanced, by all the authorities being given in the margin, folio. Purchased by Mr. Triphook, | 53 11 0 |
| 271 | Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, by Nichols, 9 vols. very rare, 4to. Purchased by Messrs. Nichols, | 60 0 0 |
| 469 | Curious collection of about 120 early Italian Mysteries, many of them ornamented with rude wood-cuts, bound in 2 vol. 4to. Purchased by Mr. Triphook, | 42 0 0 |
| 830 | Halstead's Genealogies. Privately printed at the expense of Lord Peterborough. A book of the greatest rarity, in russia, folio, Purchased for His Majesty's Library, | 63 0 0 |
| 958 | History of the Manor of Marden in Herefordshire, both Parts and Index. Privately printed, extremely rare, in russia, folio. Purchased for the British Museum, | 48 6 0 |
| 988 | La Legende Dorée, PRINTED UPON VELLUM. Paris. Verard, 1480. Purchased by Mr. Triphook, | 24 0 0 |
| 1046 | Pleasaunt and Wittie Playe of the Cheasts (Chess) revewed, very rare, 1562, 8vo. Purchased by Mr. Triphook, | 4 14 6 |
| 1317 | Anciennes Croniques d'Angleterre, faitz et Gestes du Roy Perceforest, hystoire moult solatieuse et delectable, 6 vol. in 3, in russia, Paris, Galliot Du Pré, 1528, folio. Purchased by Messrs. Arch, | 7 2 6 |
| 1343 | Registrum Eboracense. A very ancient MS. upon parchment, 2 vol. folio. Purchased by Mr. Heber, | 8 0 0 |

bravest book-knights; and, as has been observed of the Odyssey in comparison with the Iliad, the latter part of this collection may be considered only as the warm setting of that sun which had shone forth with such meridian splendour in the preceding part.

LORENZO. If I mistake not, several book sales of importance, under the management of Mr. Evans, took place previously to the disposal of the Second Part of the Towneley Collection?

LISARDO. You are right; but I only wished to couple these parts together—trespassing, however, somewhat upon chronological order. Of the *other* sales to which you allude, let me in the first place, and as the first in order, make you acquainted with the disposal of the library of the late well-known Mr. JAMES EDWARDS.* Lorenzo has reason to remember that sale.

SALE OF THE TOWNELEY LIBRARY.

- 1556 The Funerall of King Edward the Sixt, wherein are declared the Causers and Causes of his Death, a Poem, by Baldwin, Author of the Mirror for Magistrates, very rare. Imprinted by Marshe, 1560, 4to. Purchased by Mr. Grenville, . . . 18l. 18s. 0d.
Consult, vol. i. p. 37.
- 1621 Willis's History of Buckingham: very scarce, 1755, 4to.
Purchased by Mr. Heber, 9 5 0
- 1645 Arbre des Batailles, ou sont traitées diverses questions sur le droit des Armes, sur les combats et duels, sur la Noblesse, &c. composé par Honoré Bonnor, Prieur de Salon, *in russia*.
A very fine Manuscript on Vellum, written in the XVth century, with two curious illuminations. 9 9 0
- 1646 Gower, Confessio Amantis, a very Antient Manuscript on vellum, wants the last leaf. 4 5 0
- 1696 Ware's Historical Works, 1739, folio, 2 vol. Purchased by Sir R. Burroughs, 10 10 0
- 1703 Collection of Statutes, and Old Law Books by Pynson, Berthelet, Redman and Middylton, 4 vol. folio. Purchased by Messrs. Arch, 3 17 0
This was the last article in the sale.

* *the library of the well known Mr. JAMES EDWARDS.*] The reader, at page 14, ante, has been led to expect something like a dainty description of this

LORENZO And to rejoice upon the remembrance of it. But I believe I am not singular in this act of rejoicing.

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

choice and distinguished library. I will do my best not to suffer such expectation to be disappointed: for having long known, and frequently examined, the more precious articles of which it was composed, I may be allowed to promise rather an interesting bibliomaniacal entertainment on the occasion. In the first place, this costly cabinet of books (for such it may be truly called) consisted only of 830 articles, and produced the sum of 8432*l.*: forming upwards of 10*l.* per article:—a result, unprecedented in the annals of book-sales! In the second place, as its character had been thoroughly established, great expectations were formed of the pecuniary result of the sale. Whether that result completely satisfied its late possessor, I will not take upon me to determine—although I may be here permitted to amplify an observation cursorily stated at page 15, ante. It is true, the foreign ports were, at the time of the sale, shut against us: but was this circumstance really productive of serious disadvantage to the owner of the library? In other words, would foreign collectors, or foreign public institutions, send commissions? and, if sent, to what amount? Would such commissions have been likely to exceed the sums given by British competitors? I believe not. Indeed, judging from experience, it may be directly concluded in the *negative*: for what has been recently done in the heart of their own country, in France? With very few exceptions, the greater part of the rarer and finer articles of the MACARTHY BOOKS came over to this country. In the third place, Mr. Edwards had resolved upon parting with them (after the example of Colonel Stanley*) in his life time.

* The honour, I believe, of setting the first example of the disposal of a library, in the life time of its owner, is due to a venerable Dutch bibliopolist of the name of VANDER AA; who published his catalogue, under the name of *Bibliotheca Exquisitissima*, at Leyden, in 1729, 8vo. in three parts. In each copy of it there was the following printed notice upon a slip of paper. ‘Voici le Catalogue de tous mes Livres reliez, que je vais vendre dans une auction publique, parceque le grand age ne me permet plus de travailler. Je ne doute pas que ne trouve dans ce Catalogue quelques Livres à son goût: et en ce cas elle n’a qu’à donner ordres à quelque Libraire de sa confiance. Il y a parmi les dits livres un grand nombre de très rares en toute sorte de langues et de sciences. Je supplie de vouloir communiquer cette Catalogue à vos bons amis. Je suis avec un profond respect,

Votre très humble et obeissant serviteur,

PIERRE VANDER AA.’

The collection, in a closely printed catalogue of 903 pages, was an admirable one. In geography, voyages, and foreign history, its strength was prodigious: ‘*Collectionem Historiæ Italicæ, Neapolitanæ Siculæque unà cum Itinerariis quod attinet*, [says the old gentleman in his preface] *invenietis eam esse adeo venustam et elegantem ut nihil supra; nam in toto vitæ cursu ei respondentem non vidi, et quantum temporis et diligentiae huic attribui, dictu impossibile est.*’ He proposes to sell the whole, without reserve, at moderate prices; for his time of life does

ALMANSA. I think I have heard you say that of *all* book-sales this was the most gratifying to your bibliomaniacal palate?

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

Accordingly, in the winter of 1815 these precious volumes were conveyed to town — to a house in George-Street, Hanover-Square—occupied by Mr. Edwards and his family for the season. A large sky-lighted back room received the BIBLIOTHECA EDWARDSIANA. Mr. Evans was sent for; and day after day did the owner and the vendor of the library communicate, consult, and proceed to work, in the formation of the catalogue for sale. I have a perfect recollection of viewing these gentlemen, in the midst of surrounding volumes—lying picturesquely in their sur-coats of velvet and morocco upon the floor, and presenting a sort of scenic effect, somewhere between the delicacy of Panini and the roughness of Piranesi—of volumes, which I had remembered to have beheld sparkling in their perpendicular attitudes, and reflecting the rays of the setting sun within their late abode upon Harrow Hill. I will do Mr. Edwards the credit to declare that he was not only serene, but preserved a sort of cheerfulness and good humour during the preparation of the catalogue—which, in justice to his candour, it must be said, was left exclusively, as to the descriptions of the volumes, to the efficient pen of Mr. Evans. And now, gentle reader, having tarried long enough in the 'sky-lighted back room of George-Street, Hanover-Square,' let us proceed to Pall-Mall, and contemplate the progress of the sale of this beautiful library, under the hammer of Mr. Evans—which sale commenced on Wednesday the 5th of April, 1815, and occupied the five following days. The FIRST DAY, as is usual, exhibited few *very* extraordinary feats of book heroism; yet the following are worthy of distinct notice:

- 49 Holland, Heroologia Anglica, hoc est Vitæ clarissimorum Anglorum cum effigiebus a Pass, folio. This extraordinary fine copy formerly belonged to Buchelius, who wrote the Latin verses signed A. B. under each portrait, 1620, folio. Purchased by Mr. Miller, 15*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

not enable him to attend any longer to business. The sale was to begin at 9 in the morning, and at 2 after dinner. The purchasers were to take away their books and pay for them within three weeks from the close of the sale; and all collations, as to perfection of copies, were to be made in the auction-room. The curious may not object to the following key of designating the respective modes of binding in the Dutch language: 'Franc Band: *reliure en veau doré*. Overtrocke Hoorn: *reliure avec des cordes*. In Parkement of gladde Hoorn Band: *en parchemin*. In Schapen band: *parchemin de mouton d'Italie*. Paryse Band: *demi relié*. Ingenaayd: *cousu*. Atlas Band: *reliure d'Atlas en parchemin ou Schilpad, par tout doré*. In Varkins Leer: *en cuir de cochon*. Segrein: *couverture du chagrin*. Spaans leer: *reliure en maroquin*. Turx leer: *cordouan*. Rusleer: *peaux de boeuf de Moscovie*. Engelse Band: *cuir sans doré*. Ongebonden: *en blanc*.'

LISARDO. I said so, rather with an exclusive reference to the *last day* of that sale. It was indeed a glorious day. The owner of the library appeared to have taken a leaf out of one

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

- 50 Holland, *Heroologia Anglica*, folio, fine impressions. Mariette's copy, who has had annexed to each portrait the name of the collection from whence it was taken, russia, 1620, folio. *Purchased by Mr. Davies,* 13l. 0s. 0d.
- 67 Christophori Thuani Tumulus, with his portrait. Par. Patison, 1583. — J. Thuani Tumulus, Par. 1580. 4to. large paper, morocco. The copy of J. A. Thuanus. *Purchased by me for Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.* (Consult vol. ii. p. 477) 10 10 0
- 147 Fables de La Fontaine, 4 vols. folio, large paper, with numerous plates after Oudry's designs, most brilliant impressions, Marshal Montmorency's copy, green morocco, Paris, 1755, folio. *Purchased by Mr. Goldsmid,* 22l. 11s. 6d. and afterwards sold at the sale of his own library, in December following, for 29l. 8s. 22 11 6
- 149 Mysteres des Actes des Apostres et de l'Apocalypse, joués à Paris, en l'hostel de Flandres, folio, ruled, blue morocco, Par. 1541. *Purchased by Mr. Goldsmid,* 14 0 0
Afterwards sold at the sale of his own library for 9l. 2s. 6d. see nos. 298, 574.
- 151 Poesie del Petrarca, folio, a very fine manuscript upon vellum, beautifully executed in the xivth century, with two large paintings (occupying the whole length of the pages) of the Triumph of Death and Triumph of Faith, red morocco. *Purchased by Mr. Payne,* 9 15 0
- 156 Andreino, l'Adamo, Sacra Rappresentatione, 4to. first edition, cuts, by C. A. Procacino, rare, green morocco, Milan 1613. *Purchased by Mr. Burrell,* 15 0 0
- 162 Gesta Romanorum, folio, a very beautiful manuscript upon vellum of one of the most ancient Story-Books extant. It was executed for Charles VI. of France. It is written in a very legible hand, and is ornamented with nine very large Miniature Paintings, and a profusion of richly painted capitals, and various figures in gold and colours at the beginning of each story; bound in vellum. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* 46 0 0

This is the MS. from which the Engravings, facing page cxcix, and at p. ccii, are given. I was the last bidder but one; and perhaps a more reasonably sold article did not occur during the sale. The execution of the minuter illumination, first referred to, is as beautiful as the subject itself is interesting.

of the books of his predecessor Colonel Stanley : in other words, to have resolved upon the disposal of his collection

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

- 163 Geyleri Navicula sive Speculum Fatuorum, 4to. a most whimsical collection of droll and amusing discourses, wholly different from Brandt's Stultifera Navis, ornamented with a profusion of woodcuts, very rare, Grolier's copy, Argent. 1511, folio. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* 42l. 0s. 0d.

If the preceding article was *cheaply* sold, the present was beyond all doubt the most *extravagantly* sold volume in the collection. It was, in short, hardly any thing but the luxury of the GROLIER BINDING (see vol. ii. p. 470, &c.) which caused it to produce such a sum ; for, in the ensuing year, another copy, less voluptuously adorned, was sold by Mr. Evans for not more than 23l.

- 164 Here begynneth the Recuyel of the HISTORIES of Troy, drawn out of Latyn into Frenche, by Raoul le Fevre, and translated into Englishe By Caxton, begonne in Bruges, and finishid in Colen, 1471, folio, russia, imperfect, but contains the Colophon with Caxton's Account of the time when he executed the work. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* 43 1 0

- 165 Walpole's Castle of Otranto, printed upon vellum, blue morocco, Parma, 1791. One of the most beautiful and fine specimens of a modern book printed upon vellum. The edition was printed by Bodoni, at the expence of Mr. Edwards, who had six copies taken off upon Italian vellum, from each of which the sheets were carefully selected to render this copy as perfect as possible. *Purchased by the Duke of Devonshire,* 29 8 0

The SECOND DAY'S sale attracted a more numerous and splendid audience, and produced a more powerful impression—both in diminishing the resources of some, and replenishing the coffers of others. On that day the *cream of the Collection* was supposed to be exhibited to view : namely, the VELLUM LIVY of 1469. What insects of varied hues spread their dazzling wings to alight upon this tempting dish of cream ! Even now, methinks, I see Mr. Evans, aloft in his chair of state, with *this very Livy* before him, upon which his hammer rested—as a sort of elevated desk. He seemed to exult in the coming storm of competition. ‘ Another Boccaccio day,’ might he be supposed inwardly to have exclaimed ! Well : we cannot stop to soliloquise for him—for the combatants are arranged in battle-array, waiting for the trumpet to sound. The battle may be thus described. The no. 183 *Vitruvius* by Campbell, in 5 vol. *large paper*, brought 30l. no. 197 *Montfaucon Antiq. Expliquée*, 1722, 15 vol. *large paper*, 33l. no. 202 *Antichite di Ercolano*, 9 vol. 1755, 35l. What follows, merits to be brought more distinctly under view.

during his life time. Beyond all doubt the same owner had ample reason to be satisfied with the result of the sale; for if there were articles which produced *less* than had been too

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

- 211 Opere di Piranesi, namely, Antichite Romane, Vedute di Roma, Sepolcri degli Scipione, Magnificenza ed Architectura di Roma, Opere Varie, Fasti Consulares, Acqua Giulia, Antichite di Cora, Campus Martius, Antichite d'Albano e di Castel Gandolfo, Vasi e Candelabri, Colonna Trajana e Antonina, Antichite di Poestum, Teatro d'Ercolano, Maniere di adornare i Camini, 23 vol. bound in 17, Atlas folio. The original Roman editions: very fine impressions of the plates, selected by Mr. E., a magnificent set, bound in russia. *Purchased by Mr. North,* . . . 315*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

Let us add, well sold indeed!

- 224 Auli Gellii Noctes Atticæ, fol. manuscript of the xvth century, upon vellum, with all the richness of illumination in miniatures, and capitals, which distinguish the fine Italian manuscripts of the Classics published under the protection of the Medici family, &c. *Purchased by myself*; and afterwards disposed of to the *Marquis of Douglas* for the price at which I had obtained it; namely, 36 15 0
- 263 Horatii Opera, manuscript of the xvth century, upon vellum, fol. red morocco. 125 0 0

This was a manuscript of the first splendor, both for writing and illumination. *Purchased by myself*, and afterwards disposed of in the same manner. Too much cannot be said in commendation of this beautiful MS. which displayed all the delicacy and taste of Italian art. The copper plate, facing p. cxiv. of volume i., was taken from one of its embellishments. Consult also the number here referred to for Mr. Evans's description of it,

We now approach the VELLUM LIVY: but just examine, for a second, vol. i. p. 381-2, note; and page 14, ante. There was certainly a little error in judgment in marshalling the two Livies: that is to say, in putting the very fine copy of *Ulric Han's* edition immediately after the vellum editio princeps by *Sweynheym* and *Pannartz*: for the competitors had not recovered the stunning effect of the 'hurly burly' of contention for the *first* precious article, ere the second article was exhibited to view: which, indeed, may be said to have been carried off from the field under the very smoke of the cannon which had thundered away over the first magnificent article! But now for this said magnificent vellum Livy. The Duke of Devonshire appeared in person to the right of Mr. Evans; and, bidding for him, I took my station calmly at the bottom of the table, facing the vendor of the tome. His Grace was present in order to take up the bidding, if he should feel so disposed—and if the sum agreed upon between

fondly calculated upon, there were others which unquestionably produced *greatly more* than their possessor, however

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

ourselves should be insufficient to secure it. That sum was firmly fixed by his Grace at 750*l.*; and after bidding to that extent, I turned from the table and mingled with the combatants to witness the result. His Grace however remained inflexibly silent; not a word escaped him; but a voice, issuing from a quarter which I have never been able exactly to ascertain, kept up the bidding, against Mr. Arthur Arch (who was the Esquire for the knight ycleped Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. on the occasion) till it had reached the sum of 903*l.*—when 'the unknown' gave in—and Sir Mark, by means of his esquire, became victor. I will frankly own that he evinced undaunted mettle in screwing his courage to its 'sticking place:' that he was prepared to make still greater sacrifices: and that, on my communicating to him the issue of the battle, he gloried in the victory he had achieved, in a manner which renders him ever worthy of a foremost place in the first rank of bibliomaniacs! The vellum Livy slept within his mahogany book-case on the self-same night of the day upon which it had been obtained. It now therefore only remains to quote the language of Mr. Evans in the descriptions of the two Livies here mentioned:

- 278 Livii Historiarum quæ supersunt cum Epistola Joannis Andreae, Episcopi Aleriensis ad Paulum 2 Pont. Max. folio, first edition, PRINTED UPON VELLUM, in the original binding. morocco, Romæ, 1469. Purchased by Messrs. Arch for Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. 903*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

This splendid specimen of the press of Sweynheym and Pannartz is the only copy of the first edition of Livy known to exist UPON VELLUM. It appears, by the arms at the bottom of the first page of the history, to have been taken off for Alexander VI. when Vice-Chancellor of the Roman See, and Governor of the Monastery of Soubiaco, where Sweynheym and Pannartz took up their abode (being a German monastery) when they introduced the art of printing into Italy.

- 279 Livii Historia Romana ex recognitione Campani, 2 vol. folio. A copy of exquisite beauty and preservation. Romæ, per Udalricum Gallum. Purchased by Mr. Grenville, 22 1 0

See page 16, ante. This was a remarkably fine copy; and obtained upon the most reasonable terms.

- 287 Nonius Marcellus de Proprietate Sermonum, folio, printed upon vellum, with the title and 52 miniatures from the antique, in relief on pale blue ground, most exquisitely painted for the Medici Family, as appears by the arms in the beginning of the work, bound in morocco, folio, Ven. Jenson, 1476. Purchased by me for the Duke of Devonshire, 199 10 0

partial, could have ventured to anticipate. A very great sensation was excited both before and during the sale: for the bibliomaniacal reputation of Mr. Edwards was long previously known and generally diffused.

To those who had seen these treasures adorning the old

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

'It is impossible (says Mr. Evans) for the beauty of this copy to be surpassed.' The initial letters were chiefly executed in brown upon a light blue ground; and were distinguished rather for their classical composition than exquisite finishing. The vellum, generally speaking, was good; but, like *all* the VELLUM JENSONS which I have seen, not free from discolour and freckle. This book was admirably well sold.

- 310 Prudentius, 4to. Manuscript of the Xth Century upon vellum (formerly belonging to the Monastery of St. Gall), green morocco. Purchased by the Marquis of Douglas, 23l. 2s. 0d.
- 317 Strabonis Geographia, Latine, ex versione Guarini Veronensi et Gregorii Tiplernatis, folio, first edition, blue morocco. Romæ, per Sweynheym et Pannartz, 1469. Purchased by me for Sir M. M. Sykes; and excellently well sold 42 0 0

The THIRD DAY was a complete day of VIRTU: the articles disposed of were very elegant, very inviting, and, what is of more consequence to relate, very successfully sold. Drawings and Engravings were 'the order' of this day. Among them, I shall only notice the following:

- 370 Zuingeri Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ, complectens omnia quæ, sive natura, sive arte, constant, 9 vol. in 3, folio. A most beautiful copy formerly belonging to Henry IV. of France, with his arms, red morocco, Basil, 1604. Purchased by the late Duke of Norfolk, 16 16 0

- 377 Leonardo Da Vinci Regole e Precetti della Pittura, folio. Manuscript, with original drawings by Nicholas Poussin, morocco.

The original Manuscript of L. Da Vinci was deposited with the Barberini family. Mr. De Chantelou, Minister of France at the Court of Rome, wishing to obtain a transcript of the rules for drawing, employed Nicholas Poussin, then pursuing his studies at Rome, to make drawings of what L. Da Vinci described, &c. See the catalogue. Purchased by Mr. Thane, 102 18 0

- 378 Orders of the Venetian State for the Government of Istria, with a painting, in which is the portrait of Nicolas Nani by Tintoret, in a perfection of touch and strength of colouring which distinguish that great master, &c. See the catalogue. Purchased by Mr. Bindley, 14 14 0

manor house at Harrow—whose eyes had sparkled at their radiance, and whose hearts had warmed at their worth—no

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

- 379 Orders of the Venetian State for the Government of Chioza, with two very fine miniature paintings by Cavalliero Zelotti, the competitor of P. Veronese; one of which represents Domenico Bragadino introduced by his tutelar Saint to our Saviour and the Virgin. MS. ON VELLUM, of the most beautiful Italian calligraphy, &c. See the catalogue. *Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.* 13*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
- 380 Portrait of Marc Anthony Bragadino, and a correspondent painting symbolical of the Venetian State; both are said to be executed by Titian, 1567, being part of a Book appointing him to the government of Famagosta when that place was besieged by the Turks, &c. See the catalogue. *Purchased by Mr. Triphook,* 18 18 0
- 409 Nanteuil's Portraits of the Principal Characters of the Court of Lewis XIV. a very fine and complete collection of these chef-d'œuvres of art, with many duplicates of proofs before the letters, contained in 230 Engravings, folio. *Purchased by Mr. Saunders,* 27 6 0
- 410 Vandyke's 167 Portraits of Kings, Princes, Artists, and Men of Eminence, folio, a most beautiful collection. The very finest impressions, with Vanden Enden's name to all such plates as occur with it, very rare. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* 25 4 0
- 418 Cabinet de Crozat, 2 vol. folio, containing Engravings of the finest Pictures in France, original edition. Most brilliant impressions of the plates, beautiful copy, bound in red morocco by Padaloup, Paris, 1729. In the subsequent re-impressions the loss of the fine wooden blocks to represent drawings are supplied by aquatint etchings. *Purchased by Mr. Ray,* 22 11 6
- 419 Earlom's Liber Veritatis, a collection of 200 prints from the designs of Claude Le Lorrain, 2 vol. folio, proof impressions, red morocco. *Purchased by Mr. Dimsdale,* 28 7 0
- 422 Le Cabinet du Roi. A magnificent Collection of Engravings executed by the best artists at the command and expense of Lewis XIV. to present to crowned heads, and Ambassadors resident at his court. This superb collection [for the specific contents consult the catalogue] consisted of 26 volumes, bound in 23, containing original editions and first impressions of the plates. *Purchased by Mr. North,* 155 0 0

The FOURTH DAY contained *Voyages and Travels*, and *English History*. I select a few of the more piquant articles in the latter class.

doubt we may suppose that more than *one* melancholy sensation took a full and entire possession of them. But the fates are inexorable : they speak, and they are obeyed. Ac-

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

- 571 Speed's Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine, large paper, best impressions of the plates, with a remarkably fine portrait of Speed inserted, and Sir H. Spelman's portrait, by Faithorne, 1611. *Purchased by Mr. North,* 16l. 16s. 0d.
- 573 Sandford's Genealogical History of England, by Stebbing, folio, best edition, large paper, extremely rare, fine copy in russia, gilt leaves, 1707. *Purchased by the late Duke of Norfolk,* . . . 52 10 0
- 574 Rapin's History of England, and Tindal's Continuation, with Vertue's heads and monuments, very fine impressions, 6 vol. folio, 1732, russia, gilt leaves. *Purchased by Mr. Egerton,* . . . 43 1 0
The Rapin is upon the largest paper, which is very rare, and the continuation of Tindal upon fine paper, a very fine set.
- 587 Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter, folio, large paper, very fine impressions of the plates, a beautiful copy in blue morocco, Duke of Newcastle's copy, 1672. *Purchased by Mr. North,* 42 0 0

The FIFTH DAY was the shortest day in the sale ; but it was eminently distinguished for some rich and rare articles in the *Histories of England and France*. Take the following, as no ordinary specimens :

- 612 Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum, 3 vol. fol. with all the plates, very fine copy in the original binding in vellum, gilt leaves. *Purchased by Mr. Saunders,* 38 17 0
- 613 Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum in English, with Stevens's Continuation, 3 vol. 1718. *Purchased by Mr. Saunders,* . . . 27 6 0
- 614 Dugdale's History of St. Paul's, folio, original edition, very fine impressions, in russia, 1658. *Purchased by Mr. Heber,* . . . 10 5 0
- 624 Camden's Britannia, by Gough, 6 vol, folio. Best edition, illustrated with more than 1000 Views from Grose, Stukeley, &c. 1806. *Purchased by Mr. North,* 52 10 0
- 659 Dugdale's History of Warwickshire, folio, Hollar's Plates, original edition, russia, 1656. *Purchased by Mr. Ray,* 18 7 6
- 661 Whitaker's History of the Deanery of Craven, folio, best edition, large paper, plates coloured, green morocco, 1812. *Purchased by the late Duke of Norfolk,* 18 18 0
- 672 Croniques et Gestes des Treshaulx et Tresvertueux Faitz de François Premier, commençans au temps de son Advenement à la Couronne, 1514, par Andre de La Vigue Croniqueur du Roy et Secretaire ordinaire de la Roynie, folio. So much has been

cordingly, away went the books: the gloomy chambers of the metropolis received them for a while; and then, after passing 'in review' in Pall Mall, (a spot where the greater part of

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

said concerning this truly magnificent illuminated MS. at vol. i. p. cxv. ante, (to which is added a beautifully engraved fac-simile of the first initial letter, P), that it is only necessary here to remark that this article was purchased by myself, and afterwards given up to Mr. North, at the price here affixed, . . . 100*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

- 707 Nobles et Excellens Faictz d'Armes du très illustre et Victorieux Duc Anthoine contre les Seduyctz et abusez Lutheriens mes-créans du Pays daulsays et autres, folio, printed upon vellum, with miniatures and capitals illuminated, ruled, red morocco. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. . . . 30 9 0

We now approach the SIXTH and LAST DAY of this very interesting sale of books. I have more than once observed upon the extreme partiality, entertained by myself, towards this said day: 'take it for all in all,' we never perhaps 'shall look upon its like again.' I would be here, however, understood to speak with reference exclusively to TASTE and SPLENDOUR in their purest sense. My friend Atticus, I am aware, would have liked a rare Greek or English piece of poetry or two, among the articles disposed of: Palmerin would have relished a Spanish or English romance: Meliadus, an unique French mystery, *à la St. Christophe*; and Bernardo, a dramatic morceau;—'trahit sua quemque voluptas!' But I wish for nothing more or less than the bibliomaniacal banquet precisely as it was exhibited upon Mr. Evans's table on the last day of the sale of Mr. Edwards's Library! Honorio, methinks, exclaims 'amen, with all my heart!' But we are becoming restive or digressive.

The sale is begun. A delicious sprinkling of 'Natural History' forms the van-guard of this day's 'array'. What an *Heritier*! Listen to the warbling strains of Mr. Evans.

- 734 *Heritier*, *Stirpes novæ aut minus cognitæ*, Par. 1784.—*Heritier*, *Cornus*, Par. 1788, 2 vol. in 1, folio, vellum paper, with 60 engravings, and a duplicate set, coloured by Redouté, and each plate surrounded by a border of gold. A matchless copy, being selected expressly for Mr. Edwards by *Heritier* himself, who not being perfectly satisfied with the accuracy of four of the plates, namely, 16, 20, 23, and 24, had coloured drawings of them made by Redouté to insert in this copy, bound in russia. Purchased by Mr. North, . . . 37 0 0

- 750 Buffon, *Histoire Naturelle*, avec les *Supplémens*, 39 vol. 4to. best edition, with three volumes folio, containing duplicate proof

them had been acquired) they took opposite directions—like leaves before the autumnal blast—and were scattered never again to be consolidated or united! Such is the pic-

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

plates of all the animals and birds. Lewis the XVIth's copy. The first 17 vol. are most splendidly bound in blue morocco, lined inside with red morocco and silk, the 19 last are in boards, and the 3 vol. folio of the proof plates are half bound, uncut, morocco backs, Par. de l'Impr. Roy. 1749. *Purchased by Lord Ribblesdale*; and unquestionably one of the very finest copies of a fine work that was ever exhibited to public view, 64*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

- 757 Salviani Historia Piscium et Aquatiliū Animalium, folio, plates, large paper, ruled, a most beautiful copy, bound in morocco, in compartments, with the arms of Thuanus richly gilt, Romæ, 1554. *Purchased by Mr. Beckford*, 30 10 0

With what pleasure (see vol. ii. p. 478) have we before dwelt upon this exquisite and unrivalled specimen of the bibliopegistic art!

Divinity, including *Missals* and *Rituals*, brings up the rear of the collection: a rear-guard, at once splendid, strong, efficient, and irresistible. I call to mind, with a distinctness of recollection as if the event were 'of yesterday,' the eagerness, the ardour, the vigilance, and the spirit of the respective combatants! But let us be orderly in our conduct. Hush! 'Oriental Theology' makes the first sensible impression:

- 798 The Koran of Mohammed written in the grandest and boldest of Oriental Characters, enriched throughout with brilliant illuminations. A most splendid manuscript in the highest preservation. It was a present from Maulowa Mohammed Achmed to Nijul al Dowlah, fol. with a blue morocco case. *Purchased by the Marquis of Douglas*, 52 10 0
- 800 Divanaghair Gheeta, or Adventures of Krishna in Sanscrit, 8vo. A most beautiful ms. in the sacred language of Hindostan, executed at Cashmire. It contains 101 Miniatures, of which 21 are the size of the page, bound in crimson velvet. *Purchased by Messrs. Forster and Gordon*, 26 5 0

But the 'Dear Bibles'—beginning with that of the POOR MAN'S BIBLE—(requiring the wealth of the richest to become its purchaser!) now press upon us in nearly all forms and languages: and the brow of each champion is firmly knit, and the sword of the same hath a deadly-sharpened edge.

- 804 Biblia Pauperum. A very fine and perfect copy, and none of the plates injured by being painted, which is generally the case; bound in morocco. This book was purchased by me for the Duke of Devonshire. It was in every respect a most desirable

ture of our lives:.. but if fortune had blest me with the power of performing what my wishes had led me to desire,

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

- copy; but obtained, however, at a trimming price!—his Grace having resolved to become the possessor of it. Mr. Edwards, I have reason to think, had not calculated upon much above 80 guineas as the sum which it would produce, . . . 210*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
- 807 Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, edente Walton, et Castelli Lexicon Polyglottum, 8 vol. folio, very fine copies, in blue morocco. The bible is ruled, and has the original republican preface to the Polyglot, Lond. 1657. *Purchased by Mr. Watson,* . . . 61 0 0
- 808 Biblia Sacra Latina, Vulgatæ Versionis, 2 vol. folio, Moguntiae, per Fust et Schoiffher, 1462. Printed upon vellum and decorated with rich illuminations. This is the first edition of the Latin Bible with a date. A magnificent copy, the finest which has been offered to public sale for many years. The book is as fair and fresh as when it came from the press; the leaves were carefully selected from two very fine copies, 2 vol. splendidly bound in blue morocco. *Purchased by Mr. Lloyd,* . . . 175 0 0
- 809 Biblia Sacra Latina, cum Interpretationibus Hebraicorum Nominum, 2 vol. folio. The first edition of the Latin Bible printed at Paris. A remarkably fine copy, in blue morocco, Par. 1476. *Purchased by Mr. Triphook,* . . . 34 2 6
- Mr. Evans thus concludes his observations upon this very desirable edition. 'The edition is unusually rare; and Mr. Edwards, who, from his valuable and extensive correspondence on the continent, obtained more early printed books than were ever imported by any one individual, was yet more than twenty years before he could obtain a fine copy.
- 810 Biblia Sacra Latina, fol. Ven. per Jenson, 1479. *Purchased by Mr. Triphook for Mr. George Hibbert,* . . . 115 10 0
- 'Printed upon vellum. This beautiful copy, of an extremely rare edition of the Bible printed by Jenson, is the only one which has occurred in any sale for many years. It belonged to Sixtus IV. as appears by his arms in the beginning of the book, &c. The capitals are richly illuminated, and at the commencement is an elegant miniature; bound in red morocco.' It was a beautiful book, and is remarkable for presenting us with a specimen of Jenson's larger gothic type: his Bible of 1476 being printed in his small letter.
- 812 Biblia Sacra Germanica, ex recognitione Martini Lutheri, 2 vol. folio, with wood-cuts, in the original binding, Vitemb. 1541,

Mr. Evans shall not be here abridged of one tittle of his well told tale respecting this most precious copy. 'The first edition (says he) of

a different result had attended the fate of a *few* of the rarer and more precious articles ! However, let the *Vellum Livy*

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

Luther's translation of the Bible after his final revision. His own copy, which he used till his decease. This copy must always excite the deepest interest and most lively emotions in the breast of every Protestant. The manuscript notes prefixed to each volume seem to introduce us to the closet and acquaintance of a bright assemblage of Reformers. We find Luther exhibiting in the privacy of retirement the same unshaken confidence in the Deity under the persecutions he was suffering, as he nobly evinced in public. In a *manuscript note* in the second volume he transcribes the verse of the 23rd Psalm: 'Etiam quum ambulare per vallem lethalis umbræ, non timerem malum, quia tu mecum es,' and then adds a passage strongly indicative of his own exalted ideas of faith. He appears to have bequeathed this copy to BUGENHAGEN, who, on the 19th of May, 1556, wrote in it a pious distich and some religious sentiments, in which he denies the necessity of profane learning. The illustrious MELANCTHON was its next possessor. He writes a remarkable passage relative to the final consummation of all things, and intimates his belief that the end of the world is not far distant, adding "may Jesus Christ, the Son of Almighty God, preserve and protect his poor flock, scriptum manu Philippi, 1557." The same year it passed into the hands of GEORGE MAJOR, another Reformer, who has written in it a compendious exposition of his faith, signed with his name. In this version Luther omits the contested verse in St. John's Epistle, relative to the three heavenly witnesses.'

After such a description, it might not, perdie, have been a very forced or a very fanciful conclusion, that, either the British Museum, or the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, would have stretched forth its potent arm to select this BIBLICAL GEM for the archives of one of these collections. But 'Dis aliter visum est.' Two private individuals, of less potency, but of equal spirit, resolved to compete with each other for the possession of the same: and these were my good friends Mr. R. Heber and Mr. G. Hibbert. Their contest was equally vigorous and glorious—and in such a fight, victor and vanquished almost partake of the same bibliomaniacal immortality. But the *latter* was the fortunate champion, at the reasonable sum of 89l. 5s. 0d.

821 Evangelia Quatuor, Græce, folio. A magnificent manuscript upon vellum of the tenth century, most elaborately executed. The subject of each page is designated at the top in letters of gold. Bound in blue velvet, with bronze-gilt medallions of the birth of our Saviour and the adoration of the Magi on the sides. *Purchased by Mr. Payne for Dr. Burney,* 210 0 0

and *Bedford Missal* reflect ample credit upon those book-Knights by whose valour they were won. We must now proceed with our bibliomaniacal chronology.

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

- 822 *Evangelia Quatuor*, Latine, 4to. A most beautiful and perfect Manuscript of the tenth century upon vellum, in the finest condition, with all the capital letters gilt; bound in velvet, embroidered borders, and an ancient diptych in ivory, of the crucifixion on the side; in a russia leather case. *Purchased by the Marquis of Douglas*, 57*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.*
- 824 *Psalterium Græco Latinum*, folio. A manuscript of the ninth century upon vellum, of the first curiosity and importance, written in a very fair and legible hand with this peculiarity—the Greek is written in Roman characters, by which means we elicit the curious and interesting knowledge of the exact pronunciation of the Greek language, as spoken at that period when the Byzantine empire was in its literary glory. See the catalogue for the remainder of the description. *Purchased by the Marquis of Douglas*, 110 5 0

Now follow the HOURS, PRAYERS, OFFICES: of these, no. 825, *Horæ*, in 8vo. executed in the xvith century, brought 36*l.* 15*s.*; no. 826, '*Preces Piæ*,' 12mo. of the same age, was sold for 37*l.* 16*s.*—but the *three last articles*, in the shape of a *BOKE*, shall thus tell their own tales, with a necessary abridgement in the *last*—as several pages (see vol. i. p. cxxxvi, &c.) have been already devoted to a description of the same treasure:

- 828 *Officium Beatæ Virginis*, 8vo. An elegant little Book of Offices of the Sixteenth Century executed in Italy. Each page is encircled with gold. It has 14 large paintings, and the Calendar is ornamented with a border filled with appropriate emblematic devices. The paintings are by various hands. It was obtained from the collection of Count Macarthy after several negotiations, and is one of the most beautiful that was ever brought into this country; blue morocco, with gold clasps. *Purchased by Mr. Thane*, 89 5 0

Thus far Mr. Evans. In this book was the following memorandum by Mr. Edwards himself. 'The paintings are by various hands, and unequal: but on the whole it is the prettiest that ever came into my hands. (Lord Lansdowne shewed me one very like it which Lady Pomfret bought in Italy.) I first saw it in the cabinet of Count Macarthy at Toulouse, and offered whatever he chose to estimate it at. He said, 'till he could replace it by some other of equal merit for his library, he could not part with it, but would leave it as a legacy. About

Scarcely a month had elapsed from the sale of the library of Mr. Edwards, when the Public were surprised and gratified by a sale of *Duplicates* from the copious and richly

SALE OF MR. EDWARDS'S LIBRARY.

ten years after, I sent him the beautiful copy of the *Dictys Cretensis*, mentioned in the *Bibliog. Instruct.* and which was in the *Gaignat Collection*; and he, in return, sent me this *Book of Offices* by James Payne: but it was nearly wrecked on entering *Dover Pier*. I afterwards bound it in blue morocco with gold clasps. I. E.' Yet however beautiful or exquisite might have been this article, in the estimation of its late owner, it was MUCH ECLIPSED by the succeeding.

- 829 *Officium Beatæ Virginis*, 12mo. A delicate little *Book of Offices* of the Sixteenth Century, in roman characters. The paintings exquisitely finished, the writing admirable, and the border most playfully ornamented in the best style, with devices and mottoes of the family for whom it was executed. This is by far the most exquisite of the Italian illuminated offices that Mr. Edwards ever had an opportunity of obtaining; blue morocco. Purchased by Mr. North, 120l. 0s. 0d.

See vol. i. p. clxxx, for an ample description, with numerous fac-similes from this exquisitely beautiful and interesting little volume.

- 830 The celebrated *Bedford Missal*, or *Book of Prayers and Devotional Offices*, executed for John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, containing 59 miniature paintings, which nearly occupy the whole page, and above a thousand small miniatures of about an inch and a half in diameter, displayed in brilliant borders of golden foliage, with variegated flowers, &c. at the bottom of every page are two lines in blue and gold letters to explain the subject of each miniature, &c. &c.' Not one word more in the present place; for the subject has been well nigh exhausted (if it can be exhausted) in the preceding pages: see vol. i. p. cxxxvi, &c. It was purchased by the *Marquis of Blandford* (now *Duke of Marlborough*) against Mr. North—after as sharp and gallant a contest as ever was witnessed in an auction-room. Beyond all doubt this volume was, in every respect, the JUPITER PLANET of the COLLECTION! * 687 15 0

* Mr. Edwards had made the following memorandum within it: 'Mr. T. Payne offered me, for the library of Eton, 500 guineas for it at the Sub-hasta dinner, but I refused.' 'Bp. of Rochester (afterwards of Ely) in Oct. 1806 desired me to give him the offer if I parted with it, at 500 guineas; as he wished to leave it to Eton College.' In Feb. 1813, I offered Mr. E. 500 guineas for it, but he refused.

furnished library of his Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.* I hesitate not to call this a very extraordinary sale of duplicates; and will, indeed, defy the most sedulous searcher of

The 'Greek Vases' followed on the same day; but only the first four subordinate ones, at trifling prices, were sold. The remaining were put up at from 2 to 300*l.* each, with the exception of the grand CAPO DI MONTE VASE; which was offered at 700*l.*—the price for which it had been obtained by Mr. Edwards: but no one bid upon it. Surely, surely, another 30*l.* might have secured it for the BRITISH MUSEUM!—where there is so fine a collection of similar vases, which belonged to the late Sir Wm. Hamilton—and where, fine and exquisite as such vases are generally and justly allowed to be, the one, of which we are now speaking, might nevertheless be considered

. velut inter ignes

LUNA minores

And here, gentle reader, borrowing an expression from a well known diplomatic dispatch, let us draw a 'rideau' over the scene we have been just contemplating. In other words, let us conclude our account of the SALE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE MR. J. EDWARDS. If I have been faithful to those impulses of bibliomaniacal chivalry which I unfeignedly acknowledge to have felt, such account will be found to be neither garbled in selection, nor stinted in execution. Let us say therefore that the late Mr. James Edwards was a deserving member of the BIBLIOMANIACAL ROUND TABLE.

* *sale of Duplicates from the copious and richly-furnished library of His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.*] Beyond a doubt Lisardo is justified in calling this 'a very extraordinary sale of Duplicates.' Indeed I doubt if ever a sale, of such *bonâ-fide* duplicates, had before occurred, or is likely again to occur. In France, the VALLIERE, LOMENIE, and MACARTHY sales of duplicates deserve not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the DEVONSHIRE DUPLICATES—especially in the class of books which relates to the *Infancy of the Art of Printing*. The reader shall be satisfied of the truth of this assertion in less than three minutes. The following list forms its own text and commentary. The order is alphabetical:

- | | | |
|-----|---|--------------------------------------|
| 96 | Cervantes, Don Quixote de la Mancha, first edition, fine copy in
russia, Madrid, 1605. Purchased by Mr. Heber, | 6 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> |
| 97 | Chaucer's Noble and Amerous Aūcyent Hystory of Troylus and
Cresyde, fine copy, very rare, morocco; imprynted by Wynkyn
de Worde, 1517. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. | 39 18 0 |
| 103 | Aristotelis Opera, Græce, 6 vol. first edition, a fine and perfect
copy, Aldus, 1495. Purchased by Sir M. M. Sykes, | 15 15 0 |
| 105 | Aristophanis Comœdiæ, Græce, first edition, blue morocco, Ven.
apud Aldum, 1498. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. | 7 7 0 |

catalogues to shew me anything, of a like nature, which dare 'lift its head' in competition with it. I admit that the articles, generally speaking, were not distinguished for their amplitude or condition; but then you must always bear in

SALE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S DUPLICATES.

107	Æsopi et Gabriæ Fabulæ, Gr. first edition, red morocco, Ven. ap. Aldum, 1505. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	4l. 1s. 0d.
110	Apuleii Opera, first edition, of the greatest rarity, Romæ, in domo Petri de Maximo, 1469. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	28 7 0
111	Aulus Gellius, first edition, damaged, blue morocco, in domo Petri de Maximis, 1469. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	6 8 6
119	Boetius de Consolatione Philosophiæ, Lat. et Germ. cum Commentario Thomæ de Aquino, first edition, rare, Coburger, 1473. <i>Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.</i>	22 0 0
120	Biblia Sacra Germanica, 2 vol. the first edition of the Bible in the German language, very fine copy in blue morocco. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	27 10 0
123	Biblia Sacra Gr. apud Aldum, 1518, folio, THICK PAPER. <i>Purchased by Earl Spencer,</i>	45 3 0
129	Catholicon, in urbe Moguntina, 1460. <i>Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.</i>	50 8 0
130	Cæsar's Opera, first edition, ruled, red morocco, Romæ in domo Petri de Maximis, 1469, Indifferent copy. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	7 7 0
131	Cæsar's Opera, very fine copy of a rare edition, in red morocco, Jenson, 1471. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	9 0 0
132	—— e recensione et cum notis Clarkii, 2 vol. largest paper, very fine copy bound in red morocco by R. Payne, Tonson, 1712. <i>Purchased by Mr. Astle,</i>	37 16 0
141	Cicero de Oratore ad Quintum Fratrem, an early edition, without date, place, or name of the printer. It ends with Et sic est finis (the Soubiaco edition.) <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne for Mr. Grenville.</i> Consult vol. ii. p. 523, respecting the subsequent purification of this copy, from the dirt and dinginess with which it was encrusted, by the skill of Charles Lewis, the well known bibliopegist,	33 1 6
263	Caxton's Cronycle of Englonde, with the Fruyte of Tymes; 6 leaves wanting, of which five are supplied by manuscript. Enprynted by me William Caxton, 1480. <i>Purchased by Mr. Hutton</i>	17 5 0
264	Doctrinal of Sapyence, translated into Englysshe by William Caxton; wants six leaves, but has the last leaf. Caxton me fieri fecit. <i>Purchased by Mr. Hutton,</i>	8 12 0

mind that *duplicates* necessarily imply *inferior copies* to those which are retained. Yet they made amends in quality, in intrinsic worth, rarity, and peculiarity, for their occa-

SALE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S DUPLICATES.

265	Durandi Codex divinatorum Officiorum. The first edition, printed upon vellum, yellow morocco, per J. Fust and P. Gernszheym, 1459. Purchased by Mr. Nicol,	84	0	0
282	Etymologicum Magnum, Gr. Musuri, first edition, a very large copy in russia, Ven. ap. Calliergum, 1499. Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co.	5	10	0
283	Eutropii Historia, 1471. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	3	15	0
301	Homeri Opera, Græce, 1488. 2 vol. first edition in russia, Florentiæ, Purchased by Mr. Lloyd,	57	15	0
302	———— cum Scholiis Eustathii, 4 vol. first edition, very rare, Romæ, 1542. Purchased by Messrs. Arch,	28	10	0
317	Isocratis Opera, Græce, 1493, first edition, Mediolani. Purchased by Mr. Heber, (indifferent copy)	8	13	0
324	Justini Historia, first edition, in yellow morocco, Jenson, 1470. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	4	7	0
325	Justini Historia, in green morocco, apud Zarotum, 1474. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	2	5	0
409	Lascaris Grammatica Græca, red morocco, Aldus, 1484, (indifferent copy.) Purchased by Mr. Lloyd,	2	10	0
421	Demetrii Chalcondylæ Erotemata, Gregorius Corinthus de Dialectis, &c. Without date, place, or name of the printer, but supposed to be printed at Milan: first edition, of great rarity. Purchased by Mr. Nicol,	26	0	0
430	Luciani Opera, Græce, first edition, wants the title, Flor. 1496. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	6	16	6
433	Lucretii Opera, the first edition with a date, red morocco, Verona, 1486. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	13	13	0
437	Livii Historia, 2 vol. the first edition with a date, very rare, imperfect, Vindelin de Spira, 1470. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	5	10	0
466	Ovidii Opera, 2 vol. in 1, very rare, Ven. per Jacobum Rubeum, 1474. Purchased by Mr. Heber,	17	10	0
568	Opere del Petrarca, first edition, red morocco, Vindelin de Spira, 1470. Purchased by Mr. Triphook,	27	16	6
586	Plinii Historia Naturalis, the first edition, a book of the greatest rarity, bound in yellow morocco, Ven. Spira, 1469. Purchased by Mr. Hayes,	32	0	0
587	———— Romæ, per Sweynheim, et Pannartz, 1470, (indifferent copy.) Purchased by Mr. Heber,	3	1	0

sional defectiveness of size or condition: and moreover it must be remembered that there were some few half-scores of articles singularly covetable from their condition as well as rarity.

SALE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S DUPLICATES.

588	Plinii Historia Naturalis, Ven. Jenson, 1472, bound in russia,			
	<i>Purchased by Mr. Watson,</i>	5	0	0
591	Plinii Epistolæ, first edition, 1471. <i>Purchased by Mr. Knight,</i>	5	15	0
593	Plauti Comoediæ, per Georgium Alexandrinum emendatæ, in russia, Opera J. de Colonia et Vindelini de Spira, 1472.			
	<i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	5	7	6
602	Quintus Curtius, the first edition, without date. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	12	0	0
603	Quinti Curtii Historia Alexandri Magni, second edition, red morocco, apud Vindelin de Spira. <i>Purchased by Mr Heber,</i>	4	1	0
621	Silius Italicus, first edition, red morocco, Romæ, per Sweynheim et Pannartz, 1471. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	22	11	6
622	Senecæ Tragoediæ, first edition, extremely rare, blue morocco, <i>Purchased by Mr. Speare,</i>	24	10	0
626	Suetonii Opera, first edition, in yellow morocco, Romæ in Pineæ Regione Via Papæ, 1470. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	11	11	0
627	———— in red morocco, Jenson, 1471. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	13	0	0
759	Thucydides, Græce, first edition, Aldus, 1502, red morocco. <i>Purchased by Mr. Lloyd,</i>	5	15	6
760	Theocritus, Hesiodus, Theognis, et alii, Græce, first edition, red morocco, Ven. Aldus, 1495. <i>Purchased by Mr. Lloyd,</i>	6	0	0
761	Theodori Introductivæ Grammatices, libri 4, first edition, fine copy, in blue morocco, Ven. ap. Aldum, 1495. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	5	12	6
762	Thesaurus Cornucopiæ et Horti Adonidis, Græce, first edition, apud Aldum, 1496. <i>Purchased by Mr. Lloyd,</i>	5	10	0
791	Xenophontis Cyropædia et Anabasis, Gr. et Lat. Hutchinsoni, 4 vol. the largest paper, bound in russia, Oxon. 1735. <i>Purchased by Messrs. Arch,</i>	42	0	0
793	De Bry, Collectiones Peregrinationum in Indiam Orientalem, et Indiam Occidentalem, 5 vol. Franc. 1590.			

* * * This copy contains the eight first parts of Debry's Collection of Voyages to the West Indies, and all the Voyages to the East Indies, except the ninth part. It has the twelfth part of the Eastern Voyages, which is the rarest of all the parts and the appendix to Congo. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,*

26 0 0

A more surprising sale followed hard upon the preceding, and marked the close of the book-sales of the summer of 1815. Mr. Evans, who disposed of His Grace of Devonshire's duplicates, had scarcely got rid of the same treasures, ere he received a very choice collection, chiefly of Greek and Roman Classics, which had long distinguished the library of his Grace THE LATE DUKE OF GRAFTON.* That collec-

Remember, gentle reader, I do not pretend to assert that the copies, here sold, were uniformly remarkable for their size or soundness, as the term *duplicate* generally implies inferiority of condition in the article disposed of: but I must be permitted to observe that, considering their number as well as rarity, they gave no small notion of the riches of that collection whence they had 'stolen their balmy sweets.' Also, upon the whole, the sums given for these 'balmy sweets,' afford no trifling evidence of their precious fragrance. The sale took place on the 29th of May, and four following days. Total amount of the sale, 2564*l*.

* *the library of his Grace the late DUKE OF GRAFTON.*] Various were the expressions of surprise, and not a few the gesticulations of gladness, on the dispersion of this library: particularly as the late Duke had been distinguished for his love of choice and rare books. Messrs. G. and W. Nicol dressed the catalogue. It is plain, and made to tell its own tale very effectively—and the prices, for which most of the rarer articles were sold, told a not less efficient tale. Here was *large paper* in abundance, of the very bettermost description. It is not in every library (says the 'dressers' of the catalogue just mentioned) that the *Æschylus* of Stanley, the *Euripides* of Barnes, the *Pindar* of West, the *Xenophon* of Hutchinson, the *Hesiod* of Robinson, and the *Cæsar* of Clarke, are all to be found on the largest paper. . . . In short, (go on these skilful 'dressers' of a bibliomaniacal repast) it is not too much to say, that such a Collection of fine Books, considering their number, [959 articles] never were exhibited for sale, in this or any other country: for they consist, with some duplicates, of all the rare and virtû part of a large library, collected with great taste and considerable expense; leaving the Library, at the same time, in possession of its Books of Science, Amusement, and Information.' Bravo! Now for proof of the piquant repast spread by the able hands before mentioned. Mr. Evans had the disposal of the several dishes of which the repast consisted:

- | | | |
|----|---|--------|
| 50 | Novum Test. Græc. e Cod. MS. Alex. Curâ Woide, Londini, | |
| | 1786, 4to. IMPRESSUM IN MEMBRANIS. Purchased by Mr. | |
| | Baber, | 26 5 0 |
| 56 | The Newe Testament, Lat. and Eng. by Coverdale, Southwarke, | |
| | 1538, 4to. beautiful copy, morocco. Purchased by Mr. Heber, | 7 0 0 |

tion was eminently marked both by *early editions* and *large paper* copies of the classics in question; and considering that so much had been done, in trials of strength, in the

SALE OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S LIBRARY.

158	Ciceronis Opera Philos. V. de Spira, 1471, folio, fine large copy. <i>Purchased by Mr. Triphook,</i>	12	12	0
159	Cicero de Officiis, 1465, 4to. IN MEMBRANIS. Ten inches in height. [emphatic and honourable distinction!] <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	78	15	0
163	—— de Finibus. Edit. Prin. Venet. 1471. Fine copy. <i>Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert,</i>	12	12	0
194	Plinii Hist. Naturalis, I. de Spira, 1469. Fine copy; bound by De Rome. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	40	19	0
203	Of Englishe Dogges, &c. Translated by A. Fleming, from the Latin by J. Caius. Lond. 1576, 4to. <i>Purchased by a very bibliomaniacal Mastiff—for</i>	7	7	0
270	Rhetores Græci. Aldus. 1508, folio. <i>Purchased by Mr. Speares,</i>	16	16	0
77	Demosthenis Orationes, Aldus, 1504. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	10	12	6
300	Ciceronis Epist. Familiares, Valdarfer, 1470. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	12	17	6
5	Plinii Epistolæ, 1471, folio. Edit. Prin. Fine copy. <i>Purchased by Lord Clive,</i>	21	0	0
351	Apuleius, 1469, folio. Edit. Prin. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	38	17	0
363	The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia: in beautiful ancient binding: and containing the following note in the hand-writing of the time: 'This was the Countess of Pembroke's own booke, given me by the Countess of Montgomery, her daughter, 1625.' <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	9	17	6
386	Ciceronis Opera; Oliveti, 1740, 4to. 9. vols. Charta Maxima. <i>Purchased by Lord James Fitzroy,</i>	90	6	0
412	Homeri Opera, Gr. 1488, folio, 2 vols. Edit. Prin. red morocco. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	69	6	0
414	—— cum Comment. Eustathii, 1542, &c. folio, 4 vol. Fine copy. <i>Purchased by Mr. Heber,</i>	53	0	0
418	—— Cura Clarke, 1729, 4to. 4 vol. Chart. Max. mor. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	42	0	0
432	Hesiodus, Gr. Lat. Cura Robinson, 1737, 4to. Charta Maxima. morocco. <i>Purchased by Mr. Grenville,</i>	100	0	0
434	Orphei Argonautica et Hymni, Junta, 1500, 4to. Edit. Prin. <i>Purchased by Mr. Grenville,</i>	29	0	0
445	Pindari Odæ, Gr. and Lat. Com. West. 1697, folio, Chart. Max. <i>Purchased by Mr. Renouard,</i>	25	0	0

preceding sales, great was the marvel that the feats exhibited in the *Grafton Contest* should partake of that spirit, skill, and perseverance, which unquestionably distinguished

SALE OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S LIBRARY.

480	Gnomologia et Musæus. <i>Lit. Cap.</i> Fine copy : uncut. <i>Purchased</i> by Mr. Payne,	43	1	0
516	Virgilius, Elz. Amst. 1676, 8vo. Chart. Max. morocco. <i>Purchased</i> by Mr. Payne,	17	0	0
567	Lucani Pharsalia, 1469, folio. <i>Edit. Prin.</i> <i>Purchased by Sir M. M.</i> <i>Sykes, Bart.</i>	24	13	6
579	Valerius Flaccus. Bonon. 1474. <i>Edit. Prin.</i> <i>Purchased by Sir</i> <i>M. M. Sykes, Bart.</i>	30	0	0
666	Euripides, Gr. and Lat. Cura Barnes, 1694, folio, Chart. Max. <i>Purchased by Mr. Renouard,</i>	31	10	0
721	Geographiæ Veteris Scriptores, Gr. Min. 1698, 8vo. 6 vol. Chart. Max. <i>Purchased by Mr. Renouard:</i> and cheaply purchased,	15	10	0
752	Justinus. Jenson, 1470, folio, <i>Edit. Prin.</i> <i>Purchased by Mr.</i> <i>Nicol,</i>	12	12	0
770	Thucydides Cura Dukeri, 1731, folio, 2 vols. Chart. Max. <i>Pur-</i> <i>chased by Mr. Payne,</i>	40	19	0
778	Xenophontis Opera. Cura Hutchinson, 1727, 4to. 4 vol. Chart. Max. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i>	53	0	0
785	Dionysius Halicarnassensis Cura Hudson, 1704, folio, Chart. Max. 2 vols. <i>Purchased by Mr. Jeffery,</i>	12	12	0
790	Livii Hist. Rom. 1738, 4to. Cura Drakenborch. 7 vol. Chart. Max. <i>Purchased by Lord James Fitzroy,</i>	33	12	0
813	Cæsar's Comment. Cura Clarke, 1712, morocco, Chart. Max. <i>Purchased by Mr. Nornaville, [at a tremendous price!]</i>	64	1	0
The Duke of Devonshire's copy (see page 128, ante) was in every respect as fine : yet it did not produce so much by 26 <i>l.</i>				
783	Quintus Curtius, 1470. <i>Edit. Prin.</i> folio. <i>Purchased by Mr. Payne,</i> 21	0	0	

Thus much almost entirely for GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS—and a more select exhibition had rarely, if ever, been seen. The LARGE PAPER HEARNES followed briskly after the foregoing : of these, the Alured of Beverley, 1717, 8vo. brought 20*l.* the W. of Newbridge, 14*l.* 14*s.* the Robert of Gloucester, 1724, 21*l.* the J. Glastoniensis Cronica, 1726, 19*l.* 8*s.* 6*s.* the Otterbourne and Whetamsted, 1732, 21*l.* the Benedictine Abbas, 1735, 8vo. 22*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Roper's Life of More, 1716, 8vo. 20*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* The purchasers of these and of several others were chiefly Mr. Bonnor, and Mr. Bernard. Let us conclude in the following formal order.

889	Patten's Expedition of the D. of Somerset, 1548, 8vo. <i>Purchased</i> by Mr. Burrell,	23	10	0
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them. The *second* part of the TOWNELEY COLLECTION followed the Grafton sale; but as we have before noticed this, in our account of the *first part* of the same collection, we may here take leave of the bibliomaniacal warfare, as exhibited at book-sales, for the year of our Lord, 1815. Let us therefore fancy our chaises at the door; and upon the dropping of the hammer of Mr. Evans upon the last Townleian article, let us dart away for the quiet, freshness, and picturesque beauty of our gray-tinted fermes orneés.

LORENZO. 'Tis well observed, great monarch of the day; but, with your majesty's permission, we must quickly bring you back again to the metropolis—and fancy the approach of the next winter, or rather the return of the next spring—when we bid adieu to rural delights for metropolitan enjoyments. Your chaise therefore is returned to the door of our book-auction vendors, and we wait your marshalling of the troops and leaders who distinguished themselves in the Book Auction campaigns of the year 1816.

SALE OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S LIBRARY.

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 895 Prynne's Records, 1666, folio, 3 vols. LARGE PAPER. Purchased by Mr. Payne, | 76 13 0 |
| 900 Willis's Mitred Abbies, 1718, 2 vols. LARGE PAPER. Purchased by Mr. Durrant, | 18 10 0 |
| 901 Burnet's History of the Reformation, 1679, &c. folio, 3 vols. large paper, gilt leaves, illustrated with a great many additional portraits. Purchased by Earl Spencer, | 106 1 0 |
| Messrs. Nicol called this 'a matchless copy'—on the score, I presume, of its being illustrated, as well as upon large paper. The condition and the binding were inferior to the late Bishop of Ely's copy, now in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, but wanting the third volume | |
| 911 Histoire de France par Mezeray, 1643, folio, 3 vols. grand papier. Purchased by Mr. Clarke, | 105 0 0 |

But we must here pause. The sale commenced on the 6th of June, 1815, and continued the five following days. The amount was 3940*l.* 14*s.* Doubtless this was a very tempting repast—and to the honour of the guests who partook of it, it must be observed that they feasted 'right jollily' upon the luxuries of the table.

LISARDO. With all my heart. Yet, if my memory be not treacherous, that same year was not so much distinguished for *metropolitan* book-warfare: for, with the exception of the sale of the TALLEYRAND LIBRARY,* there was little of

* *sale of the TALLEYRAND LIBRARY.*] A word or two, by way of proHEME, before we come to the pounds, shillings, and pence narrative. The library in question had lain three or four years in the warehouse of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, in the Strand, previously to its dispersion by auction. It had been consigned to the care of an eminent mercantile house in the city, and more than one 'good round sum' had, I believe, been offered for the possession of it. The fate of it, however, depended upon the fiat of that arch politician MONSIEUR TALLEYRAND; whose vacillating politics sometimes inclined him one way and sometimes another. In fact, the fortunes of his master were at that time hanging in a very tremulous balance, and the 'arch politician' aforesaid preserved a sort of sympathising equivocation respecting the disposal of his books. If Bonaparte had known of their detention and probable sale in this country, he would doubtless have 'twinged the ear' of his *ci-devant* minister much more roughly than Phœbus did that of the Mantuan-Bard. However, wherever the fault lay, the golden opportunity had gone by: the books came to the hammer very many days 'after the fair.' The spirits of the combatants, as Lisardo above intimates, had flagged: money grew scarce: books became plenty—there were vendors, but not purchasers, in abundance. Add to these sinister omens, a considerable portion of the library itself (the least valuable part of it) had been damaged by the foundering of one of the vessels, at our dock-gates. Such is my proHEME. Let us now rush at once to the auction-room.

The Sale commenced on the 8th of May 1816, and continued (with the usual sabbatical exceptions) for the seventeen following days. The catalogue consisted of 198 pages, and there were copies upon fine paper. The order of the dressing was alphabetical. I shall select only the rarer and more high-priced articles; premising that the name of *Labure* or *Laboucher*, as a purchaser, is indicative of the article being *bought in*. There was a great shew of *black letter* on the first day; but the works which brought high prices were chiefly of a botanical description. Amount of the first day, 345*l.* 19*s.* The vera edizione of the Giunta Boccaccio of 1527, on the second day's sale, produced 22*l.* and the quarto Buffon, in 43 vols. red morocco, was purchased for 63*l.* A large paper set of Bayle's Works, in 9 volumes, brought 53*l.* 11*s.* and Bloch's Ichthyology, 12 vols. in 6, was bought in for 42*l.* The *black letter* still continued to hang heavy on hand, and the close of the *second day's sale* produced 403*l.* 15*s.* On the *third day* there were some high-priced belles-lettres articles; while the Adam Cicero of 1472 was purchased by Mr. Baber for 13*l.* 13*s.* and the Large Paper Olivet edition was obtained by Mr. Laing for 105*l.* Although the *fourth day's sale* produced 507*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* the most expensive articles were com-

consequence stirring in London. Indeed an unaccountable flatness, dulness, insipidity, or cowardice—call it how you will—seemed on a sudden to have possessed the young, and

SALE OF THE TALLEYRAND LIBRARY.

paratively modern foreign literature. On the *fifth day*, Mr. Heber bought the Edit. Prin. of Homer (very fair copy) for 22*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; and Mr. Ware the Roman Eustathius of 1542, &c. for 34*l.* 13*s.* in red morocco. On the *sixth day*, the Combe Horace of 1792, upon large paper, produced 32*l.* 11*s.* and a supposed Edit. Prin. of Horace was dearly purchased by Mr. Heber for 25*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* A dateless and nameless Catholicon brought, on the same day, the sum of 12*l.* and the Edit. Prin. of the Latin Josephus (uncut and unstained) was purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. for 11*l.* The early printed books still continued to hang heavy and dull. On the *seventh day* the two principal dishes, for the bibliomaniacal appetite, were *La Cronique Martinienne*, printed by Verard, which was purchased by Mr. Payne for 10*l.* 10*s.* and *Les Grands Chroniques de France*, printed by the same in 1492—purchased by Messrs. Arch for 16*l.* 16*s.*

On the *eighth day* there were two sets of *Piranesi*; one of them was sold for 90*l.* 6*s.* and the other ('Original roman edition and brilliant impressions of the work bound in red morocco, 23 vol. in 16) was purchased by Mr. Watson Taylor, for 231*l.* The first Plautus was bought in for 18*l.* 18*s.* The *ninth day* exhibits little for our particular notice. Two copies of the first edition of *Seneca's Tragedies*, 1484, were bought in for about 17*l.* 17*s.* each copy: and the first edition of the *Entire Moral Works of Seneca*, 1475, was purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. for 22*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* The Sweynheym and Pannartz *Silius Italicus* of 1471 was purchased by the same for 32*l.* 11*s.* I have a perfect remembrance of having seen this copy in the warehouse of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby. It was large and clean, in blue morocco, but somewhat too much beaten. The 2nd volume contained the Calphurnius. A very curious article (no. 1867) was in the *tenth day's* sale: the *Stella Meschiah of Schwarts*, printed in the German language, by Fyner, in 1477. It was purchased by Mr. Payne for 10*l.* 10*s.* A comical error marks the bibliographical note appended to this article. For 'see a ms. note at the beginning' we read 'See a MS. not eat the beginning.' Slips in typography have sometimes nearly as awkward an effect as in ethics. The Roman edition of *Tacitus*, of 1515, brought the large sum of 17*l.* 17*s.* on this same day. It was purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co., while Mr. Heber exulted in the acquisition of the *first Tacitus*, by I de Spira, for 5*l.* 18*s.* Shame on his competitors! The close of the same day was marked by the purchase of the *Valturius* of 1472 for 17*l.* 17*s.* The *eleventh day's* sale has nothing particularly interesting to a bibliographical antiquary. We pass over it therefore to the *twelfth day's*: when the large paper Brotier Tacitus, in folio, which used to bring 60 or 70*l.* was disposed of to Mr. Triphook for 42*l.* On the *thirteenth day* there was a pretty complete collection of Bodoni's books; and on the same day Mr. Heber disported himself in giving 6*l.* for 'Poems and Frag-

paralised the old. A recollection of the glories of former days, of former fields of renown, seems either to have died away, or to have produced no corresponding emotion of energy and zeal. However that may be, certain it is, that about the close of the year 1815, and the spring of the following year, the book-combats in question produced comparatively but feeble exhibitions of courage and skill. Of what is called the sale of the Talleyrand library, I shall

SALE OF THE TALLEYRAND LIBRARY.

ments printed in honour of Bonaparte.' A right merrie conceit! The produce of this day was only 306*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

The early Bibles marked the *fourteenth day's* sale. The Nuremberg impression of 1475, by Frisner, was purchased by Mr. Payne for 10*l.* 5*s.*: a gothic edition, with the date of 1476, was secured by Mr. Nicol, for the King's library, for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* and another early edit, in gothic letter, by the same, for 13*l.* 13*s.* The next five biblical articles averaged scarcely 5*l.* 5*s.* a copy: but no. 2730 was purchased by Mr. Baber, for the Museum, at 18*l.* 18*s.* The next number was bought by Mr. Nicol for 10*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Triphook pounced upon the ensuing one for 9*l.* 9*s.* Mr. Heber obtained nos. 2733, 2734, for 9*l.* 15*s.* the two; and Mr. Nicol purchased the following by Koberger, of 1483, for 10*l.* 10*s.* Generally speaking, the Bibles were in large and genuine condition. The *fifteenth day* will not detain us one moment. A pretty quarto volume of Heures, &c. printed by Vostre, in 1498, was sold on the *sixteenth day* for 22*l.* 1*s.* and the Musée Français, by Magnan, Visconti, and David, in 79 folio livraisons was wisely secured by Mr. Lloyd, for 162*l.* 15*s.* On the *seventeenth day* a fine large paper copy of H. Stephen's Heroic Poets, 1566, folio, was bought in for 20*l.* and the same *buying in* marked the disposal of Bouquet Recueil des Historiens des Gaules, 15 folio volumes, upon large paper, for 23*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* We have now bid adieu to black-letter. On the *eighteenth* and last day's sale, Mr. Heber laid on lustily in procuring the 'Suite des Lettres sur quelques Ecrits de ce Temps, par Freron, 287 tomes en 283, 1754-89: with other literary journals, 'forming together 346 volumes, uniformly bound, with marbled leaves,' for 42*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* A wise and a moderate purchase. Mr. Payne, on the same day, gave 37*l.* 16*s.* for the Causes Célèbres et Intéressantes, &c. in 209 volumes, uniformly bound in marbled leaves: and Mr. Baber procured, for the British Museum, the Mercure de France, 1717, 1791, 528 volumes, 8vo. for 20*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* Let us say 'bravo!' to all these very judicious purchases. And now, by way of *finale* to the TALLEYRAND FIGHT, let us take a view of the strength, or pecuniary results, of the respective days of sale: premising that the *last* was, in every respect, the most interesting for attendance.

here say little or nothing. A considerable number of articles were damaged in the vessel that brought them over: many of them were injudiciously rebound: and the whole had been warehoused in the premises of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, a full two or three years before their appearance at No. 145. There can be no doubt that the vendors (acting however only in conformity with the orders which they had received) lost the golden opportunity of sale; and they were at least a day and a half 'after the fair.'

But while busied in the annals of book-sales during the year 1816, let me not forget (as alluded to in the SEVENTH DAY of our Decameron) that of the *Vellum Books* belonging to an illiterate Field Marshal of France of the name of JUNOT.* The sale lasted only a day; but as all the articles

SALE OF THE TALLEYRAND LIBRARY.

First Day,	-	-	-	345l.19s.0d.
Second Day,	-	-	-	403 15 0
Third Day,	-	-	-	647 9 0
Fourth Day,	-	-	-	507 12 6
Fifth Day,	-	-	-	379 13 6
Sixth Day,	-	-	-	357 3 0
Seventh Day,	-	-	-	423 6 6
Eighth Day,	-	-	-	753 11 0
Ninth Day,	-	-	-	533 16 6
Tenth Day,	-	-	-	390 19 0
Eleventh Day,	-	-	-	434 18 6
Twelfth Day,	-	-	-	681 0 6
Thirteenth Day,	-	-	-	306 16 6
Fourteenth Day,	-	-	-	371 17 6
Fifteenth Day,	-	-	-	386 0 6
Sixteenth Day,	-	-	-	471 5 6
Seventeenth Day,	-	-	-	189 15 6
Eighteenth Day,	-	-	-	814 0 6
Grand Total				L.8399 0 0

* *Vellum books belonging to FIELD MARSHAL JUNOT.*] When Junot, as a Corporal or Serjeant, (afterwards made Duke of Abrantes) wrote a dispatch for his Master, Bonaparte, upon a drum-head—and the dispersion of sand, by a

were upon vellum, it attracted no small curiosity. Mr. Evans presided at their dispersion. He did every thing in his power to infuse a proper bibliomaniacal spirit into his

cannon-ball, answered the purpose of blotting-paper, by drying up the ink of the said dispatch — when, I say, this fanciful occurrence took place, which, by Junot's vulgar wit and personal courage, led the way to all the promotions which he afterwards enjoyed . . . it is most probable that the 'Corporal' or 'Serjeant' never dreamt of having a LIBRARY OF VELLUM BOOKS. Such are the droll, the capricious, the unforeseen vicissitudes of fortune! When the vellum-books, here discoursed of, were sold by Mr. Evans, their proprietor had ceased to be among the living: but I suspect that these vellum books, or the major part of them, had been in England — 'upon view' (as they term it) in Soho-Square, opposite the rival establishment of Dulau and Co. A strange fatality attended this rare assemblage of membranaceous book-voluptuousness: for, in the first place, the proprietors (who were foreigners) would not part with the articles, severally, or by piece-meal, but must needs set their hearts upon selling the collection 'en masse' . . . as if any Gentleman, in the possession of his senses, would think of purchasing a parcel of Greek, Latin, French, and Italian authors, intermixed, and without regard to the comparative excellence of their typographical execution! In the second place, when these books were offered for sale in Pall Mall, there was too tight a curb-rein kept upon Mr. Evans's freedom of action — or, in other words, upon the chances of dispersion: and it may amuse or grieve the reader to be told, that articles were *bought in*, in the year of our Lord 1816, which, in the following *dominical* year, were suffered to be *sold* for almost one third of that sum! This camel-hair sort of finesse, or diplomacy, in the vendition of books by public auction, is sure, in the end, to recoil with injury upon the diplomatist! There is nothing like promptitude, decision, and consistency, in bringing books into the auction-mart.

Now then for the sale of the JUNOT VELLUMS by public auction — on the 19th of June, 1816. In the whole, there were 139 articles; of which considerably more than one half were not suffered to be *bonâ fide* sold. Almost all the *French Classics* were bought in. The crown octavos, especially of ancient classics, and of a few favourite English authors, brought from four to six guineas. The first virtually-sold article, of any importance — or rather of the greatest importance in the whole collection — was the matchless DIDOT HORACE of 1799, folio, containing the original *drawings* from which the exquisite copper-plate vignettes were executed. This was purchased by the gallant Mr. George Hibbert, for 140*l.*: nor was it, in any respect, an extravagant or even dear purchase. Mr. North secured the following article, no. 109, *Fables de la Fontaine*, printed by Didot in 1802, 2 vols. folio, containing the original drawings from which the plates were engraved — for 170*l.* It was doubtless a splendid work; but less classically beautiful than the preceding. There were only *two* copies upon vellum struck

auditory; but there was either a lack of taste to possess such treasures, or a suspicion raised that they would be pushed to exorbitant prices. However, some of our more renowned collectors did not fail to secure, therefrom, some very delicious specimens of the membranaceous art.

But the *Country* was rather destined to be the scene of brilliant action in the way of book sales, by auction, during the year 1816. It began at *Wygfair*, in Wales, with the disposal of the Library of the late JOHN LLOYD,* and

off of each article. The unique vellum copy of *Longus*, Paris, 1802, folio, which followed the last article, was bought in at 73*l.* 10*s.*—but has been recently sold for 37*l.* 16*s.* A warning against *reserves*! One thing, during this sale, was established beyond all controversy. Didot beat Bodoni ‘hollow’ as a printer upon vellum! Mr. Hibbert bought the most beautiful Bodoni: which was the *Aminta* of Tasso, printed in 1793, folio—for 27*l.* 6*s.* The produce of the sale was 1397*l.* being very nearly 10*l.* per article. Yet it should be noticed that there were from 30 to 40 articles not executed upon vellum.

* *the library of the late JOHN LLOYD.*] The sale of this library took place at Wygfair, near St. Asaph, in Denbighshire, on the 15th and twelve following days of January, 1816. I recollect the visit of Mr. Foss, at Althorp, in his way to Wygfair, during that inclement season, in order to receive the commissions of Earl Spencer, Mr. Grenville, and Mr. Heber; the two latter of whom happened to be on a visit at his Lordship at that well-known spot. Mr. Triphook and Mr. Griffiths found their way thither through a different route: and these three bibliopolistic Mercurii are reported to have experienced much joyance during their stay at Wygfair head-quarters: which were the lodgings of the renowned Mr. Broster himself—who presided as the ‘Jupiter Tonans’ at the sale. Mr. Heber afterwards, however, *mailed* it to the scene of action, and attended during a great portion of the sale; but his usual courage is reported to have failed him after a few days experience of the dismal condition of very many of the objects upon which, in the ardour of fiction, he had set temptingly-high prices! I have neither space nor inclination for an anatomical dissection of the catalogue: yet it is but right and proper to declare that Mr. Broster hath spared neither small capitals, nor lower case italics, in his specification of articles which he considered to be curious and rare. Generally speaking, the books went very cheap: whether the spirit of the contending champions was benumbed by the severity of the season, or whether a greater parade had been made of the worth of the library than an inspection of it warranted, I have not the temerity to pronounce. It must at all events be admitted that too many of the articles were imperfect.

ended at *Liverpool* with that of the Library, Pictures, and Prints of the Biographer of Lorenzo and Leo. I cannot think of the latter sale without a mixture of sorrow and

A little blood was drawn during the *second* day's sale. Mr. Triphook gave 36*l.* 15*s.* for Caxton's *Life of our Ladye*, though it wanted 'several leaves at the beginning, and the two last chapters at the end;' and Mr. Foss secured (for Mr. Grenville) a very sound copy of Machlinia's *Speculum Christiani*. He followed up his success by giving 5*l.* 10*s.* for a dateless edition of the *Genealogia Deorum* of Boccaccio; which Mr. Broster is pleased (in his catalogue, no. 317) to think 'appears to be an earlier edition' than that of 1472, pronounced by De Bure and myself to be the Editio Princeps. In what school of bibliography has Mr. Broster learnt to preach such comfortable doctrine? Some grammatical pieces, including the *Textus Alexandri* by Pynson, 1516, 4to.; the *Ortus Vocabulorum* by W. de Worde, 1516, 4to., and the *Urbani Grammat. Institut.* 1497, 4to. threw something like a gleam of sunshine over the third day; but it was not till the close of the seventh day, when Lord Spencer secured two copies of the very precious edition of the *Promptorius Puerorum* by Pynson, 1499, folio, for 30*l.* 9*s.* that any thing like an electric spark was struck among the contending bidders. On the following or eighth day the first grand struggle was made between the Jasons for the 'Golden Fleece.' I allude to Caxton's *Recuyelle of the Historics of Troy*; a volume which bears the proud distinction of being the FIRST PRINTED BOOK IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: and not, as Fossi had strangely conceived, the Cronycles of England, printed at Antwerp in 1493: see *Bibl. Magl.* vol. i. col. 582. This circumstance, I presume, may account for the very impassioned and intoxicated manner in which Mr. Broster prefaces his description of this precious article. Hear him: 'It seldom falls to the lot of any man in business to have to announce for public sale books of such extreme rarity and value as has devolved upon me; and a bookseller, who takes a pleasure in his calling, cannot refrain from exulting in offering to sale such a collection!' We must take it for granted that Mr. Broster had been upon some migratory excursion from Tombuctoo to Wassanah during the sales of the Roxburghe, Alchorne, Stanley, and Merly libraries, &c. or had enjoyed a good sound nap in his 'head quarters' since the year of our Lord 1812, ere he could have dreamt of such a delectable 'prologue to the swelling act'... although here, methinks, the prologue is as 'swelling' as the act itself. But I can pardon and even admire the 'exultation' of a remotely situated book-auctioneer in the vendition of such an article. It produced the sum of 120*l.* and was purchased by Mr. Foss, for Mr. G. Hibbert. A few leaves were damaged, and there was some imperfection at the beginning. No doubt, even at such a price, it was a noble acquisition.

On this *Eighth Day* some few deeds of book-chivalry were exhibited. Mr. Triphook bought the *Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophers*, by Caxton, 1477, for 22*l.* and a vastly pretty copy of the Basil edition of *Paulus Jovius*, 1577, folio,

admiration: of sorrow, that a man of MR. ROSCOE'S upright conduct, comprehensive views, and established literary reputation, should have been unavoidably compelled, from the

2 vol. for 6*l*. The *Tenth Day* saw the Treveris edition of the *Polychronicon* sell for 10*l*. the *History and Vindication of the Irish Remonstrance*, Dublin, 1674, folio, for 3*l*. 10*s*., and Randal Holme's *Store House of Armory and Blazon*, 1681, folio, (a book of great rarity and intrinsic curiosity, and of which perhaps not four perfect copies are known* to exist,) accompanied with no ill-judged description by the diffident book-vendor, for 10*l*. 10*s*.: purchased, I think, for Mr. Grenville. The first portion of the sale ended almost immediately after the vendition of the last article just mentioned. The second portion, commencing with no. 1888, exhibited, upon the 'first blush' of it, an article of the most consummate rarity: an article, of which the existence had been doubted, and of which the only *other* copy known to exist was the one in the Harleian, afterwards in the Fairfax, Child, and now Earl Jersey's, collection. It is THE LYFE OF KING ARTHUR, printed by Caxton, of which I speak: and which, imperfect as the copy was, (wanting 11 leaves) would, had it been a component part of the Roxburghe library, have produced at least, I think, 750*l*. Mr. Broster, in his appended memorandum, emphatically says—by way a *capsicum*-operating remark—that 'The Spencerian Collection does not boast a copy.' Let it here, however, be as emphatically made known, that 'The Spencerian Collection DOES now boast a copy;' for it possesses the VERY COPY concerning which we are here disporting ourselves; and which copy was procured for the not inordinately extravagant sum of 320*l*. It is now in training for a reprint. In other words, our Poet Laureate, Mr. Southey, is about to become the editor of this far-famed and long caressed popular Romance, from the text of Caxton, with an appropriate and (I dare wager a golden sovereign against a newly-coined sixpence) highly interesting preface. This Caxtonian text has been most faithfully transcribed for the publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co. by the accurate pen of Mr. Upcot. It is worth remarking that, on being 'put up,' the three first biddings for the Caxton volume did not exceed *five shillings*!

The first article, just mentioned, in the second portion of the Lloyd Library, was in fact the GREAT GUN of the sale. The report produced by the firing of this gun was so loud, as to render the bidders almost deaf to the sound both of the hammer and the voice of Mr. Broster, in the disposal of the remaining articles: in other words, none of the remaining articles of the printed books, with some few exceptions (see nos. 1945, 1956, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1964, and 1966) brought the sum of forty shillings. The *Manuscripts* followed—at no. 1970. A few of them were no doubt curious and valuable—but what will my readers say

* There is a most beautiful and perfect copy in Lord Spencer's library at Althorp.

rush and vortex of conflicting passions in others, or from the untoward and uncontrollable circumstances of the times, to part with a Library,* the formation of which must have

only to the very prefix to these MSS. '*Llyfrau yn Gymraeg!*' The sale of the Maps, Prints, Paintings, and Astronomical and Philosophical Instruments occupied the last of the thirteen days sale. Let us conclude these *Llwydiana* by a further and irrefragable proof of the extreme modesty, ability, and fidelity, of Mr. Broster in the performance of his arduous part of 'Jupiter Tonans' as aforesaid. The following, which appeared in the public papers, must have been from the pen of Mr. B. or Mr. — ('aut Erasmus aut D——s.') Thus it runneth: 'R. Heber, Esq. of Hodnet; Dr. Trevelyan, of Liverpool; and several others came from distant parts, notwithstanding the severity, and season of the year, in pursuit of the collection, all of whom were highly delighted with the hospitable reception, attention, and accommodation from Mr. Broster, who may justly boast of selling the rarest morceaus of literature that have occurred in the present age; and in addition to the approbation of the company, it must be highly flattering to his feelings, to have the testimony of the proprietor of the property, who expressed his entire satisfaction of his conduct, and presented him at the conclusion of the sale, with a very handsome piece of plate, (a large silver jug) with the following inscription:

COLLECTANEA LLWYDDIOL.

The Gift of the Reverend J. C. Potter, to
MR. JOHN BROSTER,

For his attention and exertions at Wygfair Sale,
30TH JANUARY, 1816.'

Let us only add hereto three marks of admiration —!!!

* MR. ROSCOE . . . *compelled to part with his LIBRARY.*] I sympathise in every syllable uttered by Lisardo upon the occasion of the dispersion of Mr. Roscoe's library. Indeed its amiable and highly cultivated possessor was pleased to indulge in the following threnodaical sonnet on the same heart-rending occasion. Such notes are sacred when touched by a hand which has been so successfully exercised in the improvement of the literary taste of his country. They are as follow:

As one, who destin'd from his Friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart:
Thus, lov'd associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours and lighten every toil,
I now resign you—nor with fainting heart;

occupied so many hours of leisure, cheered so many hours of languor, and the fruit of which had benefited so many readers of taste and virtue. No honest mind can contem-

For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowships restore.
When freed from earth, unlimited its pow'rs,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

6th Aug. 1816.

What remains for me to perform? The catalogue of Mr. Roscoe's library, composed by himself in a manner at once unostentatious and effective, is in the hands of every bibliomaniacal virtuoso. It was printed with more than ordinary care and neatness by Mr. Macreery; who has engrafted his own fame upon that of the biographer of Lorenzo and Leo. Indeed, in *other* respects—where the feelings of the man are more acutely excited, and when the practice of benevolence and forbearance is not usually displayed—Mr. Macreery hath evinced that he is not insensible to all the better virtues which animate the human heart. He will reap his reward, even in this world. But for the Catalogue of Mr. Roscoe's books. I shall present a few specimens, not of books of exquisite splendour, or of consummate rarity, but of what may serve to prove the justice of the foregoing epithets of 'unostentatious and effective,' and to shew that Mr. Roscoe hath 'deserved well' even of bibliography, in what he has performed on the occasion. We will first, however, merely briefly observe that most of the early printed books purchased at the sale of the Merly library, by Messrs. Arch, were in fact purchased for Mr. Roscoe—such as the Psalter of 1459, the Catholicon, of 1460, the Lactantius of 1465, and the Jenson Petrarch of 1470.

343 Appiani Alexandrini Sophistæ, de civilibus Romanorum bellis,
Petro Candido Interprete. Fol. Ven. Per Bernardum Pictorem
et Erhardum Ratdolt una cum Petro Loslein, 1477. *Purchased*
by Messrs. Longman and Co. 3l. 0s. 0d.

This portion of the works of Appian, translated by P. Candidus, had before been printed by Vindelin de Spira, in 1472. This edition does not appear to be in the Bibl. Spenceriana, the volume there described, (vol. i. 254, no. 117,) being the next no. in this catalogue; 'with the address of Candidus, as before, surrounded by a broad frame or border of extremely rich arabesque decoration, printed upon a black ground, with a large blooming capital initial A.' But in the present volume, the arabesque border is printed in red, and the address of Candidus is to Alfonso of Aragon, whereas the address in the vol. described by Mr. D. is *not as before*, (or as in the edition of Vindelin) but will be found to be to Nicholas V.

plate such an occurrence without anguish of heart. But admiration, as before observed, is mingled with this sorrow: for if, as one of the wisest of the Roman sages has remarked, (I think it is Seneca) ‘there is no human spectacle upon

SALE OF MR. ROSCOE'S LIBRARY.

- 409 Campo Antonio, Cremona fedelissima Città et nobilissima Colonia de' Romani, rappresentata in disegno ed illustrata d'una breve historia delle cose più notabili, et dei ritratti naturali de' Duchi et Duchesse di Milano, &c. folio. In Cremona, in casa dell' autore, 1585. *Purchased by Messrs. Arch,* . . . 6l. 6s. 0d.

‘Edition fort rare, et l'originale d'un ouvrage très estimé, et recherché des curieux.’ *Debure*. Besides the portraits of the Dukes and Duchesses of Milan, this volume contains those of the author; of Philip II. of Spain, and his four successive wives, amongst whom is that of Mary Queen of England; also a fine portrait of Vida, and many others; the whole number is thirty-six, all engraved by Agostino Caracci in his best manner, and essentially requisite to form a complete collection of his works. These portraits have since been published separately in a quarto volume, but the impressions are very inferior. Heineken has not given the list of the plates correctly; and is also mistaken in saying that some of them are engraved by Annibale Caracci. *Diction. des Artistes*, vol. i. p. 627. *Debure* attributes the designs as well as the engraving to Agostino, but erroneously, as they were either designed by the author, who was an eminent painter, or engraved after existing portraits.—The share which Agostino had in this volume, is particularly stated by the author, in the following passage at the end of the work.

‘Ricerca la virtù d'Agostino Carazzi Bolognese, ch' io ne facessi memoria in altro luogo; nondimeno, poichè per *inadvertenza*, non m'è venuto fatto, io non vo tacere quivi, che *tutti i Ritratti*, e il disegno del Caroccio, sono stati intagliati in rame dal detto Carazzi, il quali è, a nostri tempi, *rarissimo* in questo professione.’

- 554 Biblia Sacra Latina, absque anni, loci, vel typographi indicatione (sed Basilæ, typis Bernardi Richel, ante ann. 1475) folio, 2 tom. First edition of the series of editions of the Latin Bible terminating with the verses, “*Qui memor esse cupit librorum Bibliothecæ, &c.*” v. *Panzer*, i. 146, 3. *ib.* 147-8; *Seemiller*, i. 65, and *Dr. Clarke's Bibl. Dict.* ii. 193, extremely rare. *Purchased by* ——— . . . 6l. 6s. 0d.
- 555 Biblia Latina, ex interpretatione et cum præfationibus S. Hieronymi, sine anni, loci, vel typographi notâ (sed Basilæ. Typis Michaelis Wensler, ante ann. 1479.) First edition of the Series of Latin Bibles terminating with the Verses, ‘*Fontibus ex Græcis*

which the gods look down with greater complacency and delight than that of a man struggling with, and bearing up against, adversity,' then we may at least say that the

SALE OF MR. ROSCOE'S LIBRARY.

hebræorumq. libris, &c.' of which Panzer has enumerated nine editions, extending from the year 1479, to 1489. *Purchased by Earl Spencer,* 14l. 14s. 0d.

The present edition is not cited by Panzer, except in his account of that of 1479, where he says, 'extat etiam Editio hujus generis sine notâ anni; antiquior, ut putatur, hac et ceteris editionibus annorum 1481, &c.' But he has neither described such edition, nor indicated where it is to be found. It appears, however, from Clement, that Mr. Salthenius being possessed of a copy of 1486, had an opportunity of comparing it with this edition without date, of the superior antiquity of which he was fully satisfied. The account there given perfectly agrees with the present copy, which was undoubtedly printed by Michael Wensler at Basil, prior to 1479. No copy of this very rare edition is found in the Crevenna, Pinelli, or La Valliere catalogues; nor is it noticed by Maittaire, Debure, Laire, Santander, or (except the copy incidentally mentioned in Clement) by any other bibliographer that has been consulted. Blue morocco, gilt leaves.

1075 *Rappresentazioni Sacre di Varii Autori, &c.* 25 Rappr. in 1 vol.

4to. *senza data, o nota di Stampatore.* From the Pinelli library.

Purchased by Mr. Heber, 32 0 0

These first editions of the early *Rappresentazioni* were printed at Florence towards the close of the xvth or beginning of the xvith century. Each of them forms a separate publication, and is ornamented with figures in wood appropriate to the subject, and frequently well designed. The various methods adopted in these prints to obtain a middle tint of shadow, demonstrate that at the time they were executed, the mode of cross hatching on wood blocks was unknown. Very few, if any of these editions, are noticed by Panzer, although certainly within the period of his work. The reprints of them, in the latter part of the xvith century, possess less interest. This collection includes all the earliest editions of the *Rappresentazioni* in the Pinelli Library; except those of Lorenzo de' Medici, Feo Belcari, Antonio Berti, Bernardo, and Mona Antonia de' Pulci, which have been already given under their respective names.

1084 *Bojardo Mat. Mar. Orlando Innamorato, rifatto da M. Francesco*

Berni. Aggiunte, in questa seconda Edizione, molte stanze del autore, che nel altra mancavano, 4to. Ven. per li heredi di Lucantonio Giunta, 1545. From the Roxburghe Collection.

Purchased by Mr. Singer, 2 16 0

gratification produced by the same sight, (in the example of Mr. Roscoe) operating in Christian bosoms, and upon

SALE OF MR. ROSCOE'S LIBRARY.

'La prima edizione de' Giunti era nel 1541, ma quest' ultima edizione, per essere la più ricercata come la migliore, è anche la più rara.' Le aggiunte sono d'assai poco conto, perciocchè consistono in due solo stanze postevi di più nel primo canto.' *Mazzuchel. Scrittori d'Ital.* iv. 991. In the latter remark, Mazzuchelli is mistaken, the alterations and additions being considerable. Amongst the latter is the following address to the illustrious and accomplished Vittoria Colonna, in allusion to the death of her husband, the Marquis of Pescara, soon after the battle of Pavia, in which he had made Francis I. prisoner.

'E tu, leggiadra e gloriosa Donna,
Che quel ch'è nudo spirto, e poca terra,
E fu già di valor alta colonna,
Invitto sposo tuo, folgor di guerra,
Piagni sovente involta in negra gonna;
Al pianto i tuoi begli occhi alquanto serra,
A quella fonte di lagrime avara,
Gloriosa marchesa di Pescara.'

Lib. i. St. 3.

1122 Trissino Giovanni Giorgio, *La Italia liberata da' Gotthi*. 8vo.

Part 1. in Roma per Valerio et Luigi Dorici, 1547.—Part 2 and

3. in Venezia per Tomeleω Janiculω, 1548. *Purchased by*

Mr. Ford,

. 4l. 2s. 0d.

Edizione non castrata. 'Rarissima è questa edizione, e due sole copie n'abbiamo noi vedute in Venezia; una nella celebre libreria Pisani, e l'altra nella preziosa libreria del Sig. Apostolo Zeno.' Castelli, *vita del Trissino*. The scarcity of this edition in Italy is probably occasioned by the copies being destroyed, on account of some very free censures on the misconduct and enormities of the Roman Pontiffs, which were omitted in the subsequent editions.

1321 Langland Robert, *The Vision of Pierce Plowman*, whereunto is also annexed, the *Crede of Pierce Plowman*, never imprinted with the book before. 8vo. London, by Owen Rogers, 1561.

This is the copy that belonged to Mr. Pope, which contains in his own hand-writing, the Argument or Abstract of Pierce Plowman's Creed, as cited at length by Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, i. 287, and G. Ellis, i. 159. From Pope it came to Dr. Warburton, and by him was presented to Mr. Thomas Warton, as appears from a memorandum in Mr. T. Warton's hand-writing in the first leaf. 'T. Warton, *Ex dono Rev. in Chr. Patris Gulielmi Glocestrensis*, 1770.' And below, '*Liber olim A. Pope; cujus manu nonnulla allinuntur.*' T. Warton. Sold for

5 17 6

Christian principles, cannot fail to be equally strong and equally instructive.

On this general dissolution of what had been sought after so many years, and collected with so much care and solicitude—on this breaking up of those fountains, the waters of which had so long refreshed and invigorated their owner—Mr. Roscoe remained composed and serene. His soul was untouched by the shock. A sense of duty made him yield to the necessity of dispersing his library, and a sense of duty preserved him, during its dispersion, unshaken and unmoved. The reputation of Mr. Roscoe is rather brightened than obscured by the ordeal through which he has passed. . . . But this is a serious and tender string to touch—and I am probably becoming enigmatical. Luckily, the annals of book-sales seem to be at an end: and the moment of my monarchical dissolution is rapidly approaching.

1471 *Gesta Romanorum*, fol. Sine notâ anni vel loci. Yellow morocco.

Purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. . . . 12l. 12s. 0d.

This volume, in a gothic character, resembling that of Peter Schoiffer, is printed in double columns, a full page having 49 lines. The pages are double numbered, so that on opening the volume the same number appears on both pages; these numbers extend to XCIX. At the top of the second column, on the recto of folio XCII, is the following colophon: 'Ex gestis romanor. cū pluribus applicatits hysorijs: de virtutib9 et vitiis mistice ad intellectum transsumptis Recollectorij finis ē feliciter. Laus Deo. Of this early edition of this very curious work no account is given by Mr. Warton in his *Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum* prefixed to the 3d vol. of his *History of English Poetry*, nor is it noticed by Panzer, or in any catalogue or collection that has been consulted.

The sale of Mr. Roscoe's Books (including MSS.) commenced on the 19th of August, 1816, and lasted 14 days; producing about 5000*l*. It was succeeded, on the 9th of September following, by the sale of his *PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, and ENGRAVINGS*, which lasted eleven days, and brought about the same sum. Doubtless, copies of these catalogues should not be wanting in every collection which aspires to elegance and utility.

BELINDA. What may this mean ?

LISARDO. Nothing more than that monarchs, like their subjects, must not expect to live for ever. Are you forgetful of the length of reign which I have already enjoyed ?

BELINDA. It must be allowed that you have exercised your regal powers so leniently and so successfully that the length of their duration can hardly be remembered.

LISARDO. Your politeness is alike interminable. But remember, we have yet one day of Decameronic conversazioni, and that day falls to the regal lot of Lysander. It is here time to pause, and bid you farewell.

LORENZO. Not so hastily, illustrious monarch ! Have the book-auctions of the *present year* no characteristic marks worthy of recording ?

LISARDO. None—in our own country—if you except the sale of the BORROMEIO COLLECTION of Novels and Romances.*

* *sale of the BORROMEIO COLLECTION of Novels and Romances.*] If the reader will be pleased to consult vol. ii. p. 229, he shall there find some intimation of this singular sale—as thus : ‘ In 1582 he [Aldus, the son of Paul Manutius] made a short visit to Milan, when CARDINAL BORROMEIO gave him a gracious reception, and probably shewed him a great portion of that well known collection of *Romances* and *Novels*, of which a descendant, of the same name, published a catalogue in 1794—and which said collection itself is, at this moment, about to take a somewhat longer journey—to the metropolis of our own empire : there to be disposed of as may seem ‘ most meet and profitable’ to the worthy bibliopolistic firm ycleped *Payne and Foss*.’ The ‘ disposition’ of them took place by public auction, under the hammer of Mr. Evans ; and the sale occupied only two days—the 7th and 8th of February, 1817. There were, in the whole, 324 articles. The catalogue was published in the Italian language, containing abridgements of the notes of the last possessor of the collection. How far it was a *politic* measure to publish in the Italian tongue, seems, to my finite capacity, exceedingly questionable. However, Mr. Payne was resolved upon it. His nephew, it is reported, pleaded with singular fervency for English annotations : but the uncle was inexorable. Like Homer’s own Jove, he

Shook his imperial curls and gave the nod;
The stamp of fate !

Accordingly the day of sale arrived. Honorio and Sempronius, as might have

Abroad, however, I grant—there has been ONE sale of tremendous extent, and unequalled celebrity on the score of exhibiting a particular feature in the bibliomaniacal disease!

SALE OF THE BORRAMEO COLLECTION.

been expected, were there: the former, 'armed from head to foot.' On approaching them, Sempronius was pleased to feign searching me—asking me if I came with 'concealed daggers.' 'No,' quoth I—pointing to Honorio, 'I will speak daggers to him, but use none.' What can all this coquettish flourishing mean? Simply this. There were one or two Boccaccios in the collection—and the first of them was supposed to have been executed about the year 1470. What becomes then of your *Valdarfer* of 1471!? Let us however tell a straight forward tale. The sale was doubtless well attended. Atticus was there, and so was Hippolito—and so were Messrs. Triphook, Griffiths, and others—of whom the newspapers told so quaint a tale respecting their appearance at the Wygfair auction: see page 140, ante. The *grand Boccaccio* was about to be put up—when Mr. Evans, having consulted the owners of the collection, pronounced the cruel edict that it should be reserved for the last article in the first day's sale! However, there was mettle sufficiently 'attractive' about to come on: and just at this moment Lord Spencer made his appearance. The *Venetian Boccaccio* of 1498, with vastly pleasing wood-cuts, (repeated, however, from a previous edition of 1496, of which my friend Mr. Utterson possesses an imperfect copy) was 'put up' as no ordinary article—and the contest lay, for a few minutes only, between his Lordship and Mr. G. Hibbert; but the latter was triumphant. Next followed the most covetable tome, in point of condition, in the whole collection: the *Giunta Boccaccio* of 1516, 4to. (much rarer than the De Gregori edition, vide vol. ii. p. 259) along with the *Novellino* of Masuccio, 1522, 4to. also exceedingly rare. The binding, too, in old red morocco—original, sound, and not inelegant—who can resist this 'covetable tome?' The same combatants again enter the lists. The 'affray' is sharp, and there is a constant glittering of polished steel from the frequent interchange of blows! But his Lordship has 'higher game' in view—and he yields. Mr. Hibbert is again the conqueror. Indeed, during the entire fight he preserved 'a smile, presaging triumph.' The true *Giunta Boccaccio* of 1527, 4to. followed 'hard upon'—and Mr. Fazakerly (of whose purchases a gently swelling note of commendation hath been touched at page 39, ante) becomes its purchaser.

Mr. Heber, meanwhile, preserves an unusual and most enviable calm. The *Brugiantino* of 1554, is purchased by Mr. Strettell for 11*l.* 11*s.* but Mr. Heber now suffers the aforesaid 'calm' to be a little discomposed by 'brushing up' to the amount of 7*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* for the *Sonetti, &c. of Cadamosto*, 1544, 8vo. Mr. Fazakerly again steps forward, and secures the *Ecatommiti of Giraldo Cinthio*, 1565, 8vo. for 7*l.* 10*s.* The scimitar of Mr. Triphook is now in rapid motion: and the *Novellæ of Morlini* of 1520, 4to. falls beneath its trenchant stroke. Mr.

PHILEMON. We comprehend you. You would speak of the sale of the late COUNT MAC-CARTHY'S LIBRARY, and therein of the numerous articles which were printed UPON VELLUM!?

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Hibbert again brandishes his long-reaching Polish lance—and down drops a MS. copy of the said *Novellæ* for 19*l.* 19*s.* This was the last article in the first day's sale—with the exception of the supposed *Boccaccio* of 1470. Those who had 'fought and bled' in—or had been spectators of the glories of—the ROXBURGHE FIELD, began to prepare themselves for a renewal of the like achievements! But no... the sinews were shrunken, the heart had a tamer beat... and there was a manifest dereliction of that spirit, taste, or feeling, which distinguished the memorable contest here alluded to. Fear checked some, doubt deterred others, and courtesy and respect *did unquestionably* prevail, where there was no lack of spirit, taste, or feeling... Magnanimous forbearance! Yet, alas! the late worthy owner of these treasures feels, I am persuaded, while I record this 'magnanimous' example, a sort of a *twinge* shooting across the diaphragm, which would make us believe that, upon *this* occasion, he 'could have well spared' such 'magnanimous forbearance!' But let us not be scandalous.

The supposed 'FIRST EDITION' of the DECAMERON of BOCCACCIO (1469-1470)* is at length 'put up.' Again, as heretofore, (see page 64) a silence

* The chronological priority of the *above* edition to that of *Valdarfer* of 1471, is yet fairly 'sub judice.' Let us endeavour to hold an even balance in the adjudication of this important matter. In the first place, the date is purely conjectural. Haym, vol. iii. p. i. edit. 1803, and Fossi, *Bibl. Magliabech.* vol. i. col. 375, describe this edition in pretty nearly the same terms: observing that it is very rare, and composed after the MS. of Manelli, and the most ancient which we have. The former does not assign any date to it, but places it immediately before two editions, of the year 1470, which are entirely supposititious. Fossi, upon the authority of Clement, affixes the date of 1470 to the present: but Clement (*Bibl. Curieuse*, vol. iv. p. 348) and the authorities which he cites are perfectly useless in ascertaining the period of the impression of this dateless volume—which is distinguished by having 2 leaves of a table, the text beginning on the 3d leaf (according to a copper-plate fac-simile published by Mr. Payne with the Borromeo catalogue) 40 lines in a full page—and 254 (and not 253 as Fossi says) leaves in the whole; terminating thus abruptly:

cosa gioua lauerle lecte: : DEO GRATIAS.

A fac-simile of this, and of the 3 preceding lines, also accompany the Borromeo catalogue, as published by Mr. Payne. The volume, from the two last words, is emphatically called the *Deo Gratias* edition: but where, and by whom it was printed—whether in a monastery or at a private press—is matter of perfect conjecture. The typographical execution of it is sufficiently indifferent; but Lord Spencer, than whom no Bibliographer hath a keener eye, has discovered that the *TERENCE*, described in vol. ii. p. 409, &c. of the *Bibl. Spencer.* is

LISARDO. Just so ; and the mention of this sale is particularly in order in the present place : for, of those who were purchasers of the rarer and more precious articles, once in-

SALE OF THE BORROMEO COLLECTION.

prevails. Mr. Evans rests upon his sceptre of dominion. He gives breathing time to the contending warriors : when, strange to tell, the silence is succeeded by a feeble bidding only as far as 5*l.*—at which bidding the said sceptre is absolutely about to drop upon the article ! Forbid it, genius of ‘ the olden time !’ A sound is heard . . . the sceptre is raised, and the biddings go on merrily as far as 50, 60, 70, 80, and 100*l.* Then a pause ensues. Mr. Triphook perseveres . . . but Mr. Phelps (the then representative of Earl Spencer) at length makes a vigorous push, and carries off the precious prize for 121*l.* 16*s.*—only ! Not more loudly did ‘ the Nymphs howl upon the hills’ when Dido, Queen of Carthage, forsook the paths of rectitude, than did numberless little bibliomaniacal sylphs, suspended in mid-air to view the issue of the contest, when the hammer fell ! The sound is conveyed to Mr. Payne . . . a mournful presage possessed him ere it reached his ear : the ‘ pouncet box,’ of which such honourable mention hath been made in the preceding pages, (vol. ii. p. 475) dropt perpendicularly from his hands—and a twinge, infinitely more lengthened and distracting than the one just recorded, succeeded, on hearing the issue of the day’s battle ! However, upon sinking quietly into the black-morocco bottomed arm-chair, also honourably noticed in a preceding page, (vol. i. p. 125-6) he gradually recovered the tone and texture of his nervous system. ‘ Richard’s Himself again’ . . . and a six o’clock dinner, upon brill and beef steaks, made him forget the agonies of

printed precisely in the same type — but unluckily that volume is also destitute of date and name of printer. What helps to render the puzzle more complete is, that Count d’Elci, perhaps the most learned bibliographer in Europe, in regard to books printed in Italy, has never been able to *appropriate* (if I may so speak) this Terence. It is however much more clearly executed than the Boccaccio in question, and there is uniformly more space between the lines. In regard to the similarity of types between the two, both as to capitals and lower-case, there can be no question about the perfect conformity of the one with the other. Still, however, we gain nothing as to the *date*. Now it must be remembered that the *earliest*, are the *best printed*, books. It is true that the Homilies of St. Chrysostom, printed in the Eusebian monastery at Rome in 1470, exhibits but an indifferent fount of letter, most irregularly executed : see the fac-simile in the *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. i. p. 196, but the type of the present Boccaccio bears no resemblance to that here referred to :—and we may suppose that if this impression were published in 1469, it would have been printed by Valdarfer in 1470, rather than in 1471, as the popularity of the work was so great, and its tendency conceived to be so pernicious, that Savonarola, in his sermons, anathematised the dispersion of copies—commanding them to be brought into the square of St. Mark for the purpose of combustion. Hence the excessive rarity of the earlier editions of the Decameron of Boccaccio. Upon the whole, this edition may have been printed in 1472, or 1473 ; but, at any rate, I conceive, not *before* 1471. No doubt it is a most important acquisition to the library where it is now placed.

incorporated in the far-famed MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY, it should be particularly and emphatically distinguished that the MAJORITY WERE ENGLISH! Thus it is that the British Lion never sleeps. Go where you will; plan what schemes of benevolence or of magnificence you may; traverse the desert, convert the savage, sustain the feeble, or subdue the oppressive . . . in all these objects you shall see our national spirit equally conspicuous and triumphant! That said British Lion displays, moreover, a wonderful aptitude and felicity in his movements; and he will put his paw with the same non-chalance upon the baton of a marshal, or the bosses of a vellum-printed Polyglot. But let me be less mysterious.

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disappointed hope. 'Yet said he (most naturally, I admit) on the circulation of the first glass of old port, after dinner, 'if this Boccaccio had been sold in the ROXBURGHE LIBRARY, it would have fetched' . . . Here another twinge, commencing at the very thorax, absolutely forbade farther utterance!—Before 7 o'clock, however, Mr. Payne was completely as he is 'wont to be.' It was, in truth, a marvel for his friends to see how heroically and philosophically he comported himself upon the occasion. The very puss which usually reposes at his feet, and from which the heirs of Melchior Sessa might have been proud to have taken a model for one of their devices, (see vol. ii. p. 233-4) could not have exhibited a more tranquil portrait!

It remains to notice the *second day's* sale of the *Borrromeo Collection*. Upon this I must be necessarily brief. It was cruel to see long-winded notes attached to articles which frequently brought a few shillings only. The Rev. W. H. Carr, a well known Roxburgher, had the honour of firing the first effectual shot—by securing the original edition, in Italian, of the well known story of Romeo and Juliet, by Luigi Porto, without date, in 8vo. for 15*l*. Of this rare tract a paginary reprint hath been presented to the members of the Roxburghe Club, on the 17th day of June last: see page 69, ante. But Mr. Grenville made the most distinguished movement, by procuring the *Origine delli volgari Proverbi di Aloyse Cynthio di Fabritia*, 1526, 4to. for 42*l*. The total amount of the produce of the sale was 728*l*.: possibly somewhere about 272*l*. beneath its computed produce. Of Mr. John Payne's heroism in procuring the Borrromeo collection, some little is noticed at page 77, ante: to which it may be only necessary to add, that, in treating for the purchase of the *Raimondini Collection* (shortly to visit this country) the owner appeared, scarcely a week after the death of his *cara sposa*, in a beautifully garnished suit of pink and white! There is no accounting for diversities of tastes.

LORENZO. Forgive a momentary interruption—but ere we enter upon the account of this distinguished Parisian sale, do you wish us to understand that France, for the last twenty years, has witnessed no similar vendition of rare and sumptuous books?

LISARDO. By no means; and I thank you for the hint—which is also a salutary correction. Let me see: we have first to notice one of the strangest of all possible strange sales of books by public auction—I mean the disposal of the library of citizen ANISSON DU PERON,* about twenty years ago—which

* *library of the citizen ANISSON DU PERON.*] Mr. Payne possesses a very singular curiosity relating to the dispersion of this library. It is nothing more or less than a copy of the catalogue of the books, with the *assignat-prices* marked against each article at the sum for which it was disposed of. The sale occurred in the very busiest and bloodiest period of the revolution; and perhaps such another will never make its appearance. In that case, says the politico-bibliomaniacal reader, ‘tell us all about’ the sale of the library of the citizen Anisson du Péron? Here then followeth no very compendious account of the same sale. First for the title:

Catalogue des livres Rares et Précieux de feu le Citoyen Anisson Dupéron, dont la Vente se fera en sa maison, rue des Orties, vis-à-vis les Galeries du Louvre. A Paris, 1795, 8vo.

AVERTISSEMENT.

Peu d'Amateurs ont mis autant de recherches dans le choix des éditions, des exemplaires, et des conditions, que le Citoyen Anisson Dupéron: on doit regretter qu'il n'ait pas pu compléter une Bibliothèque, pour la formation de laquelle il ne ménageoit ni les peines, ni les dépenses, comme on pourra s'en convaincre par la magnificence des relieures des nos. 406, Galerie de Versailles, et no. 1387. The Heads, &c. La plus grande partie des ouvrages imprimés à l'Imprimerie Royale, lorsqu'il en étoit le Directeur, et qu'il n'a pas eu le tems de faire relire, sont tirés sur *papier fort*, sur *papier fin*, sur *papier de soie*, et toutes les feuilles ont été choisies et satinées; il en usoit de même pour avoir les plus beaux exemplaires des meilleurs ouvrages qui paroissent, ainsi que pour ceux qui sont ornés d'Estampes, qu'il se procuroit des premières épreuves, ou des épreuves avant la lettre, &c. &c..

Assignats.

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 7 | Novum Testamentum, Græcè, cum præfatione quæ incipit: O mirificam, Lut. Paris. Rob. Stephanus, 1549, 2 vol. in 18, m, r, l, r, | 2500 |
| 10 | Biblia Sacra, vulgo dicta des Evêques. Coloniae, Bern. Gualterus, 1630, in 8vo. m, r, dent, avec des fleurs peintes sur la tranche, superbe exemplaire, | 8900 |

sale was singularly remarkable in as much as the books were knocked down according to their supposed worth in *assignats*: and it really has a most ludicrous effect when we hear of giving

SALE OF DU PERON'S LIBRARY.

Assignats.

- | | | |
|----|--|--------|
| 26 | Guillelmi Durandi Rationale Divinorum Officiorum. Moguntiae, per Jo. fust et Petrum Schoyffer de Gernszheym, anno 1459, in fol. m, r, Editio Princeps Libri Rarissimi, et exemplar elegans impressum in membranis, | 110200 |
| 44 | S. Hieronymi Epistolae, Moguntiae, per Petrum Schoyffer de Gernzheym, anno 1470, 2 vol. in fol. m. n. | 19000 |
| 62 | Les Sermons du Pere L. Bourdaloue. Paris, Rigaud, 1707, 16 vol. in 8vo. en. f. l. r. | 24280 |

Exemplaire dont toutes les feuilles ont été choisies.

- | | | |
|-----|--|--------|
| 183 | Histoire naturelle générale et particulière, avec la description du cabinet du Roi, par MM. de Buffon et d'Aubenton. Paris, imp. roy. 1749, 38 vol. in 4to. en f.—PREMIERE EDITION, et exemplaire unique. Particularités qui distinguent cet exemplaire. Le dessin original du portrait de M. de Buffon, d'autres avant et avec la lettre, &c. Toutes les figures avant la lettre, et celles des quadrupèdes sont tirées de l'édition d'Hollande et coloriées : celles des Oiseaux ne sont pas coloriées ; mais il y a des doubles tirées au bistre pour être coloriées. On a fait une table manuscrite des planches qui composent les 38 vol. | 300000 |
| 184 | Histoire naturelle avec la description du cabinet du Roi par MM. Buffon et d'Aubenton, Paris, Imp. Roy. 1752, 70 vol. in 12, en f. Avec figures avant la lettre, et des doubles tirées au bistre pour être coloriées, | 80000 |
| 534 | Jo. Scapulæ Lexicon græco-latinum. Lugd. Bat. Typ. Bon. et Abr. Elzeviriorum, 1652, in fol. v. br. Superbe exemplaire pour la beauté de sa marge, tous les feuillets n'ayant été qu'ébarbés, | 10800 |
| 537 | Joannis de Janua (Balbi) Summa quæ vocatur Catholicon. Moguntiae, 1460, in fol. m. r. Editio Princeps et exemplar elegans libri rarissimi, | 35500 |
| 538 | Papiæ Vocabularium latinum. Impressum Mediolani, anno 1476, per Domin. de Vespolate, in fol. vel. Editio Princeps et exemplar elegans libri rarissimi, | 2000 |
| 825 | Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé, trad. du grec de Longus, par Jacques Amyot, publiés par M. Lancelot, (imprimés par Quillau) 1718, in 8vo. fig. m. r. | 32500 |

Edition originale, et dont l'exemplaire est très précieux ; il vient du cabinet de J. P. G. Chastre de Cangé, premier Valet de chambre de M. le Régent. Toutes les notes et les corrections qui sont sur cet

ninety one thousand one hundred pieces of paper money for the 'Collection des Arts et Métiers;' and not fewer than *three hundred and fifteen thousand* similar pieces of paper money for a large paper copy of the Encyclopédie, in folio !

SALE OF DU PERRON'S LIBRARY.

exemplaire, sont de M. Lancelot, l'Editeur ; de plus, on trouve sur un feuillet séparé un projet écrit de la main de M. le Regent, en l'année, 1712, pour toutes les figures qui devoient orner cette édition, et dont plusieurs n'ont pas été exécutées. Ce volume a été acheté 301 liv. à la vente de M. de Billy, fils de Mons. de Cangé en 1784.

- 940 Méthode pour étudier l'Histoire, avec un Catalogue des principaux *Assignats*. Historiens, et des remarques sur la bonté de leurs ouvrages, et sur le choix des meilleurs éditions, par l'abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy. Paris. P. Gandouin, 1729, 6 vol. in 4to. TRES GRAND PAPIER, m. cit. 55000

Cet exemplaire unique a été acheté, à la première vente de M. de Camus de Limare, en 1786, la somme de 1500 liv. 1. s. On trouve à la fin du quatrième vol. la note suivante, faite par M. de Boze, Garde de Medailles du cabinet du Roi, de l'Académie des Inscriptions, &c. qui avoit été chargé d'examiner cet ouvrage, et à qui cet exemplaire a appartenu. " M. le Garde-des-Sceaux ayant souhaité qu'on examinât de près cet ouvrage, dont l'auteur est homme suspect en tout genre, on a trouvé dans la partie où il a traité de l'histoire de la Religion, sous l'ancienne et la nouvelle loi, beaucoup de choses contraires à la pureté des mœurs, aux principes de la foi, et aux traditions orthodoxes ; dans la partie qui traite de l'état présent de l'Europe, plusieurs réflexions capables de choquer les puissances ; et dans celle où l'auteur porte son jugement sur divers ouvrages particuliers, nul égard aux bienséances de la société civile."

" Ces observations ont donné lieu à une infinité de cartons ; et, comme c'est ici un exemplaire unique pour l'extrême grandeur du papier, et qu'il est peut-être aussi le seul qui ait été conservé dans sa première forme, tel qu'il est sorti de la plume de l'auteur, sans qu'il y ait eu aucun carton, on a jugé à propos de la décorer par des enluminures ; et pour le rendre encore plus précieux, d'y joindre une note de tous les changements qui ont été faits dans les autres exemplaires.' Nous avons donné dans le tome 3. de la première Partie du catalogue des livres rares de M. le Duc de la Vallière, no. 4467, la note de tous les cartons que l'on a faits pour cet ouvrage.

- 1249 Marmora Oxoniensia, ex recensione Ricardi Chandler, Oxonii, è Typ. Clarend, 1763, in fol. fig. v. f. 18950

and what think you of *three hundred and twenty one thousand assignats* for a set of Buffon—even though it were the ‘finest which existed’!?

PHILEMON. I own there is something vastly singular and droll in this recital; but have the principal book-sales at

SALE OF DU PERRON'S LIBRARY.

Assignats.

- | | | |
|------|---|-------|
| 1289 | Recueil de Pièces manuscrites et imprimées sur l'imprimerie et la librairie de France, et sur les différens arts et metiers qui y ont rapport, 78 portefeuilles in fol. et in 4to. | 30500 |
| | Recueil unique, &c. On ne peut pas plus curieux; et a été formé par M. d'Hemery, inspecteur de la librairie. | |
| 1303 | Amœnitates litterariæ, Francofurti, 1730, 12 vol. in 8vo. v. | 1500 |
| 1304 | J. G. Schelhornii Amœnitates historiciæ et litterariæ, Lipsiæ, 1737, 2 vol. in 8vo. v. | 200 |
| 1305 | Dell' origine progressi e stato attuale d'ogni letteratura, di D. G. Andres, Parma, dalla stamperia reale, 1782, 3 vol. in 4to br. | 4500 |
| 1306 | Dictionnaire de Livres, dans lequel la plupart des auteurs ou espèces de livres se trouvent, par Theoph. Georgi. Leipsick, 1742, 6 tom. rel. en 3 vol. in fol. parch. | 510 |
| 1307 | Bibliotheca Librorum novorum, collecta à Lud. Neocar. Traj. ad Rhen. 1697, 5 vol. in 12, fig. v. | 140 |
| 1308 | M. Aug. Beyer Memoriæ historico-criticæ Librorum rariorum Dresdæ, 1734, in 12, v. | 175 |
| 1309 | Bibliotheca curieuse, &c. ou Catalogue raisonné des Livres difficiles à trouver, par David Clement, Gottingue, 1750, 9 vol. in 4to. br. | 10000 |
| 1310 | Fr. Gott. Freytag Apparatus litterarius, ubi libri partim antiqui partim rari recensentur, Lipsiæ, 1752, 3 vol. in 8vo. vel. en cart. | 500 |
| 1311 | Catalogus historico-criticus librorum rariorum, auct. Jo. Vogt. Hamburgi, 1753, in 8vo. vel. | 800 |
| 1312 | Bibliographie instructive, ou Traité de la connoissance des livres rares et singuliers, par G. Fr. Debure le jeune. Paris, G. Fr. Debure le jeune, 1767, 7 vol. in 8vo. v. m. | 4210 |
| 1313 | Bibliographie instructive, ou Traité de la connoissance des Livres rares, par G. Fr. Debure le jeune. Paris, 1767, 7 vol. in 8vo. tirés sur pap. d'Holl. in 4to. rel. en peau de truie, avec du pap. bl. entre chaque feuille. Catalogue des Livres de M. L. J. Gaignat, par le même, Paris, 2 vol. in 4to. peau de truie, avec les prix. Bibliographie instructive, tom. 10, Paris. 1782, in 4to. rel. en peau de truie, | 38000 |
| 1314 | Concordance (manuscrit) des numéros de la Bibliographie de M. Debure le jeune, in 4to. peau de truie. Exemplaire unique. | |

Paris, for the last twenty years, been of a like or superior character?

LISARDO. We must not forget the later, and very respect-

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Assignats.

- 1315 Bibliographie instructive, par le même, tom. 7, contenant la table générale. Paris, 1768, in 8vo. tiré sur pap. d'Hollande, in 4to. m. r. 1090
 Le C. Cressonier, ancien libraire, a reporté sur les marges de ce volume tous les titres des livres annoncés dans la Bibliographie Instructive.
- 1316 Dictionnaire typographique par Osmond, Paris, Lacombe, 1768, 2 vol. in 8vo. v. m. 2700
 Cet exemplaire est chargé de notes MSS. de M. de Romé de Lisle.
- 1317 Bibliographie instructive ou Notice de quelques Livres rares, par Los Rios, Lyon, 1777, in 8vo. v. 130
- 1318 Dictionnaire bibliographique, historique, et critique des Livres rares, Paris, 1790, 3 vol. in 8vo. br. gr. pap. 3160
- 1319 Manuel Bibliographique ou Catalogue raisonné des livres rares et singuliers, et d'un choix des meilleurs livres en tout genre, disposé suivant l'ordre alphabétique des noms d'auteur, par feu le C. Magné de Marolles, 2 vol. in 4to. manuscrit, 11500
 Le tome 2 de cet ouvrage est le tome 7 de la Bibliographie en grand papier, sur les marges duquel le C. Marolles a rapporté les titres des livres annoncés dans la Bibliographie, avec des augmentations.
- 1320 Manuel pour les Amateurs de Livres et les Bibliothécaires, par H. G. Lavaetz, en Allemand, Halle, 1788, 3 vol. in 8vo. br. . . . 520
- 1324 Bibliotheca Norica Williana, ou examen critique de tous les ouvrages qui ont paru dans la ville de Nuremberg, par G. And. Will, en Allemand, Altdorf, 1772, 7 vol. in 8vo. br. . . . 1050
- 1366 Recueil de différens Catalogues de livres en nombre de plus de 5000. In fol. in 4to. in 8vo. et in 12mo. rel. et broc. la plus grande partie avec les prix, 60100
 On trouve dans cette collection, qui est peut-être la plus complète qui existe, des Catalogues manuscrits très rares, tels que celui de la bibliothèque du Roi, à Versailles in fol. m. r. de la Bibliothèque Mazarine, 4 vol. in fol. m. r. &c. &c. les Catalogues des livres manuscrits et imprimés des plus belles bibliothèques de la France et étrangers, dont plusieurs sont très rares et très chers.

Beyond all doubt the last article is of a very curious and interesting character: and probably one half of these catalogues have, by this time, made their appearance within our own metropolis.

able, sales of the libraries of D'OURCHES and LARCHER.* They might be called rival collections; being pretty much upon a par as to quality and quantity—although, if we

* *sales of the libraries of D'OURCHES and LARCHER.*] These sales merit at any rate a transient notice—although, be it known, between ourselves, good-natured reader, that the introduction of FOREIGN SALES is a little 'out of the record' in the present place. However, the books of M. LEON D'OURCHES were good books, and the catalogue of them was 'dressed' by that knowing and obliging bibliographical bibliopolist, J. CH. BRUNET-FILS. The sale took place in December, 1811; and there were only 20 copies of the catalogue printed upon large paper—of which one was sold in a recent sale (June 26) for 2*l.* 17*s.* The name of the proprietor of the books was not inserted in the title-page of the catalogue—for all we there read is, 'du Cabinet de M * * *.' In the whole, there were 1571 articles. An index closed the volume. Among the *more sparkling points* of this collection, were the following:

	<i>Francs.</i>
3 Biblia Sacra Latina (1455) 2 vol. rel. en bois, avec coins en cuivre,	1901
4 ————— 1462, 2 vol. première reliure en bois, 'sur papier—encore plus difficile à trouver que ceux qui sont imprimés sur vélin,'	2101
30 Hist. Sti. Joh. Evang. ejusd. Vis. Apocalypticæ—'un des premiers essais de la gravure en bois que l'on a attribués à Laurent Coster,' &c.	661
33 Durandi Rationale Div. Officiorum, 1459, folio, rel. en bois, sur vélin,	2101
37 Officium B. Virginis Mariæ, in 12, superbe manuscrit sur vélin, exécuté dans le xvie. siècle, en lettres rondes—125 feuillets—67 miniatures, &c.	1050
50 Chrysostomus super Ps. Quinquagesimo, per Ulric Zel de Hanau, 1466, 4to.	364
343 Plinii Hist. Naturalis per Jenson, 1472, folio, prem. rel. en bois (Dr. Mead's copy, described in glowing language by Maittaire, vol. i. p. 34, edit. 1719)	240
246 Buffon, Hist. Nat. 1749-89, 4to. 38 vol. demi rel. non rognés. This was the copy of citizen Anisson Du Péron, who was also the last Director of the Royal Press. Brunet properly calls it EXEMPLAIRE UNIQUE (see p. 155, ante)	2420
513 Gnomæ Monostichæ, &c. LITT. CAP. 4to (this copy was both stained and crompt)	420
517 Anthologia, LITT. CAP. 1494,	300
548 Orphæi Argonautica, 1500, 4to. very fine copy, almost uncut (cheaply sold)	212
572 Callimachus, LITT. CAP. 4to. fine copy and almost uncut,	670

estimate the degree of interest excited in the possession of a volume, from a consideration of its former owner, it must be admitted that a *Larcher copy* outweighs a little the worth

SALE OF D'OURCHES'S LIBRARY.

	Francs.
609 Virgillii Opera—Typis Mentelin, folio, very fine copy,	1200
610 ————— In Ædib. Aldi, 1514, 8vo.	266
647 Ovidius. De Arte Amandi Typis Ulrici Zel: sine anno.	
This rare and previously unknown edition appears to be different from the one of which a description occurs in the <i>Bibl. Spencer.</i> vol. ii. p. 202,	
	201
664 Silius Italicus: with Calphurnius, 1471, edit. prin. fine copy,	901
814 Euripides, LITT. CAP. 4to.	250
815 ————— Apud Aldum, 1503, 2 vol.	144
834 Terentius. Typis Schoyffer. See a very particular description of this unique copy (now in Lord Spencer's collection) in the <i>Bibl. Spencer.</i> vol. iv. p. 557. It was bought in at	1300
1106 Luciani Opera, 1496, folio, edit. prin. with the added title of the Philostratus, 1517,	315
1252 Livius, per Conrad, Sweynh. et Arnold, Pannartz (1469) edit. prin. A few preliminary leaves inlaid,	400
1274 Cæsaris Opera, Romæ, 1469, folio, edit. prin.	851
1345 Raccolta delle principali vedute degli Appennini del Mugello, Casentino, e Romagna, &c. (Firenze, 1788-90, très grand, en fol. ——— delle piante e vedute di tutti i Porti dello stato della chiesa sul mare Adriatico (Firenze, 1788-90) Gr. in folio, Extraordinary copy,	2600

With this last 'extraordinary' article let us conclude our specimens of a few of the rarer book-gems in the 'Cabinet of M. LEON D'OURCHES—and let us readily add that it is not often, either at Paris or at London, that a Collection of a like quality presents itself to the eager Bibliomaniac. We now proceed, in a breath, to the notice of the sale of the 'Livres Rares et Précieux de la Bibliothèque de feu M. PIERRE-HENRI LARCHER' which took place in the beginning of November 1814. The name and character of Larcher, as the learned translator of Herodotus, can here receive nothing in addition to the well-earned and widely-extended reputation attached to them. In history, as might have been expected, his collection was prodigiously strong: but Larcher was fond of beautiful and rare, as well as of good, books—for why should not taste and learning be united in the accomplished scholar!? And why might not a VELLUM SPIRA VIRGIL and a VELLUM ALDINE HOMER be found in the cabinet of the most profound and unostentatious commentator? Let those laugh who win these treasures: the inexpressive smile of the contemner of them should be treated only with the pity which it must necessarily provoke. But

of a volume from the collection of D'Ourches—for who, among lovers and collectors of classical lore, hath not heard of the name of LARCHER?

ALMANSA. All this is vastly appropriate, I make no doubt; but you must forgive my impatience if—

LISARDO. Gently, my Almansa. I anticipate what you are about to mention.

SALE OF THE LARCHER LIBRARY.

‘to our task.’ A brief biographical memoir of Larcher precedes the catalogue of the books. And what should be the *first* book—and who the buyer thereof—but ‘voyons’

- | | | |
|-----|--|---------|
| 1 | Biblia Græca. In Ædib. Aldi, 1518, fine copy: in superb binding. | Francs. |
| | <i>Purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss,</i> | 261 |
| 12 | Bibl. Latina. Gutenberg and Fust. (Mazarine Bible.) <i>Purchased by</i> | |
| | <i>the same; and now in the possession of Mr. Lloyd,</i> | 2120 |
| 385 | Demetrius Chalcondylas. (Milan circ. 1493) Edit. Prin. <i>Pur-</i> | |
| | <i>chased by Messrs. Payne and Foss. Slightly wormed, but a fine copy.</i> | 357 |
| 388 | Urbani Gram. Fust. Venet. 1497. <i>Purchased by the same,</i> | 150 |

The same enterprising booksellers purchased the *Greek Lexicon of Hederic*, 1755, 4to. bound in 4 volumes, interleaved, and enriched with innumerable ms. notes by Larcher, for 1780 francs. This copy was the basis of the new edition of Hederic, under the superintendence of the learned Mr. Blomfield. The Aldine *Edition of the Greek Rhetoricians* came also into the hands of Messrs. Payne and Foss for 650 francs: and a prodigiously large and fine copy of the Milan Theocritus, (Edit. Prin.) procured by Mons. Larcher at the sale of D'Ourches for 1001 francs—fell also to the share of the same renowned biblioplists for precisely the same sum. This classical gem now enriches the library of the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville. What have we next? The Edit. Prin. of Homer, 1488, folio, 2 vols. in 1: see no. 677. Who purchases? Messrs. Payne and Foss. For what sum? 1122 francs. This copy now reposeth amidst the lovely bibliomaniacal furniture of Mr. George Hibbert. Good! What follows? The Aldine Homer of the supposed date of 1504, UPON VELLUM! see no. 678. Oh rare! Again, who purchases? Earl Spencer: but consult vol. ii. p. 348, respecting the ultimate destination of these covetable tomes. Turn we next our eyes upon no. 996:—where we discover the VELLUM SPIRA VIRGIL (before alluded to.) Here again the gallantry of our London biblioplists, Messrs. Payne and Foss, evinces itself—for they secure this membranaceous price for 2000 livres! Oh brave!—and this very copy (which *ought* to be of a much lovelier hue) now adorns the cabinet of Mr. Grenville. And here we MUST take leave of the ‘choice and precious’ cabinet of the learned LARCHER—who now ‘rests from his labours’—critical and bibliomaniacal. Peace to his urn!

BELINDA. She thinks you have entirely lost sight of the renowned MAC-CARTHY'S SALE.*

LISARDO. By no means. Listen:—and yet I am ne-

* *the renowned MAC-CARTHY SALE.*] What a theme to touch—what a chord to strike—what an 'air and chorus' to execute—at the close of this NINTH DAY, and at the end of as elaborate and pains-taking a set of notes as ever were strung together beneath an expanded and wire-drawn text! Setting aside all flourishes, gentle reader, I do assure thee that it is almost in a state of exhaustion that I commence the arduous task of 'making up' the MAC-CARTHY RECORD in the annals of bibliomaniacal literature. First, for our proheme: highly requisite in a performance of this kind. Look at vol. ii. p. 372, and you shall read therein after this fashion: 'It is known that the whole of the MACARTHY COLLECTION was offered for purchase to the Duke of Devonshire. His Grace, with a promptitude and spirit equally honourable, proposed giving 20,000*l.* sterling for the same. The offer was declined. Rarely perhaps has a negative produced severer contrition on the part of the proposed vendors! Will the library be made to realise 15,000*l.* of lawful money of Great Britain? I hope it may; for the sake of the worthy representatives of the gallant Count Macarthy!' The preceding was written about six months before the commencement of the sale. What has been the result? The Library produced 404,000 francs—or not much more than 16,000*l.* 'of lawful money of Great Britain.' It was not therefore, upon so vast a mass of property, a very random guess. But mark and note well, curious reader:—from this 16,000*l.* you must deduct the expenses of the sale, including the government tax—which amount to 20*l.* per cent.—or 200*l.* upon every 1000*l.*: thus making a total deduction of 3200*l.* from the gross amount! Consequently 'the worthy representatives of the gallant Count Mac-Carthy' will not receive quite 12,800*l.* Nervous conclusion, this. Yet let it be further known—that his Grace the Duke of Devonshire offered the foregoing sum [20,000*l.*] *exclusively* of the expenses of freight and duty! All that he bargained for was, that the Books should be safely landed upon TERRA FIRMA BRITANNICA—in other words, that the owners should guarantee their safe arrival at the Custom House of London. The proposition, unfortunately for such owners, was not acceded to. A sale by auction was resolved upon—and to this sale the reader is here forthwith to be formally introduced.

Influenced, I presume, in some measure, by the time of year when the Merly Library, was disposed of (knotty point for London bibliomaniacs to solve!) it was determined upon vending the Macarthy Collection in mid-winter. Again therefore Mr. Foss (see page 76 ante) was compelled to endure the tempestuous terrors of 'Unà Eurusque Notusque,' and to leave the fire-side comforts, both up-stairs and down-stairs, of Pall-Mall and Essex Street: and braving the inclemency of the season, he may be fairly said to have stood, upon the packet-deck, as the REPRESENTATIVE OF ALL ENGLAND—thus repeating aloud to the whistling blast:

cessarily compelled to be brief. I will however do my utmost.

' Once more upon the waters, yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider !'

Resuming the poetical strain, which seems just now very strangely to have possessed us,

' - - - - - the vessel owns the breeze,
Snaps her light cords, and shoots athwart the seas !'

and Mr. Foss is landed safely at Calais-pier. He hies to the metropolis, and Paris receives him somewhere about the hour of midnight. Of course he arrives *incog*. But the next day discovers him among the book-bretheren : and from the first day of the sale, on the 27th of January, to the conclusion of the same, on the 6th of May, did this same enterprising, zealous, and faithful ' Representative of all England ' continue at his post, every evening, in one of the rooms of the ' Hôtel de Bullion,' from the hour of six to nine—saving and excepting *one* evening only, when he went to regale himself with the *Tartuffe of Moliere* ; played in such a style of exquisite truth and feeling as discomposed him for the gravity of a book-auction for several subsequent evenings : for when those solemn grammarians and lexicographers, the Priscians, Tortelliuses, Nonius Marcelluses, and Laurentius Vallas were ' put up,' he was at times seen to smile, abstractedly, as it were—bethinking him of the ' *Tartuffe of Moliere* !' Nothing, I learn, can be duller than a Parisian book-sale. The auction commences at 6 and usually lasts three hours : during which three hours scarcely more than from 50 to 75 articles are knocked down ; and then, the presiding ' Jupiter Tonans ' sometimes disporteth himself in language not the most courteous or refined—for should a bidder become diffident, or backward, or loth to make advances, or disposed to affix but a small price to a piquant article, the said book-vendor will exclaim, even vehemently, ' Oh que D . . . !' But let us not offend the pure taste, or corrupt the well-organised feelings, of a British audience or auctioneer. It is now time to attend Mr. Foss to the MAC-CARTHY SALE.

The reader is not to suppose that the books were sold in the order in which they appear in the well-digested catalogue which preceded the sale, and which was compiled and published by the De Bures in 1815-16, in 2 volumes, 8vo : the first volume being divided into 2 parts. On the contrary, at the very outset it must be noticed that ' the first ' was the *last* article sold. An ' *Ordre des Vacations* ' preceded the sale : from which it was made known that the auction was to commence with no. 1133 to 1138 in *Jurisprudence*, followed by no. 76 to 90 in *Theology* ; 1391 to 1401 in *Arts and Sciences*, 3959 to 3978 in *History* ; and 2235 to 2258 in *Belles Lettres*. Thus to us, perdie, short-sighted Englishmen, thus queer and capricious seemed to be the order of selection in the sale. It is not necessary to give any further specimen : only be it known that, from each of the preceding departments, certain numbers or articles were selected for

Since the days of the Duke de la Valliere there has been no book-sale, at Paris, of equal extent and equal notoriety

SALE OF THE MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY.

vention. We shall now throw aside this 'Ordre des Vacations,' and go at once to the catalogue, with such digressions as may seem most likely to render our account the more interesting; adding only that a Mons. P. L. Vincent, commissaire-priseur, stood at the elbow of Mons. De Bure the auctioneer, 'pour faire les adjudications:' in other words, to see that government was not defrauded of the duties due upon the sale. Meanwhile the illustrious Bibliomaniacs of Great Britain, or rather of the metropolis—who had 'closed their dispatches' to Mr. Foss—awaited the issue of the contest with mingled anxiety and fortitude.

It is due to LOUIS XVIII., the present reigning KING OF FRANCE, to make HIM the most distinguished of the book-purchasers, or of the bibliomaniacal champions, (if the reader so choose the designation) at the far-famed Mac-Carthy fight; and I shall therefore not hesitate a moment in presenting the same reader with a list of a few of the more important

Books from the Mac-Carthy Collection purchased by the King of France.

111	Biblia in ling. vulg. 1471, in kalend. di octobrio, 2 vol. fol. Fr. Cent.	
	UPON VELLUM,	1199 95
114	Salmi di David, trad. dell. ling. heb. (Parig.) 1583, 8vo. UPON	
	VELLUM,	39 50
143	Hist. Beat. Mariæ Virg. [block book] superbe exemplaire,	1560 0
161	Psalterium ex hæbr. chald. et gr. per Pagninum, &c. Sæc. xvi.	
	impress. fol. UPON VELLUM,	306 0
254	Psalmorum Codex, 1457, folio, per Fust et Schoiffer, UPON	
	VELLUM,	12000 0

To descant upon the extreme rarity of this precious book would be perfectly useless to those who are in the least conversant with bibliography. There were not wanting English competitors for this truly desirable tome: for Mr. Grenville and Mr. G. Hibbert had each fortified Mr. Foss with a pretty stiff commission for the acquisition of it. Unfeignedly speaking, one must rejoice at its present destination; for the empire of France had, at that time, *no* copy of it—whereas *two* were in England: add to which, this very copy had formerly graced the French metropolis while in the cabinets of De Boze and Gaignat successively. His present Majesty of France shewed himself therefore to be a 'vrai et preux chevalier' on the present occasion—and loud and warm were the plaudits, in the 'Hotel de Bullion,' when the hammer of Mons. De Bure fell upon this precious volume—as destined for Louis XVIII. It should however be made known that, some few days previously to the 'coming on' of the FIRST PSALTER, a young Parisian book-knight, of whose name I am ignorant, called upon the De Bures, and drawing his keen-edged sabre, which glistened in the morning sun, swore by the same that the said 'first Psalter' should never quit the country in

with that of the Mac-Carthy Library; and if, as before intimated, we confine our attention to copies of books

SALE OF THE MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY.

Books Purchased by the King of France.

which it was about to be sold! The result proved most consoling to the feelings of the chivalrous 'unknown.'

1408 Plotini Opera Omnia, 1492, folio, UPON VELLUM. Supposed to be the only known vellum copy. Cheaply sold,	Fr. Cent.	1020	0
2170 Priscianus De Art. Gram. (V. de Spira) 1470, folio, UPON VELLUM,		2200	0

A tale of joyaunce belongs hereto: beginning, however, with a notice of some sorrowful emotions. Earl Spencer and Mr. Payne had each sent a commission for this desiderated volume—to the extent, I believe, of nearly 2000 francs: but the result proved unpropitious to them. Thus much for sorrow. The 'joyaunce' is as follows. Mons. Van-Praet, whose enthusiasm and good nature are as well known and acknowledged as his bibliographical erudition, had 'set his heart' upon this volume coming into the ROYAL COLLECTION: and however nervous he might have been during the course of the biddings for it, his joy and triumph, in the end, were overwhelmingly great: for he needs must invite Mr. Foss ('nothing loth') to go home and sup with him: and he himself, 'propriis manibus,' dressed and prepared a *sallad*, in the first instance, and a *bowl of punch*, in the second instance—so exquisite and perfect in all its 'component parts,' that Mr. Foss hath often since declared it to be extremely doubtful whether the said enthusiastic, good-natured, and erudite bibliographer excel more as a bibliognost, or a *sallad* and punch maker! Rare union of enviable accomplishments. Note, however: this delectable vellum tome was wormed a little at the beginning, and a good deal at the end: the vellum was, in parts, also of too saffron a hue.

2306 M. Tull. Ciceronis Orationes. P. Giunta, 1515. One vol. in 4, 8vo. UPON VELLUM, with 8 leaves in signature C upon paper,	200	0
2349 F. Robortelli Explic. in libr. Aristot. de art. poet. Florent. 1548, folio, fine copy, UPON VELLUM,	401	0
2544 Virgilii Opera: cum Priapeiis, Venet. per Barthol. Cremonensem, 1472, folio, UPON VELLUM: from the Harleian collection, and supposed to be the only known copy in this condition. It wanted 2 leaves at the beginning of the xith book of the Æneid, which were well supplied by the pen. The copy was a very fine one—and Mr. G. Hibbert fired a pretty heavy shot at it, which fell, however, greatly short of the mark,	2440	0
2826 Roman De La Rose, Verard, folio, UPON VELLUM. Formerly in the collections of Claude and Honorio d'Urfé and Tillot,	781	0
3312 Boccace, cent nouvelles, Paris, Verard, folio, UPON VELLUM. From the d'Urfé, La Valliere, and Lomenie Collections,	1020	0

PRINTED UPON VELLUM, we must make no exception whatever, in the plenitude of our praise, in favour of any other

SALE OF THE MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY.

Books Purchased by the King of France.

3439	Romant de Milles & Amys, Verard, folio, only known VELLUM copy, superb. From the d'Urfé, Gaignat, and La Valliere Collections,	Fr. Cent.	2300	0
4004	Genealogies Faits & Gestes des Saints Pères, &c. Paris, Pierre Vidove pour Galliot du Pré, 1519, folio, fine VELLUM copy,		701	0
4154	Vie des Pères en François, Verard, 1495, 3 vol. in 2, folio, UPON VELLUM,		725	0
4481	I. Simoneta: Res Gestæ F. Sphortiae, Mediol. Zarotus, folio. Only known VELLUM copy: magnificent: from the Soubise Collection,		1401	0
4506	Grands Chroniques de France, &c. avec la cronique de Robert Gaguin, Eustace, 1514, 3 vol. folio, UPON VELLUM, fine copy,		1810	0
4519	Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, &c. par Froissart. Verard, 4 vol. folio, UPON VELLUM. Magnificent copy,		4250	0
4522	Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, &c. par Monstrelet: Verard, 1498, 3 vol. folio, UPON VELLUM. Fine copy, but the first volume shorter than the others,		1800	0
4777	Noms, Surnoms, &c. de tous les Cardinaux, Prélats, &c. de l'Ordre du St. Esprit, MS. SUR VELIN: achevé sur la fin de l'année 1621,		599	95
5396	Boccace des Nobles Malheureux, &c. Verard, 1494, folio, UPON VELLUM,		1550	0
5397	Iehan Boccace, de la ruine d'anciens nobles malheureux, par G. Castellain, Galliot du Pré, 1517, folio, UPON VELLUM, fine copy.		1100	0

If to the foregoing we add those articles, not here noticed, which were also purchased by his Majesty, we may say in round numbers, or almost with strict truth, that the sum of 40,000 francs appears to have been given by Louis XVIII. for rare and precious articles—not for his own private collection—but for that of the ROYAL LIBRARY of France: his Majesty having intended the foregoing purchases for that object exclusively. Let us allow that there is very much of real magnanimity in this conduct. Indeed I learn that the several articles, just briefly described, were inspected by the King, shortly after their purchase, with an earnestness and satisfaction which gave indication of a *true* bibliomaniacal spirit possessing his heart. It may be noticed that some of the articles selected were indifferent or imperfect; but the object of his Majesty was, to place such books in the Royal Collection as were not previously to be found there. Now when, to these exertions, from royal head-quarters, we add the purchases which were made by the *De Bures* themselves—principally with a view to enrich the same regal collection—as soon as the revenues of that establishment shall be in

library—for such and so many *membranaceous exemplars* had never been before, and probably never will again be,

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a state to secure them—it may be fairly allowed that the capital of France, as much as respects her ROYAL LIBRARY, has not been unmindful of the important interests of LITERATURE and the BIBLIOMANIA.

We shall now touch a chord, more harmonious in its sound, and more exhilarating in its effects, to British ears and British hearts: for the proud and triumphant fact is to be made known, that full ONE HALF of the produce of the Mac-Carthy sale was made good by BRITISH PAYMENTS. I have called Mr. Foss ‘the representative of all England’ upon this occasion; but it had escaped me that Mr. Griffiths appeared in the Mac-Carthy contest as the champion of Pater-Noster-Row. Let every man have his full share of notice and commendation. Now then for this ‘harmonious’ and ‘exhilarating’ chord. Yet first let us say a word or two respecting the anxiety and earnestness which prevailed within the neighbourhood of St. James’s Palace, concerning ‘news from the Rialto.’ The capacious book-saloon of Mr. Payne was the scene of constant and earnest enquiries. ‘Any letter from Mr. Foss?’ ‘Yes, Sir,’ or ‘my Lord,’ and a cargo is expected shortly.’ The cargo comes anon. The books are opened and—approved. Thrice and four times happy! For upwards of 13 weeks were these earnest inquiries made. ‘By whom?’ rejoins the reader. I will not be more explicit, in reply: but shall quietly lay before the same reader the following triumphant display of Mac-Carthy tomes which repose in BRITISH CABINETS:—premissing that I am ignorant of those articles which Mr. Griffiths procured for Mr. Beckford and Messrs. Longman and Co. What an article to begin with!

1 Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, &c. Cardinalis Ximenes de Cisneros, 6 vol. *Fr. Cent.* folio, UPON VELLUM, bound in red morocco by De Rome.

Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert. (The last article sold,) 16,100 0

On consulting the *Bibliomania*, p. 542, it will be seen how much the indifferent state of health of the late Dr. Gosset was improved by a sight of only *one* of these magnificent tomes. What then must be the degree of comfort and of convalescence imparted, not only by the sight—but the possession—of the ENTIRE COPY!? This is no idle rhetorical flourish or fanciful declaration; for the present gallant Owner of this membranaceous treasure hath, wonderful to say, not known a minute’s ill health or dejection of spirits ever since the possession of it!—preserving, in consequence, the ‘*mens sana in corpore sano*,’ in a manner the most enviable and surprising. I consider the arrival of the Complutensian Polyglot upon vellum, a *second* time in this country, as an occurrence of infinitely higher interest and greater national importance than the arrival of all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses of the continent, united! Some may think the foregoing declaration to contain a species of heresy requiring prompt and severe castigation; but such judges are little aware of the thorough-bred bibliomaniacal

concentrated within a private collection. It must be allowed, I think, that the most fastidious of our London-connoisseurs

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principles, and sound philological tenets, upon which that judgment is delivered. Let us now visit this unrivalled treasure.

It was beneath the sky-light of Mr. Payne's book-saloon, or repository, (call it how you will) that mine eyes were first 'blest'—shall I say?—delighted with the sight of these extraordinary volumes: which, for amplitude and condition, agreeably disappointed all those who had remembered the first disposal of it, at the Pinelli sale, for 483*l*. Count Mac-Carthy had taken off the old coating, as it appeared at the last mentioned sale, and had clothed it in a red-morocco suit, manufactured by De Rome:—but 'red-morocco' for a *Bible*—'thinks I to myself'—that will never do! However, to the credit of De Rome, (who has been pretty roughly handled in our second volume) the ancient *fore-edges* had been spared: but several of the volumes had been *choked* in the backs, thereby producing a crumpled effect upon the leaves. Well—let us not be captious: for there were present those, good judges to boot, who would not have disturbed this red-morocco suit. But (and in my humble opinion correctly) the owner thought otherwise. To Charles Lewis they must go: and to Charles Lewis accordingly they went: and when there safely lodged, 'let us (said I, to our Charles Lewis) have purple morocco, joints, and vellum insides! How thinks Mr. Hibbert?' On calling a second time, it was reported to me—'le Roi s'y avisera:': on calling the third time, the book-binding oracle pronounced 'le Roi le veut'—and at this present moment the Complutensian Polyglot upon vellum is being clothed in a purple morocco suit, of the very best manufacture and fashion, by Mr. C. Lewis; concerning whose bibliopegistic skill the reader may disport himself in the second volume of this work. But 'paullò majora canamus.' The magnificent production under discussion is a monument to the memory of its patron, the illustrious XIMENES, (of whose life it were much to be wished that Lord Holland would favour us with a substantial octavo tome, reserving 50 copies upon large paper) which may bid defiance to decay. When one thinks that it presents us with the first printed Greek text of the New Testament—and the fruits of the collations of various Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Greek MSS. of the Old as well as New Testament—that no pains were spared by the scholars who undertook the editorship, by the printer who undertook the typographical execution, and by the Cardinal who undertook the remuneration*—it does, altogether, present to

* Let me be forgiven for quoting a certain work, ycleped *Introduction to the Classics*, (vol. i. p. 7, note) for the following interesting anecdote. 'I have often heard John Brocarius, (says Gomecius) son of ARNOLDUS BROCARIUS, who printed the *Polyglot*, relate to his friends, that, when his father had put the finishing stroke to the *last volume*, he deputed him to carry it to the Cardinal. John Brocarius was then a lad; and having dressed himself in a very elegant suit of clothes, he approached XIMENES, and delivered the volume into his

were agreeably disappointed in the *condition* of these vellum bijoux: nor will it be a matter less clear and conclusive,

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the mental as well as bodily eye, such an intellectual and picturesque treat as cannot possibly be surpassed! And then—all this biblical apparatus and treasure UPON VELLUM!—upon fair, sound, unsophisticated vellum—enshrined also in the purple morocco vestments of Charles Lewis! ‘I can no more:’ save that, ‘ex imo pectore,’ I do heartily congratulate its present amiable and gallant possessor upon the acquisition (on reasonable terms, too; namely, 640*l.*) of a set of volumes, which, intrinsically and extrinsically considered, may vie with any book-treasures in the collected libraries of Europe. A second vellum copy is reported to be in the Vatican library; a third in that of the Escorial.

4 Pentateuchus Hebraicus Bonon. (1482) folio, UPON VELLUM: fair Fr.
sound copy. *Purchased for the Bodleian Library, 2 vols.* 420

61 Biblia Sacra Latina (1455) folio. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by*
the Right Hon. T. Grenville, (and well purchased) 6260

The exceptions to the present being a very fine copy are few and unimportant. It wants about three quarters of an inch of the altitude of Mr. Nicol’s copy, (so particularly noticed in vol. i. p. 339) but then it was fortunately obtained for a far less pecuniary compensation than Mr. Nicol demands. It is also perfect, and may indeed be pronounced a treasure of the first magnitude.

62 Biblia Sacra Latina, 1462, folio, 2 vols. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased*
by Messrs. Payne and Foss, 4750

This exquisite copy (which now adorns the library of Mr. Watson Taylor) had been successively in the collections of Gaignat and the Duke de la Valliere. It is not, I think, quite so large as Lord Spencer’s copy, but the illuminations are similar, and the colour of the vellum is more pure. Upon the whole, from beginning to end, it cannot be surpassed—and when this is said, the Cracherode copy, from the Lamoignon collection, is not forgotten. This latter is indeed, comparatively, ‘a poor affair.’

110 La Biblia, da Niccolo Malermi, in Kalend. de augusto, 1471, 2 vols.
Purchased by Earl Spencer, 430

Of excessive rarity; but unluckily the first volume is terribly injured. His Lordship, it will be seen, (*Bibl. Spencer*, vol. i. p. 63-7) was previously in possession of the Italian Bible, of the same dominical date, of the month of

hands . . . ‘I render thanks to thee, O God, (exclaimed the Cardinal) that thou hast protracted my life to the completion of these BIBLICAL LABOURS!’ And afterwards, when conversing with his friends, the Cardinal would often observe that the surmounting of the various difficulties of his political station, afforded him not half the solace which arose from the finishing of his POLYGLOT. Ximenes died the same year (1517) not many weeks afterwards.’ The work was not published till 1522.

that the purchasers of them are the very men whom we should just wish to have entertained propensities thereunto.

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October. The Royal Library was the competitor upon this occasion, and yielded with reluctance.

134 Hist. Vet. et Nov. Test. seu Biblia Pauperum. Purchased by Messrs. Fr.
Payne and Foss, 750

A very fine copy; formerly in the Gaignat collection—and now in that of the Right Hon. T. Grenville.

142 Speculum Humanæ Salvationis, folio. At first bought in, but afterwards
purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss, 1320

A fine and desirable copy: and lately consigned to the choice cabinet of Mr. G. Hibbert.

149 Hist. Scti. Joan. Ejusque Apocalypt. folio. Purchased by Messrs.
Payne and Foss, 725

Thus the chief BLOCK-BOOKS have taken up their residence in London. This was a vastly fine copy, uncoloured. My friend Mr. Lang looked on it for five minutes—took a turn in Mr. Payne's saloon—again raised his glass; and, on a minuter examination, exclaimed, 'it is mine!' It slept in Portland Place the same evening. With both hands did I applaud this measure; for, said my friend, 'it was in consequence of a certain description, and certain fac-similes, in a certain work, that I made this selection—against the BIBLIA PAUPERUM, which lay on Mr. Payne's counter at the same time. Did I do well?' 'Well, oh well!'

205 Durandi Rationale Div. Offic. 1459, folio, UPON VELLUM. Even-
tually bought by Messrs. Payne and Foss; but in the first instance,
and at the first bidding, by De Bure, 2000

A marvellously fine tome; and now rightly reposing in the 'marvellously fine' library of Mr. Grenville.

255 Psalmorum Codex, 1459, folio. Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert, . . . 3350

Of course UPON VELLUM. A grand book: larger than the copy of the first edition purchased by the King of France (see p. 164, ante) but not of ampler dimensions than the copy of the same edition in Lord Spencer's library. Mr. Hibbert will not be thoroughly at his 'heart's ease' till he obtain the first edition—yet from what quarter?

507 Lactantii Firmiani Opera, 1465, folio. Purchased by the Rt. Hon.
T. Grenville, 1900

And such a copy!—fair, large, and (mirabile dictu!) very little beaten by the merciless De Rome. Yet think (as Mr. Grenville oftentimes must necessarily think) what must have been the former charms of this copy—'dans sa première reliure en bois!'—for such was its condition when Count Mac-Carthy issued the luckless edict for its coverture in red-morocco. However, there can be no question about the transcendent qualities of this copy in the state in

The history of this immense and matchless collection is too well known in our own country to render it necessary for me

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which it has reached our own shores. It is by much the largest and the finest which I have ever seen, and is quite perfect. In general, this volume has suffered dreadfully. Lord Spencer's copy of it is indifferent, but that of his *Augustinus de Civit. Dei*, 1467, printed in the same monastery, is yet, if possible, a more desirable volume. At any rate they would both form a delicious couple—in the same coloured morocco harness.

1004 De Trinitatis Erroribus per M. Servetum, 1531. Dialog. de Fr.
Trinitate libr. II. 1532, 8vo. Purchased by the Revd. T. Williams 215

A fine copy of the original edition. Even the 'original edition' of this work will not shake the faith, or, what is better, mar the good works, of its purchaser. Mr. Williams is among our most conspicuous bibliomaniacal divines; and in this character, is, I think, vulnerable only in *one* point: he seems to prefer *hogskin* to *morocco*! This heresy requires extirpation: and the orthodox *principia* laid down towards the end of the EIGHTH DAY of this work may possibly contribute towards such a salutary result.

2183 Catholicon, 1460, 2 vols. folio. Bought in for 2620 francs; but
afterwards sold to Messrs. Payne and Foss for . . . 3100

UPON VELLUM. From the moment my eyes glanced over the Mac-Carthy catalogue, I selected the VELLUM CATHOLICON of 1460 as an object dear to all true lovers of typographical antiquities: dear to the worshippers of the memory of Gutenberg in particular, and to the coveters of exquisitely rare and precious books of every description in general:—but to *lexicographical* virtuosi—'Say not a word,' says a learned and reverend Doctor—'Where rests this precious copy? In Cleveland Square—and who but Mr. Grenville should be the possessor of it? Even so; and right hearty are the congratulations which I pour forth on such a felicitous bibliomaniacal acquisition. Didst see this copy, generous-hearted reader, as it spread open its ample membranaceous wings beneath the sky-light of Messrs. Payne and Foss? Oh, 'twas a soothing sight!—for there was about it such a genuine unsophisticated character—the margins were so large, the printing was so perfect, the colour of the vellum so mellow, the binding (in red-morocco, of the Harleian character) so appropriate, that, 'take it for all in all' . . . But hence, odious comparisons!

2263 Quintiliani Institut. Jenson. 1471, folio, UPON VELLUM. Pur-
chased by Mr. G. Hibbert, . . . 1515

Why is it, most exquisite NICOLAS JENSON, that I have never yet seen thy vellums PERFECT? Refer for one minute to vol. i. p. 400, and then proceed thus. No doubt this is a very fine volume; and almost the finest vellum classic, printed by Jenson, which it has been my lot to examine. Yet the saffron-hue contends too lustily with the lily. Nevertheless, this is a large and imperial-like

to dwell longer upon the subject of its dispersion. Indeed the champions are hardly yet 'cool from the fight;' they

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copy; and its present owner may have reason to repent of more unfortunate membranaceous purchases than that of the present volume.

2279 Cicero de Oratore. P. Giunta, 1514, 8vo. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss,* 455

Whoever has read the first sentence or two of the GIUNTA NOTE—rambling over the surface of some 32 pages of the second volume of this work—must naturally anticipate the delight which the author of such note would take in the sight of a Giunta VELLUM. The copy under consideration is clean, sound, and tolerably ample: but it is not à la Vitruvius de . . . It now enriches the exquisite vellum cabinet of Earl Spencer.

2296 Cicero. De Officiis, 1466, 4to. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss,* 1190

Large, lovely, and light of price. Now in the fine collection of Mr. G. Hibbert.

2315 Cicero. Epistolæ ad Familiares. I. de Spira, 1469, folio. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss,* 1320

This fine and desirable volume is now deposited with very many other 'fine and desirable' Editiones Principes, in the library of Earl Spencer. Rigidly speaking, the condition of the vellum is not quite comfortable throughout. Yet is it a finer book than most of the vellum Jensons: and very much finer than was the previous copy of it, upon paper, in his Lordship's collection.

2317 Cicero. Epist. ad Familiares. Aldus, 1502, 8vo. *Purchased by the Right Hon. T. Grenville,* 500

What a price for an Aldus, NOT upon VELLUM! But examine Monsieur Renouard's *L'Imp. des Alde*, vol. i. p. 54, and no longer talk about 'a price' for an unmembranaceous Aldus. Mr. Grenville may be congratulated upon the acquisition of it.

2325 Cicero. Epistolæ ad Atticum. Jenson, 1470, folio. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss,* 1350

Mr. Hibbert is the present possessor of this very beautiful and covetable volume: the choicest vellum Jenson which he possesses. It is seldom that we see such a copy even upon paper. Let its owner embrace it four times each year: for in December it will warm, in March it will be 'as the south wind blowing over a bed of violets,' in June it will gladden, and in September it will tranquillise, the heart. What a comforter art thou, Nicolas Jenson?!

2379 Quintus Calaber. Aldus. Sine Anno, 8vo. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Earl Spencer,* 500

have hardly taken off their 'gloves of steel,' and breast-plates of brass—nor wiped away, with the fragments of some

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A great acquisition, although an indifferent copy : for it exhibits a peculiarity unnoticed by the sagacious Renouard. On comparing it with his paper copy (a much finer one, in point of size and condition) Lord Spencer found that it was an entirely different printed text—in respect to typographical arrangement—although each page contained the same quantity of matter.

2397 Homeri Batrachomyomachia, 1486, 4to. *Purchased by the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville,* Fr. 600

Rightly designated 'a fine copy of a book of the greatest rarity.'

2452 Apollonius Rhodius, Litt. Cap. 1496, 4to. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Earl Spencer,* 1755

A very fine copy of the rarest of the capital letter books UPON VELLUM. It had been formerly Gerardot de Préfond's, and had suffered comparatively little in the binding, on the score of *cutting*—that rock, upon which most of the French bibliopegists so wilfully split! I am not sure that there are *three* other vellum copies of the Apollonius Rhodius in his Majesty's united realms. This is a meet companion for the vellum Anthologia, so largely descanted upon in the previous pages of this work. See vol. ii. p. 352.

2489 Euripides. LITT. CAP. 4to. *Purchased by Mr. Grenville,* 600

Again we may say 'a fine copy' of a book of prodigious rarity. This, and the preceding tome, in such condition, make glad the heart of the tasteful collector.

2652 Martialis. Apud Aldum, 1501, 8vo. UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert,* 810

A most desirable volume; judiciously bought—but will not these early Aldine membranaceous bijoux provoke a desire to extend the list of them? 'What if it do,' exclaims the owner. 'Nothing,' I reply: but read only a few pages (page 347, &c.) in the previous volume, and then . . . acknowledge the futility of rivalry! 'By no means'—rejoins the aforesaid owner, 'nil desperandum!' Excellent . . . 'excellent i' faith.' How I love thee for this, thou brave rejector of azalias and rhododendrons! Live for ever.

2661 Juvenalis: ex recensione Ald. Manutii, 8vo. no date, UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Earl Spencer,* 350

A counterfeit of the Aldine edition; and the handsomest counterfeit I have yet seen.

2774 La Nef des Folles. Paris: par Petit Laurens, pour G. de Marnef, 4to. no date, UPON VELLUM. *Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert,* 400

A vastly sound, beautiful, curious, and desirable little quarto tome, but cropt somewhat (as I suspect) in the binding. It is among the cheapest and most estimable volumes of which the Mac-Carthy library had to boast. The condition, perfect.

red-morocco coated volume (shattered in the contest), the 'gouts of blood' which yet linger upon the points of

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2786 P. Carmeliani Carmen. Printed by Pynson, without date, 4to. Fr.
UPON VELLUM. Purchased by the Right Hon. T. Grenville, 1000

Obtained at a swinging price—but we have here one of the most extraordinary volumes that are known. Its intrinsic worth and singularity are presumed to have been set forth in the *Typog. Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 548 : but to have lived (and scarcely turned of forty one) to have seen a copy of this exceedingly rare book UPON VELLUM! . . . The volume before us was formerly in the Harleian collection, and yet retains its mellow tinted red morocco binding, in a sound condition. In every respect it is a membranaceous bijou of the most enviable description.

2809 Recueil de Poesies des Troubadours, in fol. beau et très précieux
Manuscrit SUR VELIN. Purchased by Mr. Heber, 1004

For the first and last time, as connected with the sale of the Mac-Carthy library, we have to notice the well-known name of the purchaser of this truly precious volume. Mr. Lang, as might have been expected, had 'a brush' with our bibliomaniacal hero; but the MS. could not rest in better hands. It is now, I learn, lent to Mr. Raynouard, for the purpose of some forthcoming publication connected with TROUBADOUR LITERATURE—a subject, which we all yet love to handle or to hear of—and which I trust our Nennius will one day think it worth while to examine with critical eyes.

2853 La Chasse et Le Départ d'Amours, Verard, 1509, folio. Purchased
by Mr. Lang, 450

Mr. Lang is here victorious; but he had a resolute competitor in Mr. Hibbert, who flies at covies of membranaceous birds with the swiftness of a falcon, and the strength of an eagle. I congratulate Mr. Lang upon his victory, or love his competitor for his forbearance. 'Tis a gracious tome: metely garnished with graphic gems, and in a condition perfectly legitimate.

3038 Dante. Numeister, 1472, folio, Editio princeps. Purchased by
the Right Hon. T. Grenville, 400

Beyond a controversy the most fortunate purchase yet noticed! The rarity of this first edition (of which an indifferent copy was recently sold for 40*l.*) is extreme; and to have obtained it for 15*l.*!—but fortune *should* sometimes befriend the brave. Mr. Grenville has here a treasure upon which he may at all times with propriety felicitate himself.

3044 Petrarcha. Jenson, 1473, folio, UPON VELLUM. Purchased by
Mr. G. Hibbert, 3000

No doubt this vellum bijou was obtained at too high a price. There must have been a downright *Waterloo* contest for it . . . 'another such victory, and . . .

their lances. Let us wish them safe to their respective homes—to their fire-side comforts—and to receive the rapturous listening and overwhelming applause of their

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But this is very unseemly language. Nicolas Jenson, if in *any* volume, should have shone in a vellum Petrarch; but he has not done so in the present instance. The copy is not 'superb,' nor is its condition of the finest description. It has been trimmed, and there are too many *bistre* tints throughout. Yet the very valuable edition of 1473, UPON VELLUM!...Be it so.

3110 Canti xi. dal Bandello, &c. In Guienna, ne la città di Agen, Fr.
per A. Reboglio, 1545, 8vo. Purchased by Mr. R. Wilbraham, 301

Not upon large paper, as described, but a very fine copy of one of the rarest books in the series of Bandello's publications. It is now placed in excellent hands, fully capable of estimating such a treasure, both intrinsically and extrinsically.

3433 Vie et Prophéties de Merlin. Verard, 1498, 3 vol. folio, UPON
VELLUM. Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert, 700

A proud set of vellum Verards; and worthy of the gallant society in which they now disport themselves.

3436 Tristan de Leonnois. (Verard, qu.?) folio, 2 vol. without date,
UPON VELLUM. Purchased by the Same, 905

We are getting into 'the very thick' of romaunt lore, put forth upon membranaceous substance. These are really magnificent volumes; and obtained, as strikes the chronicler of these details, at a price (when one considers that it is the only known vellum copy) very far from partaking of the pungency of *Waterloo* gun-powder: note the preceding article but two.

3441 Recueil des Histoires Troyennes. Verard, without date, folio,
UPON VELLUM. Purchased by the Same, 730

'The more the merrier.' Such a volume as the present—broad, clean, and besprinkled with no unskilfully-coloured wood-cuts, in Verard's smaller type, and upon Verard's delicious vellum—why, 'such a volume as the present,' I repeat, is 'companion meet' for any membranaceous folio, from the early French school of printing, of which I have yet been gratified with the sight.

3669 Livret des Emblèmes de Alciat, 1536, 8vo. UPON VELLUM.
Purchased by Mr. Freeling, 127

If the reader should 'perdie' have glanced over certain pages (vol. i. p. 255) of this work, it may not appear a matter of surprise to him that a VELLUM ALCIAT should have found its way to its present destination. The volume is a small octavo, but sound and fair... and for the love I bear to the memory of the Wechels (see vol. ii. p. 66.) I congratulate Mr. Freeling on this membranaceous acquisition.

wives and families—while they recount the ‘hair-breadth scapes,’ toils and stratagems, and deeds of bravery, which they have encountered and overcome.

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- 3697 Volumen De Disciplinalibus, in quo continentur: Priscianus De Grammatica, M. T. Cicero Rhet. Vet. et Nov. &c. MS. UPON VELLUM. Purchased by the Rev. Dr. Burney, . . . 750

There is always a pleasure in recording the acquisition of a fine and precious MS. connected with ancient classical literature, by the learned purchaser of the present article. It is a noble volume: large, richly embellished, and intrinsically curious and valuable.

- 3796 Giordano Bruno Nolano, degl' Heroici furori, dialogi x. Parig. 1585, 8vo. Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert, . . . 425

‘SUPERBE EXEMPLAIRE d'un livre très rare.’ What need we say more?

- 4346 Cæsar's Commentaria, Jenson, 1471, folio. Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert, . . . 426

Magnificent copy: just as a Fiftener should present itself, and just as it seems to have issued from the press. Bozerian (not Bozerain, as his name has been injured, by a slight transposition only, at page 498 of vol. ii.) has here shewn his good sense, and anti-ROMISH propensities. He has refrained from *cropping*. Euge!

- 4482 La Sforziada, &c. in lingua Fiorentina, Milan, Zarotus, 1490, folio, UPON VELLUM. Purchased by Mr. G. Hibbert, . . . 1910

We have here the loveliest—at any rate, and without question or doubt, ONE of the loveliest—of membranaceous bijoux! I call to mind all that the Devonshire, Spencer, Grenville, and Cracherode Collections possess—when I make this declaration. Mr. Foss (and Mr. Foss is safe authority) hath a marginal pencil memorandum of ‘*most beautiful*’ annexed to this article—in his copy of the Mac-Carthy Catalogue—and he says well in so designating ‘La Sforziada,’ printed by Zarotus in 1490. He might have added ‘*exquisite*!’ but he is probably wise in preferring the guarded phlegm of a German to the enthusiastic emotions of an Asiatic. Disporting aside, we have here a volume of really transcendent beauty. It presents us with a perfect picture of an old vellum book: large, clean, and spotless: yet more, embellished throughout in a manner at once brilliant and classical, and the FIRST PAGE, according to my humble judgment and feeling, not having its compeer; probably not even in the united libraries of Milan, Florence, and Rome. The border of it is arabesque, of a tone of colour so mellow and appropriate, that nothing more delectable can be easily conceived. In the upper part of this page, we have two portraits: the one, of FRANCIS SFORZA the great Duke of Milan, the other, of CARDINAL SFORZA, his brother: and view here, O reader, this interesting faithful copy of the said

And now, my amiable and excellent friends, the *Battle Symphony of Bethoven* is at an end: in other words, the

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Cardinal's portrait, which owes its insertion, in the present place, to the liberality of the present owner of the volume.



His vestment is of a dark blue, as well as the back-ground; and the coat of arms upon his breast is repeated in the centre silver knobs on the exterior of the velvet-cover in which the book is bound. No doubt, therefore, the copy was a presentation one, and in every probability the property of the Cardinal: whose portrait, in consequence, is better placed here than that of his Ducal brother. The top and bottom compartments of this first page exhibit a group of lovely naked boys, romping, and amusing themselves with the game of 'buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?' The *style of design* throughout is admirable; but I question if the *drawing* be quite correct, as the heads of these merry urchins are of somewhat too large dimensions. Yet the whole is perfectly enchanting. Mons. De Bure has well and vigorously described this exquisite book, which came from the matchless SOUBISE COLLECTION, and was purchased at the sale of that library for 2022 francs. Mr. Hibbert may place it among the most precious pieces of library-furniture. He may live to the age of Magliabechi before he again becomes master of such a membranaceous treasure. Mr. Foss forgot his luckless Boccaccio embassy to Milan, as he pressed this tome to his heart, after it had been knocked down to him!—and Mr. Payne, when it was drawn forth from the deal box which had conveyed it over, and was spread open before him, gave his spectacles an additional rub, and declared that he lost, in the extacies of the *Sforziada*-contemplation, all remembrance of the pangs

moment is at length arrived when it becomes my duty to descend from the elevated station to which you have appointed

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endured in consequence of the Borromeo sale! Mr. John Payne, in the mean time, was carried away nearly speechless—such are the dangers of too intense a bibliomaniacal enthusiasm! It remains only to add, that this volume contains an Italian version of the original Latin text put forth by Zarotus a few years preceding; and a copy of this latter, UPON VELLUM, has been already described (see p. 166, no. 4481) as the property of Louis XVIII.

4503 Chroniques de France, appellées Chroniques de St. Denis, Paris, Fr.
P. Bonhomme, 1476, 3 vol. folio. Purchased by Mr. Rennie, 500

A noble acquisition: the three last leaves of the third volume are each a duplicate, on account of their having been reprinted with alterations. Mr. Rennie revels in a capacious collection of Chronicles, and the present is among his valuable acquisitions in that commendable department of collecting.

5106 Budæus De Asse, apud Aldum, 1522, 4to. UPON VELLUM.
Purchased by Earl Spencer, 1500

What a membranaceous gem have we here! Grolier's own presentation copy of a work dedicated to himself, upon vellum of the purest colour and substance: and, moreover, with that eminent bibliomaniac's autograph, as seen at page 471 of vol. ii. Another luxury attends this copy. Most injudiciously it had been stript of its first coverture, and an unmeaning, gaudy red-morocco surtout placed in its stead. Where then is the luxury 'attendant on this copy?'—rejoins the reader. It is simply thus. What though Grolier's own *leather* be wanting, his mode of binding—his *own pattern*—is replaced: for be it known, to gladden thine heart, amiable peruser of what appertains unto Grolier, that the *very pattern*—seen at p. 473 of the previous volume, has been consigned to the recent covering of this precious volume, in olive-colour morocco, by the skilful hands of Charles Lewis: and I will venture no trivial wager that, in point of taste and workmanship, the eyes of John Grolier himself never glistened at the sight of a more beauteous tome! I frankly own that its present destination is as judicious as it is a source of 'joyaunce' to the author of these pages.

5395 Boccace, des Cas des Nobles Malheureux, &c. In folio. MS. sur
VELIN. Purchased by Mr. Lang, 800

5457 ———, des Clers et Nobles Femmes—De La Cité des Dames.
MS. SUR VELIN, folio. Purchased by Mr. Lang, 800

The romaunt-treasures of the library of Mr. Lang are too well-known, and too generally admired, to render an amplification of them necessary in the present place. We shall close this LIST OF BRITISH PURCHASERS in a very gallant and judicious manner by the notice of these two magnificent and truly estimable volumes: and most heartily do I congratulate their purchaser on a passion, which daily gains strength with him, of purchasing *Manuscripts* as well

me; to divest myself of the robes of state which you have importuned me to wear; to lay down my sceptre, to unbind

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as printed Books. The tomes before us delight the eye and gladden the heart. They are rich, capacious, in beautiful condition; and the '*Cité des Dames*' contains a mine of unexplored wealth. They have been obtained upon terms very far from extravagant; and had I thrown a curious eye over either, previous to the composition of the FIRST DAY of this work, there should have been a graphic morceau, curious reader, inserted in the pages of the same 'Day,' which should have convinced thee that this eulogy is not unfounded. And now . . . farewell to the SALE OF THE MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY! We will close our account thereof with a few summary

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

In the first place: what says Lisardo in the above text? He talks about the appearance, boldness, and bravery—call it what you please—of the BRITISH LION in all parts of the world . . . Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Let us confine ourselves to the quarter of the globe *first* mentioned; and, in that quarter, to a certain city called *Paris*. We have nothing here to do with those strongly-sinewed British Lions led on by the great Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who visited the said capital, in the year of our Lord 1815!—No: we have nothing to do with warlike, but with peaceful, yet spirited, Lions—in other words, with those British Lions who roared for prey over the dispersion of the MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY. What can this mean? In sober truth, nothing more than this. The Mac-Carthy Library produced, in the gross amount, 404,000 francs. Of this production, not less than a *fourth part* (or 100,000 francs) came to London through the agency of Messrs. PAYNE AND FOSS: while the probable amount of other purchases for England, through Mr. Chardin at Paris, and Mr. Griffiths, ('champion of Pater-Noster Row,' as aforesaid) might have been somewhere upon 75,000 francs. Euge! In France, in the country where this Collection was acquired and disposed of, purchases, to the amount of about 40,000 francs, were nobly made by THE KING. The DE BURES (fine fellows!—though they talk of 'dispatching' certain bibliographers with 'bare bodkins') expended to the amount of about 60,000 francs, chiefly with a view, at some subsequent period, of enriching the Royal Collection—yet a considerable portion of that sum must be considered as arising from commissions given by the GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY; who showed himself to be a thorough *Helluo Librorum* on this occasion, and who dealt gallantly in *Large Paper Oxford Classics*, as they are called. Add to the foregoing, about 65,000 francs for the amount of FRENCH AMATEURS and BOOKSELLERS, (eheu!) and you have then the respective items of which the aggregate result, 404,000 francs, is composed!

In the second and last place: it remains to do justice, and ample justice, to

the wreath—and to become a member, and not the ruler, of the state. My reign has expired; and, what may probably excite more powerful emotions, our BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DE-CAMERON wants only one further day of its completion. I will make no sorrow-stricken peroration. That shall be left for Lysander; who, to morrow, for the last time, is appointed to wield the sceptre of dominion. A thousand and a thousand thanks—not only for the patience with which you have heard me, but for the testimonies of approbation with which such hearing has been accompanied. I have fulfilled the most delightful duty which I was ever yet called upon to perform.

Here Lisardo somewhat abruptly quitted his throne of state; while Almansa, for reasons which I will not pretend thoroughly to comprehend, turned her head towards the side-window, and for thirty seconds neither spake nor varied

SALE OF THE MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY.

the character of the MAC-CARTHY LIBRARY—at least to such specimens of it as have reached our own country. Generally and justly speaking, these specimens were admirable:— sound, clean, capacious, of an interesting character, and of great rarity. They have gladdened the eyes and rejoiced the hearts of the most discerning, the most fastidious, and the most inanimate. During their arrival in Pall Mall, the bibliomaniacal thermometer never rose so high: and Mr. Payne's book-saloon was in a perfect state of *blood heat*. These lovely volumes, these rare and exquisite book-treasures, have now put on wings and taken flight, and flown chiefly to the respective abodes of those gallant purchasers (for there is not room for the detail of *every* purchase) whose names have been just recorded. Thus every thing sublunary shifts its place, or changes its 'hue and character': 'here to-day, gone to morrow.' Let us set our hearts therefore on more substantially gratifying objects... not on carpets, chairs, curtains, and sofas... not on furniture of this description... And yet, will you depreciate *Books*?! Never. Lisardo, thou hast performed thy task ably and successfully. I care not for a few stifled dissentient voices... the 'ayes' have it loud and hollow. But soft... the NINTH DAY is past... and already the horizon glows with the warm radiance of the TENTH!

her position. A sudden burst of applause from Lorenzo, Lysander, and Philemon, soon however shook her from her entrancement; and on turning round, she perceived the hand of her husband cordially pressed within those of the party just described—and ultimately remunerated by a pressure of somewhat longer duration from her own. She heard indeed, with emotions that forbade her to add one word to the eulogy, that Lisardo had made good all the fond expectations which had been formed of him upon his CONVERSION TO BIBLIOGRAPHY! It wanted about three quarters of an hour to the dinner hour—when the circle, instantaneously and unanimously, sprung forward in quest of their hats and walking sticks—and twice perambulated the lawn and chestnut walks ere the bell peremptorily summoned them to their usual ‘*Banquet of Daintie Conceits*.’

On the morrow Lysander was invested, with rather more than ordinary solemnity, with his regalia of state—and there was an expression of melancholy upon every countenance as he thus proceeded, for the last time, in the execution of his royal office.



Henry De la Motte, R.S.A., sculptor.

H. De la Motte, R.S.A., sculptor.

his position. It was a piece of spiritual power, I think, that he possessed, and I think, that he was able to use it in a way that was not only to the benefit of his friends, but also to the benefit of the world. He was a man of great power, and he was able to use it in a way that was not only to the benefit of his friends, but also to the benefit of the world. He was a man of great power, and he was able to use it in a way that was not only to the benefit of his friends, but also to the benefit of the world. He was a man of great power, and he was able to use it in a way that was not only to the benefit of his friends, but also to the benefit of the world.

On the morning of the 1st of July, 1848, the day after the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, who had been the victor in the battle, was seen in the streets of London, walking with a cane, and looking very much like an old man. He was surrounded by a crowd of people, and he was seen to be in the best of spirits. He was a man of great power, and he was able to use it in a way that was not only to the benefit of his friends, but also to the benefit of the world.



TENTH DAY.

ARGUMENT.

Brief View of Bibliographical Literature in Italy, France, and Germany. Further account (as a Supplement to the Bibliomania) of Libraries and Book Collectors in England. Of Booksellers. Of Private Presses. Conclusion.



Tenth Day.



OR the last time we are assembled in the character of a *Decameron Society*. For the second and last time I wield the sceptre of dominion, and for the TENTH and last DAY you are to listen to those topics of bibliographical information, which were necessarily left untouched in the nine previous days of our *conversazione*. When I look back upon what has been achieved by Philemon, and even by Lisardo, (the latter of whom, considering him but as a recent convert to the *Bibliomania*, has really surprised us by the minuteness and diversity of his researches) I feel impressed with a conviction of the inefficiency of my former labours, and of the consequent necessity of making amends for past inability. Believe me, my excellent friends, I am most sincere in this declaration. It is not for the sake of ‘angling for a compliment’—it is not that I would insult your understandings by uttering with my tongue what my heart disavowed—that I make this

confession : for the more I reflect upon what Philemon and Lisardo have accomplished, in the same proportion am I 'all abashed' (as our Caxton would have expressed it) at the remembrance of my own previous exertions.

Yet it must be allowed that a great portion of those exertions was the examination of a subject little capable of diversity of treatment, or of liveliness of description. The very mention of the names of *Coster*, *Gutenberg*, *Fust*, *Schoiffher*, *Sweynheym*, and *Ulric Zel* are sufficient to frighten away attention, and to alarm sensibility : yet you heard me with complacency, and were pleased to express approbation of my recital. Then again, as we pursued the subject along the flat and unvaried surface of the *Low Countries*—and as we re-visited *Paris* and *Basle*—the objects that presented themselves *did* seem somewhat more capable of exciting agreeable sensations ; and we concluded our typographical history, as connected with foreign countries, in a manner which, considering its inevitable dryness, appeared rather to gratify than to disappoint the audience which vouchsafed to hear it.—Fie upon it ! Of what am I here guilty ?—of 'laying the unction of flattery to my soul,' and of apparently undoing all that I set out by advancing. Away then with this littleness of human feeling : this characteristic of human frailty ! We have a long day before us, and numerous and weighty are the subjects which present themselves in the proper occupation of that day. Let it not be said that Lysander abuses the regal power vested in him for the last time.

As example is more effective than precept, I purpose, in the occupation of this TENTH and last DECAMERONIC DAY, calling your attention more particularly to those distinguished characters, as *Writers*, *Book-Collectors*, *Virtuosi*,

and *Antiquaries*, who have established their everlasting claims upon our remembrance and gratitude; and of whom the greater part are especially interesting to a British Audience. You must expect me to be desultory, irregular, and probably involved and confused; but, remember, my oration is supposed to partake of the *conversazione*-character, and matters of fact must compensate for lucid order and harmonised periods.

LORENZO. I entreat you to abandon the strain which you have already adopted . . for we shall otherwise have reason to prepare ourselves for something *grandiloquent*! What say my fellow auditors and subjects?

PHILEMON. Even so. Begin therefore at once, brave Lysander. How would you, in the first place, direct our tastes or judgments in the indulgence of a book-passion? for having discoursed pretty long and largely upon almost every thing connected with a *book*—whether as a MS. or a printed volume—with, or without, engravings—early, or late, printed—and well, or ill, bound—it behoves our Monarch, I submit, to begin his oration with some rules or notices connected with the *Bibliomania* and *Bibliography*.

LYSANDER. You are resolved then, it seems, to invest me with the office which I assumed some five years ago. Do you expect *another* personal history of the *Bibliomania*?

ALMANSA. The Ladies claim to be heard. We expect nothing as a matter of course or right: only this we *do* expect . . to be entertained and instructed by whatever the monarch may choose as the topic for this our LAST *Decameron* Day.

BELINDA. It is well observed, my Almansa. And yet . . that this should be our *last* morning of intellectual entertainment—in the way of Bibliography and Bibliomania!?

LISARDO. It were idle to indulge lamentation. Not a moment must be lost in the expression of unavailing sorrow. We are obedient, and listen with a determination to be gratified.

LYSANDER. The courser, freed from the obstruction of his rein, speeds over 'field and mountain and moor' with unbounded delight. The same joy animates the monarch when his subjects give him unlimited and unaccountable power. Dear therefore to me shall ever be the theme which demands our present attention, and claims every energy and pains-taking exertion on my part. You ask me, in the first place, my good friends, for *rules* in regard to the indulgence of *that passion* which we acknowledge to rule us with a pleasing dominion: but the fewer and the shorter such rules, the better. After all, the BOOK-MANIA must be left to the regulation of your own good sense.* Love books as

* BOOK-MANIA left to the regulation of good-sense.] This is begging the question; or setting out with taking that for granted which remains to be proved. Have purchasers in general, have the auditors of such doctrine as that above advanced, in particular, the 'good sense' here recommended and supposed? Whether they have or not, I will not pretend to determine; but I will lay quietly at the foot of the text a few observations and notices which may be worthy of perusal—and at any rate may tend to regulate, rather than to distort, a passion for BOOK-COLLECTING. I shall begin with a very old fashioned, but not wholly unknown, authority. It is that of Æneas Sylvius (afterwards Pope Pius II.—and a very book-dragon in his way) in an epistle addressed to Count de Lupffen, prefixed to an edition of the *Rhetorica Nova of Cicero*, printed about the time of Planck; of which some account appears in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*: vol. i, p. 353. The first part is pleasing, the second pertinent: 'Nunc quid ex te velim paucis accipe Retulit mihi vir mitis et mihi amicissimus ymmo alter ego Michael de pfullendorf notarius Imperialis te pluribus libris habundare quorum nomina etiam mihi scripsit Inter illos nonnulli sunt quos visere cupio non quod antea non perlegerim sed quod diu illis carui Et sicut amicus post magnam temporis inter-capedinem avidus est amici videndi sic mihi cupiditas est contubernales illos meos quibus nimium priuatus fui in domum recipere et per aliquod tempus esse cum eis. hoc potest mihi prestare humanitas tua vt me michael instruxit Est enim apud te ouidius de tristibus de arte amandi: et amoris remedio Terencius quoque

dearly and as fondly as you please : collect them as ardently and as incessantly as you may : decorate them with all the taste of a virtuoso, and with all the costliness which a well-

comicus. et Ieronimus in epistolis Quos tam expeto relegere quam nunc paschalem adesse diem vt piscibus atque oleribus et oleo semotis vesci carnibus possim, &c. — Omnes qui libros cumulant aut oblectari illis : et fieri legendo periciores cupiunt, aut videri amatores sapientie volunt. vt transeuntes per viam digitulis monstrentur. Hij sunt qui magnas et preciosas habent bibliothecas In quorum pluteis Aristoteles Plato Cicero Seneca Virgilius Liuius et omnis vetustas delitescit priores quidem vt gaudium perfectum habeant opuscula communicant? comodant? et incomodatum recipiunt transcribi permittunt. et tanto magis exultant : quanto vulgaciora sapientum virorum volumina conspiciuntur. Alii vero tanquam thesaurum libros recondunt ; et corrodi potius tineâ et opimis muribus ferunt quam inapertum dare velint nec tam diligenter vellus aureum draco custodiebat aut aditum orci cerberus quam isti suos libros quorum duntaxat marginibus et aureis bullis oblectantur : nunquam quod interius sit legentes aut intelligentes,' &c. *Datum in nova ciuitate austrie 5o. ydus aprilis, 1444.*

Whether the perversion of the book-passion, so strongly pointed out by the worthy Sylvius, obtained very lustily towards the end of the same century, I will not take upon me to pronounce ; but it may be worth briefly noticing that even the necromancer *Virgilius* appears to have disported himself in bibliomaniacal pastime : for thus speaks the text of '*Les faictz merueilleux de Virgille ; Imprimees nouuellemēt a Paris pour Iehan Saint Denis libraire demourant en la rue neufue Nostre Dame a Lenseigne Saint Nycolas,*' (D 4 in fours) 12mo. without date. 'Et sur toutes gens il (Virgille) congnoissoit les clerchez et leur faisoit grant feste et leur donnoit de ses richesses pour auoir des liures.' The volume from which this extract is taken belongs to Mr. Lang. It is very rare, and very curious as containing, at the end, a device precisely after the fashion of the tripartite device of our friend Wynkyn de Worde.

Let us subjoin the reasoning of a more modern, and not less weighty, authority, upon the important subject with which this TENTH DAY opens. It is that of the illustrious Zacharias Conrad ab Uffenbach : as thus narrated in the life of him by Schelhorn : *Commentationes De Stud. B. Zach. Conrad ab Uffenbachi*, vol. iv. pt. ii. p. CLIIII. '*De Bibliomania.* Ipse Vir optimus postremis vitæ suæ annis dialogos de ea satyricos meditabatur, de quo instituto ad me A. MDCCXXXII. d. 1X. Febr. hæc perscripsit : " Quo melius constet de rationibus, quæ me impulerunt, ut ex immenso illo, cui memet imprudenter satis commiseram ac pene immerseram, Oceano evaderem, dialogos nonnullos satyricos in *Bibliomaniam* meditatus hactenus sum. Cum enim hac ipsa quodammodo, ingenue fateor, laborarim, non contemnenda me aliis dare posse consilia reor, si ea, quæ propria experientia, optima in omnibus magistra, me docuit, fideliter exponerem. Monstrabo igitur, si modo Deus vitam viresque concedat, quid bibliothecam

replenished purse will enable you to bestow upon their exteriors—but remember . . .

LISARDO. I anticipate your antithetical injunction . . you would have us *read* them too ! . .

PHILEMON. Lisardo is yet unconverted . . he has not yet ‘cast the slough’ of bibliomaniacal heresy. *Read* books! Fie upon such advice !

LYSANDER. Philemon has, at any rate, not laid aside the

comparaturo, antequam tale consilium ineat, probe ac prudenter perpendendum, et quomodo cavendum sit, ne imprudenter nimis inexhausto librario huic oceano nos committamus: deinde quid in ipsa collectione, si bono gaudere velit successu, et agendum, et evitandum sit, ne BIBLIOPHILIA, quæ sola virum prudentem decet, in BIBLIOMANIAM vergat. Fideliter itaque exponam non modo media illa omnia, quæ feliciter mihi in acquirendis bonis libris cesserunt, sed scopulos etiam ac syrtes (ubi variæ bibliopolarum inprimis fraudes deteguntur) indicabo libere, in quas vel ipsemet impegi, vel quas ego quidem feliciter evasi, per easdem vero alios naufragium vel jam passos, vel pati facile posse animadverti. Vides, Schelhorni amicissime, quem arduum opus moliar; ubi non modo omnia, quæ ad rem bibliothecariam in se spectatam, sed etiam quæ ad universam rem librariam ac historiam literariam faciunt, erunt congerenda. Rogandus igitur es, ut ea, quæ in adversariis tuis ad hoc institutum pertinentia habes, benevole consedere velis. Varia equidem de bibliothecis earumque comparatione scripta monitaque prostant, quorum amplam, utinam nitidiorem! nobis dedit collectionem Jo. Andreas Schmidius, quem novissime secutus est Kœlerus meus: nullum tamen horum scriptorum, si illud, quod Naudæus dedit, excipiam, mihi satisfecit. Plurima sane consilia, eaque saluberrima, omissa animadverto, necessariasque cautelas, quas ipsa me docuit experientia, bene multas suggerere me posse spero. Quod si præstitero, feliciorem me existimabo, quam conatibus illis ipsis, quibus bibliothecam olim comparari, licet, si amicorum blandientibus judiciis credere fas est, haud invita Minerva eandem non modo collegisse, sed eadem etiam rem literariam bonaque eruditorum studia adjuvisse, videri mihi queam. Quamvis etiam bonum hunc, quem ita, crede mihi, proposui mihi, finem non plane attigerim, sincera tamen, quæ mihi semper fuit, voluntas a nemine, confido, erit culpanda, Tu sane, Vir amicissime, de eadem, si quis alius, eris persuasissimus.” Utinam vero isthoc consilium exequi Viro consummatissimo per negotia et fata licuisset! Tunc enim sane post hunc Homerum nemine facile hujus argumenti ilias scribenda fuisset.’

Above all things, if the testimony of the gallant Earl of Surrey be to be credited, the bibliomaniac must not exchange his study for the hymenæal chamber. Thus writeth that poetic nobleman, in his *Songes and Sonnets*, printed

sarcasm which I had conceived to have rather indicated that state of heresy which he deprecates as belonging to his friend. . . Why *not* read books—thus zealously and thus gallantly accumulated? ! Read them ‘by day and by night,’ if you please: but my advice goes to *this* point: collect them with *judgment*, with regard to the tastes of others as well as of your own. Death, accident, business, or bustle, may deprive you on a sudden of the advantages of the treasures

by *Windet*, 1585, 8vo. fol. 63, rev. (numbered fol. 64). I quote from Prior’s own beautiful copy of this rare book, in the collection of Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.

Of a new married Student that played fast or lose.

A Student at his booke so placed,
That welth he might haue wone,
From boke to wife did fleete in hast
From welth to wo to runne.
Now, who hath played a feter cast,
Since iugling first begonne,
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath vndone.

I trust and believe, however, that the matrimonial contract is by no means necessarily productive of such melancholy results. At any rate let no studious scholar, or book-loving Benedick, ever indulge in the saucy reprimand recorded in that saucy work ycleped *Holborn Drollery*; 1673, 12mo. The following, from the same, is piquant but most graceless:

Epig. 50.

‘A Scholler newly entred marriage life,
Following his *studie*, did offend his wife,
Because when she his companie expected,
By *bookish businesse* she was still neglected,
Coming vnto his studdie, (Lord quoth she)
Can papers make you love them more than me?
I would I were transform’d into a booke,
That your affection might vpon me looke,
But in my wish, with all be it decreed,
I would be such a booke you loue to reade,
Husband (quoth she) which bookes forme should I take?
Marie (quoth he) t’were best an *Almanake*.
The reason wherefore I doe wish thee so,
Is, euerie yeare we haue a *newe* you know.’

Sig. E 2.

thus systematically collected; but you have friends, relatives, or visitors . . . and think how the languor of a dull day, or the ennui of a winter's night, may be relieved, and converted into profit, by the possession of such treasures as I recommend. Think too how the principles of morality and religion, which such beauteous tomes possess, may sink deep into the soul, and bring forth fruits of perpetual nourishment.

What a day was that for Europe when MAHOMET THE SECOND captured Constantinople !* . . . You appear to start

* *when MAHOMET THE SECOND captured Constantinople.*] Ay, and sacked it too—without scruple, and without remorse! Think not, kind-hearted reader, and lover of domestic comforts and peaceful occupations, that I am about to bring that ferocious Turk, MAHOMET II. into a *Bibliographical Decameron* for the purpose of commanding thy admiration, or of wishing thee to bend the knee, or ‘doff the bonnet,’ to such a whiskered and turbanned Sultan—the first who received the emphatic appellation of *Il Grand Signor!!* Very much otherwise. Why he is here introduced to thy acquaintance, ariseth from the two following considerations: First and foremost, he was the means (providence ‘from present ill deducing distant good’) of the expulsion of the learned Greeks (among whom the names of CHALCONDYLAS and LASCARIS are probably the most conspicuous for literary eminence) from the city which he so remorselessly sacked, to disseminate their admirable acquirements throughout Italy. ‘The encouragement (says Mr. Roscoe) which had been shewn to the Greek Professors at Florence, and the character of Cosmo de Medici as a promoter of letters, induced many learned Greeks to seek a shelter in that city, where they met with a welcome and honourable reception.’ *Lor. de Medici*, vol. i. p. 60. This is observed in reference to the capture of Constantinople. No doubt our Mahomet was any thing but a *preserver* of libraries. Gibbon bespeaks the reader’s lamentation in deploring ‘the loss of the BYZANTINE LIBRARIES, which were destroyed or scattered in the general confusion [of the capture and sacking of the city]: ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND MANUSCRIPTS are said to have disappeared; ten volumes might be purchased for a single ducat;* and the

* The above recital, though recording an event upon a much larger and terrific scale, reminds us of what has been said of the capture of Buda, and of the desolation of the library of Mathias Corvinus, in the subsequent century, by Soliman II.: see vol. ii. p. 461, &c. I frankly own that scepticism is a virtue in the reception of supposed facts connected with the extent of ancient libraries. I can readily believe, in the sacking of a city, that *money* would be preferred to any species of plunder—and that, therefore, ‘ten volumes might be purchased

with surprise, mingled with a degree of horror, and may imagine that I am disposed to attach a virtuous importance to captures of towns of all descriptions.. even to that of

same ignominious price, too high perhaps for a shelf of theology, included the whole works of Aristotle and Homer, the noblest productions of the science and literature of ancient Greece.' But mark what follows: 'We may reflect with pleasure that an inestimable portion of our classic treasures was safely deposited in Italy; and that the mechanics of a German town had invented an art which derides the havoc of time and barbarity.'* *Decline and Fall*, &c. vol. xii. p. 238. Does Gibbon mean to say that any of the 'classic treasures' mentioned as having been contained in the Constantinople libraries were 'deposited in Italy,' as the consequence of the capture of the city? At any rate, we may safely conclude that few characters (so wholly against their inclination and disposition) have been more instrumental to the success of literature, and therefore of the *bibliomania*, (for I will not suffer the latter to be detached from the former) than the fierce sovereign whose physiognomy the reader is about to contemplate. The foregoing forms my *first* reason for introducing the captor of Constantinople (in the year of our Lord 1453) in the present place. The *second* reason is, that as works of art, the MEDALS which were struck in honour of the victorious Mahomet II. are in general exceedingly fine. Mr. Douce possesses several in perfect preservation: having reverses of the Emperor, upon horseback, in short stirrups—characteristic of the custom of his country. But, if I remember rightly, the same learned antiquary possesses no specimen of a size quite so large as the following: which was taken from an original in the possession of the late Mr. James Edwards, and which, I submit, is here presented to the reader with all the fidelity and effect of which an engraving is susceptible. Let the same reader, upon looking at it, also bear in remembrance that he is viewing the physiognomy

for a single ducat; but to suppose that the entire number of MSS. in the collected libraries of Constantinople, could have amounted to 120,000, is rather too overstrained and violent a statement. I should even pause the better part of a minute if the 100,000 were deducted from that number. Gibbon sarcastically imagines that the 'ignominious price' of 'a single ducat,' might be 'too high' for 'a shelf of theology;' but what if such 'shelf' contained a capital-letter text of the Greek Gospels—not yet examined? (see our ramblings thereupon in vol. i. p. xxv, lxv, &c.) No matter: he would have expressed himself just in the same style.

* What would the reader understand by the above rounded period, and pompous piece of periphrasis? Nothing more than the *discovery of the art of printing with metal types* by Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, at Strasbourg and Mentz, about the year 1455: a subject forming almost the exclusive topic of the FOURTH DAY of this Decameron. No wonder that the simple and perspicuous mind of Mr. Fox was frequently puzzled in the comprehension of what Mr. Gibbon meant in some of these 'rounded periods, and pompous pieces of paraphrasis!' Consult a piquant remark hereupon in the *Pursuits of Literature*, p. 312, 4to. edit.

Ismael by SUWARROF!—Forbid it heaven! Why that ferocious Turk, Mahomet II., is conjured up just now to my imagination, is, that by the capture of Constantinople, about the middle of the Fifteenth Century, a host of learned Greeks was driven far and wide upon the face of Europe—but chiefly in Italy—to scatter with a liberal hand the seeds of BIBLIOMANIACISM . . in other words, to awaken a love of

of a Sultan, who, ‘as a trial of his strength, shattered with his iron mace or battle-ax the under jaw of one of the three serpents upon a twisted column, which, in the eye of the Turks, were the idols or talismans of the city.’ *Gibbon*.



literature—and to cherish and cultivate, in the enlightened heart, those principles of intellectual refinement which their knowledge of *classical antiquity* had enabled them

Yet a word with Gibbon, before we take leave of Mahomet II. the murderer alike of manuscripts and scribes. The life and actions of Mahomet were a theme in which that eloquent and erudite historian delighted to indulge; and the description of the capture of Constantinople was also a subject peculiarly suited to his picturesque powers: for, of all historians, Gibbon is the most picturesque. Yet his prejudices appear in every page, and almost tarnish every description—for he delighted in ‘a fling’ against Christianity. Whether Julian, or Mahomet I. or Mahomet II., it was of no consequence to him: as these were equally ‘good haters’ and opponents of the Christians. Their actions are accordingly represented in such a highly-coloured style of narrative, and sentences are so often constructed for the sake of harmony and effect, that implicit credence is by no means to be always attached to the facts which they are supposed to contain. In his account of the capture of Constantinople, by Mahomet the Second, (who is rightly said by Mr. Roscoe to have been ‘the scourge of Christendom for nearly half a century,’ *Lor. de Med.* vol. ii. p. 10, 8vo. edit.) nothing can be more interesting and impassioned, but more artful and vague, than the manner in which that ‘account’ is conducted. He begins by accusing the Pope and Italian States of a want of union and energy in opposing the career of Mahomet; forgetting, that, notwithstanding the idle declamation of a contemporaneous writer, that the Sultan’s forces did not exceed 60,000 men, (as if *such* a force were to be effectually opposed in a few days or weeks!) every effort was made, at Rome, to secure the doubtful, to rouse the torpid, and to arm the brave. Exhortations were made, councils were held, and decrees issued—the usual proceedings in the capital of an empire; (for it is not from *thence* that armies rush to the frontier) and it is rather a singular fact, and appositely introduced in the pages of a work of this kind, that there has been recently discovered ONE of these ‘exhortations,’ PRINTED, with the date of 1452! This anecdote has been imparted (as I understand) by Mr. Price, a zealous typographical antiquary; and Aretin, I believe, is the author of the discovery. Surely this is evidence sufficient of the tone of feeling and of politics which marked the metropolis of Christendom, in regard to the projected invasion of Mahomet II.

In his account of the siege, or rather sacking, of Constantinople, (one of the most highly-wrought portions of his work) Gibbon balances the forbearance with the fury of the assailants so artfully, that it is extremely difficult to know on which side his judgment inclines. Thus, at page 236, (vol. xii. 8vo. edition) he observes, ‘amidst the vague exclamations of bigotry and hatred, the Turks are not accused of a wanton or immoderate effusion of Christian blood.’ But he has before told us that their leader could ‘stab with his own hand’ the son of Phranza, ‘first chamberlain and principal secretary,’ for endeavouring to rescue

so effectually to display. Hence, in a great degree, the glory which blazes around the memories of THE MEDICI!.. and in the subsequent century, when that unworthy representa-

his sister, a virgin of fifteen, from the brutal lust of the conqueror; and though the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire does vouchsafe to designate this as 'an inhuman deed,' yet he seems inclined, a little onward, to describe our Mahomet as a very merciful gentleman towards the wife of the great Duke Lucas Notaras, 'a venerable princess oppressed with sickness and grief,' adding that 'his consolation for her misfortunes was in the most tender strain of humanity and filial reverence.' Yet mark further. 'A similar clemency was extended to the principal officers of state, of whom several were ransomed at his expense; and during some days he [Mahomet II.] declared himself the friend and father of the vanquished people.' Now, gentle reader, tremble, and weep for human nature—or for the aforesaid historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire—as thou dost read the very next following paragraph. 'But the scene was SOON CHANGED; and before his departure, the hippodrome streamed with THE BLOOD of his NOBLEST CAPTIVES.' Oh magnanimous Mahomet!.. well may thy cruelty be 'execrated by the Christians!' The unfeeling and illogical periods which ensue, in the work here referred to, are too revolting for a generous mind and an honest heart to be introduced in the present place: and I do almost repent me of having 'introduced' such an 'iron-mace or battle ax' wielder and 'murderer alike of manuscripts and scribes,'* to the reader's acquaintance. Where, if his turban were off, would the very amiable Dr. Spurzheim seek for 'the organ of destruction,' of things

* It may possibly be worth noticing, that a thin quarto tract was published at Strasbourg in 1578, under the care of Nicolas Wyriot; entitled '*Bibliotheca siue Antiquitates Urbis Constantinopolitanæ*.' From the preliminary Epigram of Calamin it appears that the barbarities of the Turks, in their treatment of the literature deposited at Constantinople, had not then been forgotten. The volume, however, is curious in many respects. The second article, below recorded, will equally startle and grieve the classical student: the first will delight the theological devotee. The whole volume is reprinted in Juvigny's edition of *Les Bibliothèques Françaises of La Croix du Maine et Du Verdier*:

En operum nudam tibi lector amice tabellam
 Autorum titulos quæ tibi mille refert:
 Quos Constantini tenet vrbs: vbi nunc sedet orbis
 Terror, et inuisi dira propago Scythæ
 Nil ibi sunt artes: pietas nihil: omnia sunt Mar:
 Omnia barbaries, Tartareusque furor:
 Ora Christigenis Deus illam reddat vt oram:
 Scriptores genti restitutaque suæ.
 Magnus id Hartungus graiæ facundia linguæ,
 Quo legis hæc operum nomina dante, rogat.
 Multa scit, et vidit: te discere plura sed optat:
 Quæ passim inuidia secula nostra tegunt.

M. Georg. Calaminj.

tive of St. Peter, Pius V. filled the pontifical chair, and ordered a catalogue to be composed of the contents of all the private and public libraries then extant.* — !..

inanimate as well as animate? The principles of Lavater have now become nearly obsolete; but I should say that the eye and mouth carry a vast expression of the owner of them being hungry and thirsty after rapine and slaughter. 'Yet is not this arguing from effect to cause?' It may be so. 'Nay, it is,' rejoins the anti-Lavaterian!

* Pius V.—ordered a catalogue to be composed of the contents of all the public and private libraries then extant.] For this very singular and interesting piece of intelligence I am indebted to the correspondence between Count D'Elci (the most learned bibliographer upon the continent) and Earl Spencer. His Lordship was so good as to make me quickly acquainted with this very curious fact: and with his permission I not only made a transcript of the passage relating to it, from the Count's letter, but such transcript, with the same permission, is here conveyed to the press with a view of gratifying the public: the author of the intelligence not being supposed to have the least substantial objection thereto. Count D'Elci's letter is dated *Vienna, Oct. 9, 1815* . . . 'Dans ces derniers jours j'ay appris, par un individu, qui a eu entre ses mains l'archive de la Bibliothèque Vaticane de Rome, homme très instruit, et qui a beaucoup travaillé dans le dit archive, j'ai appris, My Lord, une chose vraiment étrange, et qui pourroit faire tourner la tête à tous les Bibliographes du monde. Il m'a dit, qu'il a eu, entre ses mains, le Catalogue, dans lequel le Pape Pius V. fit enregistrer tous les livres existants alors dans les Bibliothèques publiques et privées, et même dans

The first division relates to local antiquities.

Num. 2.

Ex Catalogo Librorum hinc inde extantium à Grammatico exhibito, continenti libros 174.

1. *Liber Sancti et iusti Lazari*, qui quatuor diebus sepultus fuit apud inferos, et quemadmodum excitavit illum Christus, explicantur libri quatuor, quos videntes Apostoli, tres eorum absconderunt, unusque inventus est, estque primus in urbe Roma, ut audiui ex Cardinale S. Crucis.
2. *Menandri Comædiæ integræ 24*, explicatæ à Michaeli Psello (marginal note; 'Extant quædam sed non omnes') &c. &c. &c.

Num. 2.

2. *Catalogus Librorum R. Domini Patriarchæ Constantinopolitani*, continens libros 55.
3. ——— *Librorum Rev. Dom. Constantini Barini*, continens libros 45.
4. ——— *Librorum Illus. Prin. Dom. Antonij Cantacuseni*, continens libros 44.
5. ——— *Librorum Illus. Dom. Michaelis Cantacuseni*, continens libros 57.
6. ——— *Librorum Illus. Prin. Dom. Jacobi Marmoretæ* [libros 22.]
7. ——— *Librorum Illus. Prin. Dom. Joannis Suzi* [libros 23.]
8. ——— *Librorum Illus. Prin. Dom. Manuelis Engenici* [libros 34.]

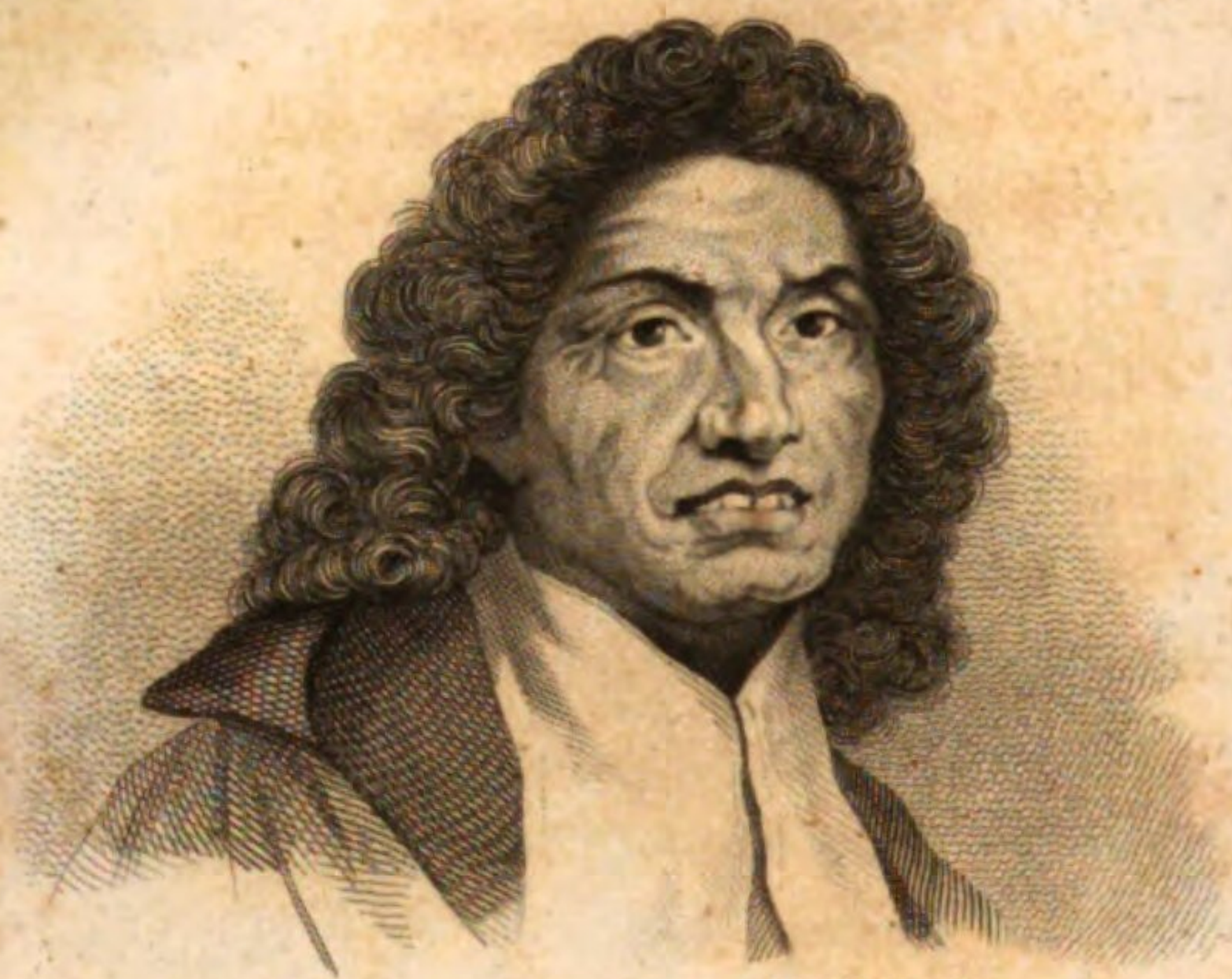
A copy of the original edition was bought at the Roxburghe sale for 2*l.* 12*s.*

LISARDO. Say you so? Where can we get a peep at this precious catalogue?

LYSANDER. I should have rather said that a tradition is extant that such catalogue was actually composed, but its present situation, or even existence, is involved in mystery and doubt. However, Italy must assuredly be considered as the first European theatre upon which the '*Rise and Progress of the Bibliomania*' was so successfully exhibited. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? The presses of Rome, Venice, and Milan—to mention no others—must have supplied the libraries of that country with an inexhaustible stock of volumes, not less interesting from their contents than from the beauty of their typographical execution. Hence the PINELLIS of old,* among the collectors; and the

les maisons, et dans les mains des Individus particuliers. Après une visitation très exacte et rigoureuse, ceux qui en étoient chargés ont donné l'indice de tous les livres qu'ils avoient trouvés. On en forma un Catalogue de plusieurs volumes, et c'est celui dont cet homme parle. Dans ce catalogue tous les Exemplaires, même du même livre, sont notés, aussi bien que l'endroit où chaque exemplaire se trouvoit au temps du Pius V. On y voit indiquée quantité d'Editions précieuses du xvme Siecle, dont, à présent, on ignore tout à fait l'existence. Par exemple, m'a-t-il dit, que l'on y trouve 9 éditions de plusieurs ouvrages de Ciceron imprimés avant l'année 1470, mais parmi celles-là il n'y en a aucune de celle que nous connoissions, lesquelles pourtant y sont notées aussi. On ne peut supposer que ce soit une faute des copistes, parce-que le même livre de la même édition précisément se trouve toujours indiqué plusieurs fois comme existant en différentes maisons, en des différentes villes, et chez différentes Propriétaires. Le nom de l'Imprimeur n'y est jamais noté, mais celui de la ville, et la date, de l'année où il est imprimé. Ce Catalogue a été à Paris, mais, comme à cet heure il est retourné à sa place à Rome, il restera invisible, comme auparavant. Je voudrois bien pouvoir vérifier tout cela.' It must be remembered that Pope Pius V. was elected to the papal chair in 1566, and died in 1572.

* *the PINELLIS of old.*] I presume Lysander to allude more particularly to the library of the BIBLIOMANIACAL FATHER of the Pinellis, VINCENTIUS: the history of whose literary career, and the fate of whose fine library, is most interestingly told by Morhof in his *Polyhistor Literarius*, vol. i. p. 322—377, edit. 1747. The '*Repertorium Bibliographicum*,' about to be published by Mr. Clarke, will contain a small wood-cut of his portrait as well as some



Worthington Sc.

ANTONIO MAGLIABECHI.



Worthington Sc.

APOSTOLO ZENO.

Magliabechis, Apostolo Zenos, Bandinis, and Morellis of later periods, as bibliographers.

LORENZO. Suffer me to ask, whether you would confine your selection of Italian Book-Collectors to the *Pinellis*?

LYSANDER. By no means. The name of Pinelli, or rather that of VINCENTIUS PINELLI, was selected, because his library had formerly been of immense extent, and was generally celebrated throughout Europe. For the same reason I select MAGLIABECHI *—not because he was the most

account of his book-treasures. But Italy, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, abounded with glorious libraries. What Angelus Roccha has alone observed of them (see vol. ii. p. 492) shews the magnificence of such collections.

* select MAGLIABECHI.] Is this frightful, but most erudite Bibliographer, again to be thrust forward upon the reader's notice, after the account of him in the *Bibliomania*, p. 115, and the exhibition therein of his *profile*, to boot? Even so: and it is precisely from the interest excited (as I learn) by that self-same 'exhibition,' to have more of a *full-face* of this redoubted Bibliomaniac, that I have been prevailed upon (especially, too, from a consideration that some *one* female reader may possibly be interested in the view of it) to do ampler justice to the broad face, butter-teeth, and shaggy eye-brows of Signor ANTONIO MAGLIABECHI. Yonder you have him, anxious reader, to the left, in the OPPOSITE PLATE, above a very fine portrait of Apostolo Zeno—of whom, in our next note. But our 'Antonio' must not be so ungraciously dismissed. Know then, that the representation or portrait of him, here given, is taken, on a reduced scale, and executed with infinitely better skill, from a large, coarse, sprawling print of the same book-hero, prefixed to the account of him in the xxxiiird volume of the *Giornale de' Letterati d'Italia*, 12mo, 1721. That account also furnishes us with some comical or curious details of the said Antonio Magliabechi, not noticed (if I remember rightly) by the work relating to him quoted in the *Bibliomania*. Among these 'details' take the following; furnished by a fair translator of the 'Elogio del Sig. ANTONIO MAGLIABECHI, Bibliotecario dell' A. S. di Cosimo III. Gran-Duca di Toscana, tratto dalla Vita, che più distesamente ne ha scritta il Sig. ANTONFRANCESCO MARMI, Cavaliere di Santo Stefano: p. 1—76.

'Antonio Magliabechi, the son of Marco Antonio Magliabechi and Ginevra his wife, was born October 28th, 1633. His father died when he was seven years old, in consequence of which he remained under the guardianship of his mother, who had him instructed in the first rudiments of Latin by Giovanni Fabbri, a Florentine priest, from whom he went to study *drawing* under Matteo Rossilli, a Florentine painter. At the age of sixteen his mother placed him with

learned of all bibliographers, but because the immense book-treasures collected at Florence by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to whom he was librarian, afforded him opportu-

a jeweller, but this situation not according with the decided taste he manifested for study, (which was pursued to the great neglect of his employer's business) at the persuasion of Andrea Tosti, of Bibbiena, afterwards curate of St. Ippolito of Castelfiorino, he was strongly advised to study Latin, and afterwards the sciences. His mother dying in 1673, he resigned himself to the natural bent of his inclinations; and having placed himself under the direction of Michele Ermini, librarian to the Cardinal Leopoldo de Medici, he so vigorously applied himself to learning, that his studies often encroached upon the hours of repose. It was at this time also that he studied *Hebrew*. He acquired the esteem of all the principal men of Florence; and the name of MAGLIABECHI soon became celebrated among all the learned of the age: he being consulted by them upon all occasions, and his opinion received as the best authority. So wonderful was his memory, and so much had he read, that he acquired the name of "DIVORATORE DE' LIBRI," and "BIBLIOTECA ANIMATA."

He became librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany and Leopoldo de Medici, afterwards Cardinal: with the latter of whom he kept up, for some time, a literary correspondence. By the former he was allowed free access to his library, with permission to copy any of the manuscripts; several of which he caused to be printed. In this occupation he was however somewhat impeded by the malice and envy of his enemies, which caused him so much vexation, that he had resolved upon abandoning his country, and with it the post of librarian to the above mentioned princes, but was dissuaded from it by his friend Marmi. He was visited by an infinite number of princes, and great men, many of whom came purposely to Florence, that they might be personally acquainted with so celebrated a man. Yet so great was his modesty, that when the Queen of Prussia requested his portrait, he refused.* A rough sketch was however made of him by Pier Dandini. He was accused by his enemies of vanity and ill-nature; of the former, on account of his miserable and abject appearance, though it seems to have proceeded merely from abstraction of mind caused by intense study. If guilty of the latter, it was only exercised against those who deserved

* Is there any truth in the story that he would not send his portrait to her Majesty, from a conviction of its *hideousness*? I do not believe this. No man, however frightful or ordinary, considers himself to be ugly. The facility of a *physical* reconciliation with ourselves is too well known to be made the subject of a 'concio' in a sub-note: which indeed is no place for sermonising.—Happy were the lot of mortals if such 'reconciliation' were purely physical! To revert to Magliabechi, for one further second only. It has been said that it came to his ears, that, if his portrait were sent to the Queen, the effect might be *perilous*. Again, I say, 'I do not believe this.' It is downright 'scandalum magnatum.'

nities of confirming and increasing his passion, of extending his bibliographical knowledge, and of making him celebrated throughout Europe as the most wonderful of all living

it, or was occasioned by a certain frank method of speaking, peculiar to himself. On the contrary, many instances are recorded of good offices performed by Magliabechi for those who needed it, particularly towards men of learning. To these he was always ready to render every assistance, giving them advice, and even lending them the choicest of his own books and manuscripts. He constantly refused the repeated, and splendid offers, made by the greatest princes of the time, to quit Florence, and take the charge of their libraries; but neither ambition, honour, nor avarice, could induce him to leave his solitude or his studies. Not above three or four instances are recorded of his having been out of Florence, and that only for a short distance; one of which excursions was taken to *visit a manuscript*. [Oh brave!] It was not till a late period of his life, and after repeated attacks of indisposition, that he was prevailed upon to have a servant; and then, only during the day, in order not to be interrupted in his studies at night, which continued, till, overcome by sleep, he rested in his chair, without taking off his clothes.

In the depth of winter alone did he indulge in a bed, and then the cloak that served him by day was his covering by night; keeping a pan of fire in the middle of it to warm himself, with his lamp not far off. One night his bed caught fire, and being obliged to call for assistance, some of his books were stolen; for his bed room, as well as every other corner of his house, was filled with them. At another time, some thieves, thinking he had money concealed, and finding no treasure, stole some books, and departed with menacing looks. Being informed of the circumstance by his servant, Magliabechi is said to have run out of the house, fearing something worse might happen. Having been persuaded by Prince Ferdinand to remove into a more convenient apartment, a room was prepared for him in the *Palazzo Vecchio*, to which place by his permission, they began to remove his books. Much confusion having arisen in transporting such a variety of things, after about 6000 volumes had been conveyed to the palace, some accident befalling a favourite piece of furniture, he took it so much to heart, as to refuse having the remainder removed; and after residing about four months in this new habitation, he returned to his old house, notwithstanding the advice and entreaties of his friends to the contrary. This temporary misfortune did not however hinder him afterwards from receiving those who visited him, with his usual kindness and good-nature. He was punctual in returning the visits and letters of foreigners; which he did in the morning, as he seldom went out after dinner, which perhaps contributed to the preservation of his health. The only thing in the shape of medicine which he took, was *treacle*; he never partook of water-ices, but was fond of good wine, which however he used with great moderation.

Having arrived at a great age, in January 1714, it being a cold day, contrary

Bibliomaniacs. You must remember, however, the biting sarcasm uttered against him; namely, that he was ‘a learned man among Booksellers, but a Bookseller among

to the advice of his friends, he would go out; but feeling faint, and his legs being weak, he returned home. Not finding himself better, at the request of the Prior and Fathers of *Sta Maria Novella* he removed to their infirmary,* from which place he never returned; but growing worse, he was prevailed upon to make his will by his friend Marmi. Having taken both the sacraments, in the perfect possession of his senses, he expired the 4th of July, 1714. He was buried with his mother in the church of *Sta. Maria Novella*, in a coffin of cypress, upon which was engraved an inscription by the Sig. Marmi. He was much regretted by the Grand Duke and all the city of Florence; and the learned of all countries lamented his death. In his person Magliabechi was not much indebted to nature; he was very short, and his head was so bent on one side, as almost to give him the appearance of being deformed. Nor was his mode of dress calculated to improve his looks, for it was miserable in the extreme. He was immoderate in the use of tobacco. In winter, to defend himself from the cold, he was accustomed, as well in the house as out of it, to carry about an earthen vase of fire, which frequently burnt his clothes, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, and in a fit of abstraction, he would often scorch his hands.’ Here we close our amusing account: recommending all the book-ardour of Magliabechi; but, instead of his dress and habits, clean linen, frequent washing, a common-sense regime, and a Rumford stove in preference to a portable ‘earthen vase of fire.’†

* This was not the first time of his visiting that place on a similar occasion: for his own house was too uncomfortable to afford proper assistance; on which account his friends were more than once obliged to remove him by force—to where he might be better attended to. *Giornale*.

† The reader, in an unostentatious sub-note, may possibly not object to be made acquainted with the civility shewn to LAMBECIUS by our Magliabechi, when the former came to visit Florence, and the *Medicæan Library* in particular. Who, henceforward, shall say that Signor Antonio Magliabechi was not both a very civil and well-bred gentleman? Listen to Lambecius’s own account of the matter; which is given in his usual gossiping style. ‘Hinc porro intra biduum, nempe die 29 Augusti perveni Florentiam, Hetruriæ metropolim, quam V. Cl. Philippus Cluverius, si una excipiatur Antverpia, totius Europæ pulcherrimam prædicat. Ego vero ne Antverpiam quidem excipiendam existimo; siquidem vel solus interfluens amnis majorem urbi amœnitatem, quam præterfluens conciliat. Cæterum pulchritudini urbis egregie respondet incolarum humanitas vitæ, candor animi, solertia ingenii, elegantia sermonis, amor literarum, aliæque insignes virtutes, quæ raro conjunctim uno in populo inveniuntur. Primi, quibuscum amicitiam ibi contraxi, fuerunt Nobilissimi Doctissimique Viri Dnn. Carolus Datus, et ANTONINUS MAGLIABECUS, quorum benignitate postridie, quam adveneram, ad Palatium honorifice deductus, Serenissimo Principi Leopoldo literas reddidi commendatitias, quas ab Eminentissimo Card. Francisco Barberino mecum attuleram,’ vol. i. col. 32.

learned men.' Nevertheless, the courteous correspondence of Gronovius and Grævius, to mention that of no other great literary characters with whom he kept up an epistolary intercourse, is sufficient to rescue him from the severity of that contempt which such a sarcasm might otherwise provoke.

These Italian Bibliographers are, I admit, great favourites of mine; and among those of a later date, APOSTOLO ZENO in particular.* He is chiefly known by his learned

* APOSTOLO ZENO in particular.] Apostolo Zeno is indeed the favourite among Italian bibliographers. Mr. Ochéda, Earl Spencer's librarian, speaks of him with no ordinary emotions of respect. His chief work, as best known to us, (and of which the last edition at Parma, 1803, 4to. 2 vol. is, I learn, rather preferable to the preceding of 1753) is the *Biblioteca dell' Eloquenza Italiana* of FONTANINI, enriched and even overflowing with his accurate and instructive notes: consult for one moment the *Bibliomania*, p. 80. A copious Life of Zeno has recently appeared by Francesco Negri, in 1816, 8vo. to which is prefixed a portrait of our bibliographical hero—from which portrait a copy has been taken and presented to the reader in the plate facing p. 199: below the head of Magliabechi. It is full of character. From Negri we learn the following interesting particulars.

'APOSTOLO ZENO was born the 11th of December, 1668, in the parish of the Trinity at Venice. At the age of 2 years he was left, by his father's death, to the care of his mother; who afterwards married Pier Antonio Cornaro, at whose house the young Apostolo, then only 5 years old, began to shew those signs of an innate passion for study, which raised him to so high a pitch of honour.

'Perlustravi itaque die 2 Septembris eximium illum et nunquam satis laudandum REI LITERARIÆ THESAURUM ductu supra memoratorum humanissimorum Virorum Dnn. Dati et Magliabeci, et ex animo indolui, quod ante tredecim annos in primo Italico itinere fortunæ malignitas impediisset, quo minus contemplatione splendidissimæ Urbis, et voluptate pervolvendæ tam INSIGNIS BIBLIOTHECÆ fruerer. Cum itaque jucundissimo illo omnigenæ eruditionis ferculo, quantum per angustias temporis ea vice licebat, oculos atque animum avidissime pavissem, contuli me deinceps ad cætera, quæ intra et extra Urbem spectatu digna sunt, perlustranda, eaque ratione integros quatuor subsequentes consumpsi dies, maximam percipiens delectationem, non tantum ex magnificentissimorum ædificiorum et rerum pretiosissimarum intuitu, verum etiam ex familiari consuetudine cum doctissimis Viris Dnn. Andrea Cavalcante, Francisco Maria Ceffino, Ferrante Cappono, Augustino Cottellino, Joanne Alfonso Borello et Michaële Ermino, quorum benevolentiam Dnn. Carolus Datus et Antonius Magliabecus mihi conciliaverant.' vol. i. col. 33. And further, examine at leisure the four crown octavo tomes of *Epistles to Magliabechi*, by some of the most famous Italian and German scholars, published in 1745.

and accurate notes upon the *Eloquenza Italiana* of FONTANINI; a specimen of editorship so complete and satisfactory, that one almost forgets the original, and wishes that

He was accompanied by his youngest brother to the *Collegio de' Cherici Regolari Somaschi di Castello*, when he soon distinguished himself by the quickness of his learning, his faithful memory, and the correctness of his judgment. At 14 he began to shine among his equals in the art of composing verses; he made himself known in the quality of orator, when he composed and recited a panegyric in honour of the father Marsenio when he visited the college *di Castello*, in which he succeeded to admiration. At 17 he tried his skill in a little poem on the burning of some houses at Venice, to which he added three odes on an old female servant. Two heroic poems soon after saw the light, called 'La Conquista di Navarino,' and 'La Resa di Modone,' which, notwithstanding the coldness of the style, exhibited rays of no common genius.

'Insensibly enticed from the style and purity of the great Latin masters, he sought that of the Italian; till convinced that the proper mode of composing, was in the style they adopted, he resolved to forget what he had learned, and to model his style after their's; in which undertaking he toiled incessantly for six good years; and what he loved to record as the most remarkable event in his life, was, that he was neither stimulated to, nor enlightened by, this his conversion. At the beautiful town of Vigliano he had the following curious dream. The night preceding the day on which he intended visiting the castle of *Conegliano*, he dreamt that he was in *Conegliano*, and entering a pork-shop, and seeing therein some books, he took one up entitled '*Lettere di Papi, Principi, ed uomini illustri, al Cardinal Bembo.*' In the morning, scarcely awake, he flew to *Conegliano*, and enquired for the booksellers; was informed there were none, but that a pork-butcher kept, among meat and fat, a few books to sell. He went there, and in a corner of the shop, spied out a small heap of damaged books, among which he discovered the '*Lettere*,' &c. that had been the subject of his dream. [Let us only add three marks—not merely of admiration, but of astonishment—thus!!!] His collection of books appeared daily to encrease, but he did not so much attend to their particular worth, as to improve himself in general erudition. He was very intimate with FONTANINI, and it is said bore the expense of a book published by him. In the year 1702, he was strongly recommended by the Cardinal Noris to fill the vacant office of *Keeper of the public Library of San Marco*, but when Zeno had most reason to expect his application would be successful, another was promoted to the situation. This disappointment did not discourage him, as he continued quietly to prosecute his studies. About the year 1717, he was made *Poet Laureat* at the court of Vienna, at the public fairs of which city he made great acquisitions to his library; also at the *auctions* at the Hague and at Munster, where the library of the famous MALLINKROT was sold. He received curious editions of all sorts from Vander Aa of Amsterdam

the annotator had commenced his task by laying aside his text, and by giving us a work entirely composed of his own choice and varied materials.

LORENZO. You seem to have forgotten *the three M's*—the great favourites of Philemon—who lived about the period of Magliabechi, and therefore preceded Apostolo Zeno?

LYSANDER. By no means. You allude to MABILLON, MONTFAUCON, and MURATORI: but they do not exactly come under the class of writers of whom we are just now discoursing. They were rather original authors, or historical antiquaries: although I admit that Montfaucon, in his *Palæographia Græca*, and *Bibliotheca Coisliniana*, has presented us with unrivalled models of Bibliography in its most exalted character.

Of BANDINI, I would wish to speak with every degree of deference and respect.* He had all the ardour, without the

[see p. 112, ante] with whom he lived upon terms of great friendship. He was offered by the Emperor Charles VI. the post of *Imperial Librarian*, in addition to that he already held of *Poet* and *Historian*, but he declined it without offending his benefactor. He subsequently refused that of *Imperial Antiquary*.

‘He died the 11 November, 1750, while his servants thought him asleep, aged 82, wanting a month. In his private life he had no singularities. His dress was plain but clean, and after his return from court his ordinary habit was of black velvet or cloth. He could not bear long or idle visits. Three or four hours served him for sleep in the night, and he never slept after dinner. He wrote most after supper, generally studying till day; but never rose from bed before sun rise. His books he bequeathed to the Dominican fathers.

* Of BANDINI—*speaking with every degree of deference and respect.*] Let us first hear with what respectful attention his name and accomplishments have been noticed by the biographer of Lorenzo and Leo. In the preface to the latter work, vol. i. p. xxii. 8vo. edit. we read as follows: ‘In adverting to the assistance which I have derived from the city of Florence, that cradle of the arts in modern times, I must not omit to notice the favours conferred on me by the late venerable and learned Canonico ANGELO MARIA BANDINI, late principal librarian of the Laurentian library there. Of a character so well known in the literary world, any commendation of mine would be superfluous; yet I cannot avoid

perversity and grossness, of Magliabechi. He was from infancy a Bibliographer: and he fell into the situation of Royal Librarian, as properly and *symmetrically* (if such word

remarking it as an extraordinary circumstance, that he maintained a high rank among the scholars of Italy during the long space of sixty years, and that the history of his life, with an account of his literary productions, was given in the great work of Mazzuchelli, the publication of which he survived nearly half a century. During this period he continued to enrich the republic of letters by many other works; some of which, as they bear a particular reference to the history of the Medici, will be referred to in the following pages. To this eminent man, who retained his early and ardent love of literature to the close of his days, I am also indebted for the communication of several scarce and valuable documents, both printed and manuscript, as well as for various letters, indicating to me, with the utmost attention and minuteness, those sources of information which his long and intimate acquaintance with the subjects of the following volumes had enabled him to point out.' After such an eulogy it may be needless to enter into details, or to 'shew cause' why Bandini has 'deserved well' of bibliomaniacal reminiscence. Yet a word or two, from Bandini's own testimony, may be interesting.

His first great work was the *Catalogue of the MSS. chiefly of the Greek Fathers in the Medico-Laurentian library*, in 3 large folio volumes, 1764: but he had previously tried his hand in a *Specimen of the Florentine Literature of the XVth century*: as specifically noticed by Mehus in his noble volume of the *Life and Works of Ambrosius Traversarius*; 1759, p. LXXXVI; a work, referred to by Bandini as containing 'a most lucid history of the rise and progress of Florentine Literature.' When Bandini published this, his first 'magnum opus' in bibliography, he was in his xxxvth year—as we are not only explicitly so informed from the inscription beneath his PORTRAIT which faces the frontispiece, and which has been copied in the OPPOSITE PLATE; but also in the very body of the preface itself—for, towards the end of it, he thus most complacently informs the unsuspecting reader: 'Prima tabula, a Leonardo Frati, Florentino pictore, magni ingenii viro, delineata, et æri ad vivum expressa, ME operis AUCTOREM repræsentat, meumque in Bibliotheca adiutorem optime meritum, Antonium Sartium: '* vol. i. p. xxiv. Truly, such specimens of redundant

* The figure of Sartius, which my friend Mr. Erbeh is inclined to think bears rather a strong resemblance to that of a very learned well known librarian, is seen in the background, about six inches in height, behind a table, opening a book. Bandini speaks of his able coadjutor in the most earnest and affectionate manner: 'Et quidem non semel manum de tabula sustulisse operis magnitudine, ac difficultate perterriti; nisi nobis auxiliatrices manus totis viribus porrexisset ANTONIUS SARTIUS, familiaris noster, ac studiorum indefessus adiutor, qui pro eo, quo pollet ingenii acumine, incredibile dictu est, quantum in Libraria Græcorum antiquitate diiudicanda quatuor annis. Ex multis . . . ille



Worthington sc.

ANGELO MARIA BANDINI.



Worthington sc.

JACOPO MORELLI.

may be used) as the most intricate, yet beautiful piece of mechanism, is made to play and to harmonise in all its parts. Or, if you will, he moved in his bibliographical orbit, as a

information are of rare occurrence to the north of Florence! Bandini's preface is most interesting. He gives a brief history of the fate of the Medicæan library; and reviews, with equal modesty and candour, the labours of his predecessors in the same situation: (for he was at that time the Royal Librarian, or 'Præfect') namely, of Erastius, Ronclinellius, Possevinus, Langius, Montfaucon and his coadjutors Salvinus and Duccius,* Assemanus, Oricellarius, and Biscionius. This is followed by an equally impartial statement of the nature and plan of his own labours—which must have been almost Herculean—but which, every librarian, succeeding in similar circumstances, should consider himself bound in honour and conscience to accomplish. The whole passage is so animated and interesting, and executed so much 'after nature,' and 'to the life'—if I may so speak—that the reader may possibly be angry at its suppression: 'Vix enim dici potest, quantum laboris, tædiique ad languorem usque pertulerimus in Codicibus aliquot recensendis, partim mutilis, partim semiustis, partim madore putrefactis, tineaque fermè consumptis; sive in ipsis integris, ubi nullus, ut plurimum, rerum index, nulla Capitum summa occurrit, explorandis, enucleandisque, sive tandem in expedienda multiplici, ambigua, intricata scribendi forma, sive litteris vetustate ipsa caducis, atque oculorum aciem fugientibus, indagandis. Adde spiritus, et accentus, librorum oscitantia et incuria sæpius omissos, vel malè præfixos: adde præteritas numerorum notas, vel folia a librariis transposita, ac male locata, aliaque huiusmodi vitia, quæ legendi, atque intelligendi negotium quam difficillimum effecere. Codices nostros cum variis characterum speciminibus diligenter contulimus, ut ex simili litterarum forma, cuiusque Codicis ætatem statueremus, quorum specimina in tabulis aeri incisis descripsimus. Qui autem temporis notam præferebant, ii præsto nobis fuerunt, ut de ceteris, scriptionis

unus nostræ expectationi respondit, et assiduus laboris, ac molestiarum comes fuit,' &c. For Bandini himself, he sits in a full flowing, stiff robe, like my Lord Chancellor—spreading over a vast surface of the plate, and measuring, in his sitting posture, about 9 inches in height. It is a sufficiently moderate performance.

* I have always had a suspicion that Montfaucon's very valuable *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum* comprehended too much, in such a space, to be effectually and accurately accomplished. The criticism of Bandini confirms that suspicion; though I rather imagine that Salvinus and Duccius are the culprits on the score of defectively describing the *Medicæan* book-treasures. 'Verum incredibile dictu est, (says Bandini,) quot præstantissimorum scriptorum opuscula prætermiserint, quot titulo decepti, qui vel in fronte, vel in tergo adpositus erat, falso inscripserint, quot denique illorum oculos effugerint, dum qua Codicum mutilatione, qua titulorum omissione non animadversa, plura interdum opera, quæ ad diversos pertinebant auctores, uni eidemque adiudicarunt. Addas etiam non pauca, quæ intus, aut in singulis latebant rerum, et doctrinæ argumenta; ab ipsis vel penitus omissa, vel levissimè fuisse representata.' *Præf.* p. xviii.

planet placed there to diffuse light and warmth upon all who came within the reach of his rays. He knew no happiness but in 'ms. hunting : ' no game to him so joyous, so diversified, and so productive of benefit. His descriptions occasionally glow with all the ardour and all the richness of a youthful fancy ; and betray, in spite of every effort to conceal them, (had such effort ever operated) the genuine,

anno destitutis, iudicium pronunciaremus. Si quae vero alia a primo calligrafo, aut ab aliis subsequentium temporum lectoribus, notatu digna, sive in fronte, sive ad calcem, sive in marginibus, seu in ima pagellarum ora scripta fuerunt, ea suis locis integra fide commemoravimus. Ornamenta etiam Codicum, picturas, icones, characteris elegantiam, et varietatem, tum quot constaret foliis, qui in membranis, qui in papyro, et qui in bombyce essent exarati, qui vel initio, vel fine mutili, qui temporis iniuria detriti, qui foedati, aut iniqua manu abscissi, vel abrasi, qui ab *imperito bibliopego male compacti*,* distincte notavimus, unde eorum statum, vel bonum, vel malum, qui legerit intelligere statim possit.' p. xx-xxi.

And in his preface to the *Catalogue of the Latin and Italian MSS.* in the same collection, put forth in 1774, folio, 5 volumes, he evinces the same ardour—the same efficiency as a critical bibliographer—the same minute and indispensable criteria for the proper understanding and description of ancient MSS. His supplemental *Catalogue of the MSS.*, in the Emperor Leopold's Library, 1791, 3 vol. folio, was the last of his more laborious publications—and these eleven volumes, collectively, (of which a copy was sold at the sale of Mr. Roscoe's library for 38*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*) contain a treasure of biblical and literary wealth which can hardly be surpassed. They are sufficient to entitle their author to take his station in the foremost rank of erudite bibliographers. His *Annals of the Giunta Press*, of which such liberal use has been made in the preceding volume, (p. 257-279) are capable of great improvement ; although, in the main, tolerably accurate. My friend Mr. Heber does not *quite* swear by them. Let Mons. Antoine Auguste Renouard take the work in hand and make it a companion to his *Aldine Annals*, and then the aforesaid friend *will* ' quite swear by them.' . . But peace to the ashes ! . . and every virtuous and respectful feeling possess us when we mention the name, or have recourse to the labours, of ANGELO MARIA BANDINI ! Bind his tomes in vigorous *russia* . . . and let not the moth or worm (see vol. ii. p. 447) ' feed sweetly ' upon them through the medium of *hogskin* ! Hear and obey, ye mad-brained sticklers for ' scored pork !'

* Let the example of BANDINI, if all others fail, teach the importance of the doctrines laid down in the EIGHTH DAY of this Decameron !

unquenchable sparks of BIBLIOMANIACISM which warmed his inmost heart: that heart, beating with all the kindness of an unaffected philanthropist, and a courteous and accomplished scholar. Bandini has but lately 'gathered himself unto his Fathers.' Peace to his ashes . . and let the Biographer of Leo proclaim his excellences to the world!

But the reputation of Italian Bibliographers must not be supposed to have expired with Bandini. JACOPO MORELLI,*

* JACOPO MORELLI.] This venerable bibliographer, and librarian of the public library of St. Mark, at Venice, has long secured the esteem and respect of all who have known the qualifications of his head and the virtues of his heart. His PORTRAIT, *engraved and written*, appeared in a work entitled *Ritratti scritti da Isabella Teotochi Albrizzi; Venezia, 1816, 8vo. terza ediz.* This work is written as if our Morelli had ceased to be among the living. The engraved portrait is the same in substance as the one of which the reader sees a copy beneath the portrait of Bandini in the PRECEDING PLATE: but this copy has been taken from a more finished original, with the loan of which I was favoured by Mr. Salvi—whom we have designated, in vol. ii. page 347, as 'a very knowing bookseller of Milan.' But I have taken the liberty of stripping the drapery of the worthy JACOPO MORELLI of its worked military button-holes and pendant eagle—after the fashion of Napoleon Bonaparte—as methinks such trappings are most unseemly and misplaced in a bibliographical septuagenarian of long established reputation. But—possibly, rejoins the lover of costume—'they constitute the bearings of the National Institute.' What then? I will have nothing to do but with the head, the 'pars melior,' of Jacopo Morelli; and he may cry 'pish,' if he please, at my disrespect of Napoleon liveries! But a truce to criticism upon *graphic* niceties. Let us listen to the account of this venerable bibliographer, in a more diffuse style of portrait-painting, from the courteous pencil of a female biographer; whose eulogy forms the 'iv. Portrait' of the work just above mentioned.

'Amongst the different varieties of the human mind, nature seems on some occasions to have stopt short to contemplate with pleasure some of her works. Such appears to have been the case with the man whose genius we shall endeavour to portray. Elected by the Venetian senators to the custody of the Ducal library of S. Marco, it was soon found that no one could have better filled the post. If profound erudition, and great knowledge of the *Belles Lettres, History, and Bibliography*, a wonderful penetration in discovering the sense of an author, with the most patient industry in correcting and interpreting the meaning of ancient authors, be entitled to praise, it is here most justly due.

'Frugal of his time, our MORELLI shewed great impatience when broke in

formerly the librarian of Pinelli, and now of the public library of St. Mark, yet lives. This amiable Septuagenarian has long secured for himself the esteem and admiration of all who have had need of his services: and I wish in my heart that he may accomplish the desirable object of completing his descriptive catalogue of the Greek MSS. in the Library of St. Mark. There are yet, beyond a doubt, very many

upon by those from whose discourse he could neither receive instruction or pleasure; but when visited by the wise and learned, no one could be more affable and courteous; as appears from the many public testimonies of approbation which he received from the learned of all Europe, by whom he was consulted. For though he had never been out of Venice or its neighbourhood, he was not only acquainted with all the great libraries, the best museums of antiquities, the richest cabinets of medals, the most renowned picture galleries, (all in short that relates to literature or the fine arts,) but could speak on them with all the profundity and learning of the most minute ocular observers. Many were the works he composed, and many more owe their birth to him. The Library of S. Marco itself was rendered more famous by his historical dissertation, and the volume of critical observations upon its Greek manuscripts. The *Bibliotheca Pinelliana*, a work in 6 vol. 1789, 4to. which, formed under his directions, traversed all Europe, equally diffused the fame of such a magnificent library and that of its powerful illustrator. The solemnities and nuptial pomp, used at Venice, are described by him. The memoirs of some of our travellers, little known. His relations of the “*Codici Farsetti*,” and “*Nani*,” his many letters, particularly those to Villoison the famous Greek scholar; and the many elegant inscriptions composed by him, prove him to have been one of the most learned and recondite of men. We are likewise indebted to his learning and research for the possession of the *Venetian history of the Cardinal Bembo*, such as it came originally from the pen of its author, and without those mutilations which political reasons had made it suffer, in all the editions hitherto discovered; but so spoiled by time, as to have been useless without his care and exactitude in restoring the almost unintelligible letters. He then gave it to the press, adorned with an elegant preface and portrait of the Cardinal.* In proof of his knowledge of painting, he has given a curious account of the unengraved works of the 16th century, existing in Venice and the neighbourhood. Notwithstanding his great learning, and though he was constantly in the company of the learned, his conversation was very agreeable, and full of vivacity. His memory was remarkably tenacious, and his sight so good as not to want the aid of a glass; his hearing was equally perfect.’

* Lord Spencer possesses a copy of it UPON VELLUM: see vol. ii. p. 356.

shrewd and intelligent Librarians and Bibliographers throughout Italy; but *Books* have shared the fate of *Empires* in the recent continental revolutions: and now that calm and confidence have succeeded to tempest and dismay, we may hope great things from the spirit of bibliomaniacal enterprise which seems to pervade Europe.

That Italy has yet her Collectors, the names of TRIVULZIO, MELZI, and REINA* (to mention no others) forbid us to doubt. These gentlemen not only possess taste and spirit, but the means of gratifying both. Their *Groliers*,

* TRIVULZIO, MELZI, and REINA.] Of these living distinguished book-collectors at Milan, the first, the MARQUIS TRIVULZIO, takes the lead for priority in every respect. Renouard is constantly noticing his fine library, especially of *Alduses*; and Mr. Salvi told me, (when over here during the summer of 1815) with both hands elevated, that the Marquis's *Groliers* and *De Thous* almost defied description as well as competition. Yet in the *membranaceous* department, the Aldine cabinet in St. James's Place, in which we have so luxuriously disported ourselves in the SEVENTH DAY of this work, was allowed indisputably to be its superior. However, the *large papers* of the Marquis were more numerous and splendid. We will now discourse somewhat of the second of these bibliomaniacal Milanese book-dragons: and here, luckily, the kindness and promptitude of Mr. Salvi have supplied me with some very pleasant descriptive food. Read what follows—and wish thou wert COUNT MELZI, unbefriended book-virtuoso!

Books upon Vellum in the Collection of Count Melzi.

Durandi Rationale Divinorum Officiorum, 1459: Biblia Mogunt. 1462: Thom. Aquin. Sec. Secundæ, 1467: Ejusd. Quartum Script. 1469: Augustin de Civ. Dei, Vin. Spira, 1470: Titus Livius, Spira, 1470: Biblia Ital. dal Malermi, 1471: (in calce 'Finise et Psalterio de David) Valturius, 1472: Decretor. Codex, Jenson, 1474: Decretal. Liber Sextus, Jenson, 1476: Clement. Constitut. Jenson, 1476: Biblia Sacra, Jenson, 1479: S. Verularii de oct. part. Orat. Vin. de Pensis, 1489, 4to.: Missale Predicatorum, Ven. And. Torresanus de Asula, 1496, fol. Prudentius, Mediol. 1501, 8vo. Virgilius Aldi, 1505, 8vo. Bembo, Aldi, 1505, 4to. Mathias Bossi, de Gaudiis Animi. Florent. Francisc. Bonacc. 1491, 4to. D. V. Martini Episcopi. Tridentini opus contra Eutychem; Vien. Pannon. apud. I. Signerium, 1528, 4to. Fabri I. Episcopi Vienn. Sermones Consolat. Vienn. Aust. in ædib. I. Signerii, 1532, 4to. Ordo. Baptisand. sec. ritum. Rom. Eccl. Ven. in Ædib. Steph. Sabiensis, 1539, 4to. Strozze Carmina, Ven. Aldus, 1513, 8vo. Anthologia Græca, Cura Brunck, 4to. 1772,

and *Large Paper Alduses*, and *Membranaceous Tomes* are, I understand, of a very superior description indeed—book-gems of the first water—transparent, brilliant, and captivating! Let us applaud such a passion; and let us hope that the golden days of Leo may yet revive in that region where the heavens are ever serene, and where the breezes should soften, as they refresh, the most obdurately anti-bibliomaniacal bosom.

From Italy it is natural to visit France: as the next country of intellectual importance upon the continent. We will glide rapidly along the glorious career of her earlier bibliomaniacal monarchs—especially of the *Charleses*—and dwell only upon the remembrance of the incomparable taste and unequalled munificence and book-ardour of her

6 vols. *Triumpho dell' amore di Messer Francesco Petrarcha* excell. poeta Fiorent. 4to. It begins with the first chapter in capitals—at the end, thus:

Fine de Triumphi del clarissime
poeta Francesco Petrarcha.

The impression has signatures; a to e, in fours; but no name of printer, place, or date: a full page has 27 lines. And here take we leave of the membranaceous gems of COUNT MELZI.

Of SIGNOR REINA let the note be loud in commendation. He is a merchant, I understand; but upon the Medicæan scale: affluent, generous, fond of books and of virtù. His career has been hitherto of short duration; yet he promises well—and if ever I visit the Milanese territories... but hope, through life, has been to me only a flattering tale-teller: and I will not indulge one soft whisper or delusive dream upon the occasion! Signor Reina has (inter alios, I presume) the following books UPON VELLUM. F. Petrarchæ Psalmi Penitentiales et Confessionales: in fine: '*Psalmi Francisci Petrarche poete laureati novem confessionales expleti sunt feliciter per Magistrum Reissinger. Anno domini. M.CCCC.lxxvi, 8vo.* A rare and very interesting volume. Publ. Victoris de Regionibus Urbis Romæ, 4to. sine ullâ notâ: sed Mediolani impressus: Pomponii Guarici Neapolitani de Sculptura Florentinâ P. Iunta, 1504, 8vo. consult vol. ii. p. 266, for rather an interesting account of this work—but where is the notice of Signor Reina's VELLUM COPY of it? Here—I reply! Petrarca Rime, Aldo, 1514, 8vo. Christianum de fide et Sacramentis Edictum. Romæ, Antonius Bladus imprimebat, MDXXXV. 4to. Wherefore have I omitted to notice, in the previous volume, this *Blade of a Printer*? Answer—'non omnia possumus omnes.'

FRANCIS I.* Illustrious prince ! we love thee even prostrate at Pavia, beneath the proud foot of thy Imperial rival :— for whatever was done by Charles V. in the way of the *Fine Arts*, was done, not from real love and passion of the pursuit,

* *incomparable taste and unequalled munificence and book-ardour of FRANCIS I.*] How comes it to pass that we have no *Life* of this incomparable French monarch? I mean, a piece of biography written in our own tongue, and of a character likely to be as interesting as that of his imperial rival, Charles V. The politics of the one, it must be granted, would be almost those of the other : but in the details connected with *private* life—the most interesting portion of the biography of great men—(battles, sieges, marches, and embassies being the same thing over and over again repeated) how superior would be *that* piece of biographical painting which should display all the charms of the loquacity, conviviality, munificence, goodness of heart, and generosity of sentiment, of our FRANCIS I ! His book-rooms, his picture-galleries, his tilts and tournaments, his immediate intercourse and connection with our own country, the influence of literature, the patronage of the press, ten thousand collateral, but not digressive or irrelevant, topics of discussion, present themselves, in such a piece of composition, which no ingenious and accomplished writer would suffer to pass unnoticed. And is it merely for this commendatory flourish that the name of FRANCIS has been made to arrest the reader's attention ? By no means : for an authority of the very first magnitude thus commands us to reverence the BIBLIOMANIACAL VIRTUES of our Francis.

‘ Eminuit hoc restaurandæ in Gallia Græcæ linguæ studio FRANCISCI PRIMI GALLIARUM REGIS liberalitas ; Francisci, inquam, primi, cujus ea in re instituta, Serenissime Princeps, a cæteris principibus pro norma et exemplo haberi possit ; cujus erga literas amor a plerisque illius et proximi ævi scriptoribus celebratur. “ Ille, inquit M. Antonius Muretus, homines eruditos ad se ex omnibus orbis terrarum partibus, amplissima eorum industriæ præmia statuens, convocabat. Ad regalem illius mensam non ullum acroama aut libentius aut sæpius quam vox alicujus ERUDITI HOMINIS audiebatur : Qua re ad cæteras suas laudes eam addidit, qua nulla, meo quidem judicio, major est, nulla præclarior, ut communi omnium populorum consensu LITERARUM PATER nominaretur.” Vidit Rex æternis præconiis dignus, mutata rerum facie, florentes in Gallia artes illas, quæ ne nomine quidem antea notæ, mirum in modum postea frequentatæ sunt : quæque a Græcis primum ortæ, ad alias deinde gentes latius emanaverant : et providus, ne semel institutum in Gallia Græcæ linguæ studium aliquando deficeret, cum Magistros et Doctores Græcæ linguæ assignatis stipendiis constituit ; tunc præterea Codices Græcos ingenti sumptu ad usum Bibliothecæ Regiæ undequaque comparavit. MONTFAUCON : *Palæographia Græca. Epist. Ded.* After such an eulogy (coupled with the frequent and handsome mention of the MSS. and printed books of Francis I. in the previous pages of

but from downright cold-blooded personal pride; merely that it should be *said*, 'if Francis patronises *Da Vinci*, I must patronise *Titian*.' Charles had the genuine phlegm and inflexible-haughtiness of his country. No traditions relating to his *library* have yet reached us; or if he *did* collect books, or pictures, such collection was made from a conviction that it was the province of a monarch so to appropriate a portion of his wealth. On the other hand, FRANCIS . . . but I am generally lost in the admiration which I can never resist bestowing upon that monarch's accomplished character. He was the central sun around which the GROLIERS and DE THOUS moved in their magnificent orbits: in other words, his example encouraged the living, and extended to the unborn. It kindled every generous emotion in the bosom of the after HENRYS, and glowed with undiminished warmth in the breasts of COLBERT, and even FLEURY. Hence the illustrious *cohort* (if I may so

this work) let it not be said that the French monarch is 'lugged in neck and shoulders' to grace the xth day of this Decameron.

Mr. Clarke, in his *Repertorium Bibliographicum*, has a pretty small stippled engraving of the portrait of Francis, executed by Belmes, (the first fruits of his *burin*) from a portion of an illuminated frontispiece of a French version of Diodorus Siculus. This MS. is in the library of Mr. Beckford, and is in every respect perfect on the score of elegance and condition.

* COLBERT and even FLEURY.] To dwell a moment upon the illustrious Colbert, as a bibliomaniacal grandee of the very first magnitude, were a waste of time and of words. His printed books (and such books!) were sold in 1728: his MSS. (and such MSS!) are now deposited in the Royal collection. Let his librarian Baluze (and Baluze is a name commanding no ordinary respect) chaunt aloud his praises. It is of Cardinal Fleury that I would now speak; or rather that I would make Montfaucon speak. Read, admirer of bibliomaniacal Cardinals!

'Verum nulla unquam tanta fuerat accessio, quantam nunc videmus triennii spatio factam curante Franciscæ rei Administro Eminentissimo CARDINALE DE FLEURY, qui, annuente Rege, Viros doctos misit in Orientem, ut Manuscriptos Græcos et alios Orientalium Linguarum perquirerent et compararent. Illi vero cum amplissima messe reversi sunt. Bibliothecam item Colbertinam, quæ inter celeberrimas Europæ numerabatur, emit, et Regiæ adjunxit, necnon Bibliothe-

speak) of Book-Collectors which adorned the end of the seventeenth, and nearly the whole of the eighteenth century. Hence her DE BOZE, PREFOND, GAIGNAT, LAURAGUAIS,*

cam S. Martialis Lemovicensis, aliasque minores, ita ut necdum elapso trienii spatio, plus quam decem millia Manuscriptorum in Regiam induxerit, qui numerus Bibliothecam constituere posset optimis Europæ æquiparandam, etiam quantum ad Manuscriptorum præstantiam. In Regia itaque Bibliotheca hodie triginta tria millia Codicum Manuscriptorum numerantur, inter quos Græci quater mille comparent. Nulla ergo Bibliotheca uspiam tot instructa codicibus visa fuit, ne ipsa quidem Ptolemaïca, quod probatu facile esset, si per tempus liceret; neque enim plus illi tribuo, quam res es veritas ipsa testificatur.'

'Ex hac tantâ Bibliotheca longe operosius fuisset quæ ad institutum meum pertinebant, cum delectu excipere. Sed quia ab annis pene 50. Regiam et Colbertinam, quæ jam Regiæ adjuncta est, admodum frequentaveram, et multa excerpseram ex utraque, minus laboris subeundum fuit.' MONTFAUCON: *Bibl. Bibliothecar.* 1739, *Prefat.*

* LAURAGUAIS.] A word with you, M. le Comte de Lauraguais, in this snug corner. It is not from any vehement admiration of thy bibliomaniacal reputation (although Peignot calls the catalogue of his collection, put forth by G. Debure, fils aîné, 1770, 8vo. under the initial of M... 'remarquable par la quantité d'articles précieux qu'il renferme') that I bring thee forward to the reader's notice in the present place... but simply to warn the same reader (more especially if he love books, and aspire to be eulogised by bibliographical writers) against the commission of such *bizarrie* of conduct of which thou wast unquestionably guilty. The late Bishop of Ely told me that, when his Father was tutor in Lord Pembroke's family, the Count de Lauraguais visited Wilton and was anxious to see the book-lions there. The Bishop's father was the Cicerone on the occasion. The Count saw and admired. On his departure a very curious and scarce book was missing: a hue and cry was raised: the Count was suspected—fie upon it! nor suspected without reason. His baggage was searched at Portsmouth, just as he was on the eve of embarkation. The 'curious and scarce book' was *found*! Let a thick black velvet curtain be here drawn across the scene... But the Count, say the French writers, was a generous man: full of magnanimity: and Madame la Comtesse equally liberal and benevolent! Listen to a strange story hereupon; and admire such an illustration of conjugal fidelity and forgiveness of injuries. M. le Comte de Lauraguais, a married man, kept the celebrated actress, MAD. ARNOUX, by whom he had two children; and (somewhat strange methinks during the Count's absence—was it during his honest abode at Wilton?) Mademoiselle Arnoux took it into her head to be *jealous*... But my authority shall not be garbled.

'Mlle. Arnoux, excédée de la jalousie de M. de Lauraguais, avoit profité de son absence pour rompre avec lui. Elle avoit renvoyé à Mad. la Comtesse de

LA VALLIERE, LOMENIE, and MAC-CARTHY: and hence her recent race of eminent bibliographers—such as the DE BURES, LOS RIOS, VAN-PRAET, RENOUEAU, BARBIER, PEIGNOT, and BRUNET.*

Lauraguais tous les bijoux dont lui avoit fait présent son mari, même le carosse, et deux enfans dedans, qu'elle avoit eus de lui. Elle s'étoit tenue cachée pour se soustraire aux fureurs d'un amant irrité: elle s'étoit même mise sous la protection de M. le Comte de St. Florentin, dont elle avoit imploré la bienveillance. On ne peut peindre l'état de démence où cette rupture avoit jetté M. le Comte de Lauraguais. Tout Paris étoit inondé de ses élégies. Enfin, à la fougue d'une passion effrénée ayant succédé le calme de la raison, il s'étoit livré aux sentimens généreux, qui devoient nécessairement reprendre le dessus dans un cœur comme le sien. Il y avoit eu une entrevue entre sa maîtresse et lui; il avoit poussé la grandeur d'ame au point de lui déclarer qu'en renonçant à elle, il n'oublioit point ce qu'il se devoit à lui même, et lui envoyoit en conséquence un contrat de deux mille écus de rentes viagères. Sur le refus de Mlle. Arnoux, Mad. la Comtesse de Lauraguais étoit intervenue, et avoit sollicité l'Actrice sublime de ne point refuser un bienfait auquel elle vouloit participer elle-même: elle lui avoit fait ajouter qu'elle n'eût aucune inquiétude de ses enfans, qu'elle en auroit le même soin que des siens propres. Mlle. Arnoux n'avoit point cru devoir se refuser à cette dernière invitation, et M. Bertin ayant de son côté fait vis-à-vis de M. de Lauraguais les démarches qui convenoient dans ces circonstances, tous les procédés avoient été remplis, et il étoit entré en pleine propriété de sa nouvelle conquête. *Mémoires Secrets pour servir à l'Histoire de la République des Lettres en France, &c. 1777, vol. i. p. 9, note.* And thus much for M. le COMTE DE LAURAGUAIS.

* LOS RIOS, RENOUEAU, and BRUNET.] What consternation and dismay will seize the above 'eminent' bibliographers at being placed upon the same shelf with Los Rios?!—and why is the latter introduced? Not certainly from the mere solitary fact of his having published his '*Bibliographie Instructive*,' 1777, 8vo.* (styled, somewhat ungraciously, by Peignot, 'ouvrage très médiocre, et du

* I select the following from the advertisement to this work: 'On sera peut-être surpris de voir, par la lecture de ce précis de Bibliographie, qu'il me soit tombé sous la main et en si peu de temps, un aussi grand nombre de livres rares et singuliers, qu'on trouveroit à peine dans les Bibliothèques les plus riches et les mieux choisies du royaume. Mais si l'on fait attention que la majeure partie des articles qui doivent réellement porter le caractère de livres rares, sortent de la *Bibliothèque des Jésuites de Lyon*, dont je fis l'acquisition en l'année 1768, que la plupart de ces Religieux étant des hommes savans, ils n'avoient rien épargné pour se procurer de toutes parts ce qui pouvoit flatter leur curiosité et nourrir leur esprit; on conviendra d'abord que leur Bibliothèque devoit être un vrai sanctuaire de la science et qu'il n'en pouvoit sortir que des articles précieux et absolument désirés des connoisseurs. Il y a plus, la *Bibliothèque des Jésuites de Tournon et de Mâcon*, celle de Mrs. les Abbés Piole et Le

LORENZO. You will not forget Germany?

LYSANDER. Nor Switzerland either. I can anticipate the drift of your enquiries, and am rather surprised that

plus mauvais ton,' *Répl. Bibl. Univ.* p. 396) nor from his having affixed his dapper portrait, in mezzotint, of dingy execution, to the same work—nor because we may have found it essential to refer, more than once, to this said work, in the THIRD DAY of our Decameron—but because the Lyonese bookseller (such was Los Rios) was a fine, gallant, adventurous, chivalrous, bibliomaniacal bibliopolist!! Yes, lover of neglected merit, Los Rios purchased a library of the Jesuits, at Lyons, containing 18,000 volumes, with an uncut Aldine *Urbani Gram. Inst.* of 1497, to boot—white as the driven snow! And shall he not go DOWN for this?! He shall. So let us have no wincing, nor distorted looks, nor angry words—Messieurs De Bure, Van Praet! &c. &c.—but, as already observed in a previous passage, (p. 15.) 'let every man in this world have his due share of the pine apple, or melon;' or, if fruit of less piquant flavour be deemed more fitting, then of 'the codling'—or even crab.

MONS. ANTOINE AUGUSTIN RENOUEARD stands the second in our note-list. Both in the *Bibliomania*, and the preceding pages of this work, his ALDINE ANNALS have received our heartiest recommendation: and we do hereby enjoin him, as before stated (see p. 208) to take the GIUNTA PRESS in hand. Mons. Renouard is a sagacious and experienced book vendor and purchaser. His own private collection is vast, rich, and well selected; and among them, as he told me himself, he treasures his *Valdarfer Cicero* of 1471, UPON VELLUM, as his 'darling child.' I learn that it is 'de toute beauté.' Mr. Renouard favoured me with a somewhat ample list of his *fifteeners*, and *books upon vellum*; but as he meditates the publication of a sort of raisonné catalogue of his own library, I will not here attempt to forestall the treat which the reader is likely in due time to receive, and to revel in, by means of such publication. Only let me place before him a very interesting extract from one of Mr. Renouard's letters to myself, in which he rallies us *Londoners* upon our love of Verards and Le Noirs! It is also accompanied by a pleasing anecdote or two of his passion for books in early life:*

*Gindre, n'ont pas peu contribué à me fournir le moyen de composer l'ouvrage que je donne aujourd'hui au public. Je ne m'occupe même dans les achats que je fais journellement, qu'à me procurer des articles méritans, ce qui est commun, reste au particulier, où si l'on m'oblige à en faire l'emplette, j'en fais le choix et je me débarrasse de ce qui doit ne pas faire partie de ma collection, au profit des revendeurs de vieux livres que l'on connoit à Lyon.' At page 28 he thus mentions the library of the Jesuits—when speaking of a copy of the *Manilius* of 1474 which came out of it. J'en ai eu un exemplaire provenant de la fameuse Bibliothèque des Jésuites, que l'on me vendit après leur destruction, montant à environ dix-huit mille volumes.'*

* I never think of 'a passion for books in early life,' without calling to mind the premature fate of that extraordinary young man CORNELIUS NICOLAI, who

you should be hurrying me on to LAMBECIUS (for I know your attachment to that eminent bibliographer) without

‘ Nous n’avons pas autant que vous le goût de ces anciennes gravures en bois dont vous donnez une multitude de copies : bon pour celles des premiers temps, remarquables par leur extrême ancienneté, et aussi pour les chefs-d’œuvre des

died at Amsterdam in his 24th year, 1698, and whose books and coins were sold by auction in the same year; the catalogue of them having the following title: ‘ *Bibliotheca Nicolaiana, in duas partes divisa, quarum prima Libros continet, altera Numismatum ac Operis Prisci Thesaurum : Omnia multo judicio & assiduo labore collegit Nobilissimus Juvenis Cornelius Nicolai. Amst. 1698,*’ 8vo. With a frontispiece of figures weeping over his tomb, and the inscription of VIXIT. ANN. XXIIII. MENS. VII. The preface, or ‘address to the reader,’ being short and extremely interesting, I hope to be forgiven for its insertion in the present place. ‘ Dominus Bibliothecæ hujus, Patricia Urbis nostræ familia natus, generis et opum celebritate minus, quam ingenii dotibus, clarus fuit. Sed majora molientem, et Librorum Optimorum ingentem copiam sibi comparantem, plurimarumque antiquarum reliquiarum thesauris congerendis incumbentem, inopina oppressit mors. Dolendum sane amici nostri fatum omnibus bonis Viris et Literarum Amatoribus ideo in primis existimamus, quoniam non sibi hæc soli comparabat, sed et Doctorum usibus communibus. Et norunt amici illius, hoc animo defunctum vixisse, ut non inaniter possederit, verum etiam datis sibi a fortuna bonis legitimè et laudabiliter usus sit; publicæque rei utilem se consiliis et opera præbere, boni civis ac præstantis Viri unicum esse studium, non ignorarit; atque omnem hæc scire posteritatem, vehementer expetiverit.

‘ Verum eheu ! non moratur fata quod mortales cupimus. In me dio votorum et studiorum progressu sistitur tam utiliter institutæ vitæ cursus exoptatus : nihil que amatoribus, et studiosis illius superest, præter desiderium tam laudabilis propositi, et memoriam mortui longè jucundissimam. Nondum virilem ingressus ætatem, vigesimo quarto suæ vitæ anno vix exacto, ille quidem extinctus jacet, sed a posteris ignorari eum non patietur. Librorum isthæc exquisitissimorum *συναγωγή* præclara magis quam copiosa nimis. Neque enim tam delectabitur aucto numero, quam coëmendis Libris commendabilibus ab editionum præstantia, raritate, et nitore elegantissima concinnitate. In plurimis præterea Codicibus impressis conspiciuntur marginales notæ, conscriptæ manibus Virorum eruditissimorum Desiderii Erasmi, Fulvii Ursini, Josephi Scaligeri, Gulielmi Canteri, Jani Rutgersii, Nicolai Heinsii, plurimorumque aliorum et Clarissimorum. Adsunt et Bibliothecæ huic, more Romanis veteribus jam usitato, Tabellæ pictæ imaginibus Virorum in Litteris celeberrimorum, expressis artificio Pictorum illustrium. Abundant item hæc Nicolai nostri scrinia plurimis et rarissimis antiquorum Numorum divitiis, eorum præsertim, qui hoc in genere desiderantur maximè et laudantur.

‘ Denique tam eximii Musei ultimos occupat pluteos Romanæ et vetustæ supellectilis non contemnenda series, Vasis constans priscis, et imaginibus æreis marmoreisque, Bustis item, Urnis, Lapidibusque conspicuis vetustatæ et Inscriptionibus antiquis, Annulis, Gemmis, Tegulis, aliisque Veterum Utensilibus, erutis e rudibus Britannicæ Æscis, prope Catvicum in Hollandia nostra.

‘ Reliqua memorabilia elegantissimæ Bibliothecæ hujus melius cognoscentur ex ipso illius Catalogo, usque quaque non indiligenter elucubrato. Vale, Curiose Lector, Familiaris nostri immatura morte admonitus fragilitatis mortalium, et inanum humanæ sortis studiorum, quantumvis excellentium.’ On reading the foregoing, who does not think of BARRE’ CHARLES ROBERTS !?

stopping to pay a transient homage to the amiable and erudite CONRAD GESNER . . .

LORENZO. Right, right, my Lysander. A thousand

grands maîtres en ce genre ; mais, à cela près, nous sommes très peu amoureux des tailles en bois, pas plus que de ces vieilles lettres noires ; et quand vos imprimeurs les reproduisent si élégamment en noir, en rouge et même en bleu, sur du papier vélin d'une blancheur éclatante, nous y trouvons la même convenance qu'à la parure d'une vénérable matrone de 16 à 18 lustres, qui seroit en roses, en lilas, en étoffes légères et ondoyantes, telles que les porte avec tant d'avantages une personne fraîche et jolie. De vieilles formes de lettres sur du papier tout moderne sont un anachronisme que nous trouvons toute-à-fait singulier. Au reste, chaque peuple comme chaque personne a son goût particulier ; et dans l'immense série des curiosités littéraires, il faut bien que tous ne choisissent pas les mêmes objets. Je conviendrai même, si l'on veut, que nous négligeons peut-être trop les origines de notre littérature françoise ; [oui, oui, Mons. Renouard, vous les négligez trop] à qui l'on répondra que la plupart de ces vieux livres françois si négligés aujourd'hui sont peut-être les origines de la langue écrite, mais non pas les sources de notre belle littérature, et que nos grands hommes, dédaignant d'aussi tristes modèles, remontèrent d'un plein vol vers les chefs-d'œuvre de l'antiquité. Remarque aussi que nos bons auteurs dans l'ancien François sont recherchés, l'ont été sans interruption, et se réimpriment même assez fréquemment.

‘ Votre bel ensemble d'éditions des premiers temps m'a donné l'idée de faire une liste sommaire de celles que j'ai rassemblées pour ma collection personnelle. J'en avois bien les cartes mises chacune à son ordre, mais point une nomenclature rassemblée. J'ai ensuite pensé à faire celle des livres imprimés sur vélin, et voici que j'ai l'enfantillage de vous envoyer l'une et l'autre. En comparaison des trésors accumulés chez vos amateurs, ce sera faire preuve de pauvreté, bien plutôt que de richesse ; mais aussi que sont nos moyens d'acquisition, à côté de ceux de vos riches seigneurs ? Une seule petite observation à faire en faveur de cette collection d'éditions anciennes, c'est que son propriétaire voyant passer habituellement sous ses yeux beaucoup plus de raretés qu'il n'en pourroit acheter, et même bien plus qu'il n'en voudroit j'amaï posséder, s'est fait une sorte de religion de ne jamais placer dans ses collections un livre d'une conservation même médiocre ; aussi tous ces 15^e. siècles sont beaux, quelques uns même sont d'une beauté suprenante. Les livres sur vélin ne le sont pas moins, et la nombreuse famille d'éditions modernes, qui à leur tour deviendront anciennes, ne se compose que de livres imprimés en perfection, sur du vélin de la qualité la plus belle, la plupart tirés à un seul, ou à deux ex. et beaucoup d'entre eux ornés de dessins originaux d'un mérite assez supérieure pour trouver place dans les plus belles collections. Si l'on ajoute la collection *Aldine* que j'oubliois, un grand nombre d'éditions des *Estienne*, *Morel*, *Plantin*, *Giunti*, une collection d'*Elzevir* la plus belle peut-être qui existe, ayant près de 50 vol. non rognés—tous les *Classique Variorum* dans

thanks for the correction : and yet — did you not discourse copiously concerning Gesner, when we met in a certain *Cabinet*? To the best of my recollection, you designated

la 8vo. format, presque tous les grands papiers d'Angleterre et de la Hollande, les classiques d'Allemagne sur les meilleurs papiers, tous les bons auteurs françois, les meilleurs exemplaires des meilleures éditions ; tous les Bodonis dignes d'estime, plusieurs milliers de bons dessins originaux décorant de bonnes éditions ; une quantité innombrable d'estampes et de portraits ajoutés, sans anachronisme d'exécution, dans les divers livres surtout des temps modernes ; les meilleurs ouvrages italiens et anglois, la plupart des plus belles éditions ; une belle réunion d'ouvrages bibliographiques : beaucoup de livres sur papier de couleur ; un luxe de reliure poussé un peu trop loin quelque fois, on aura une idée de cette collection commencée en 1778, à l'âge de treize ans avec le premier écu de six francs que mon père me mit dans la poche à mon arrivée d'une pension où j'avois passé les six précédentes années. A la vérité je n'ai pas conservé mon premier Horace que je courus acheter cinq sols aussitôt que je sentis cette pièce d'argent dans ma poche. J'aurois plus sagement fait, peut-être, de me contenter de ce modeste volume, et d'autres semblables, plutôt que d'accumuler je ne sais combien d'Horaces, de Virgiles, de Cicérons, ec. mais je n'ai cependant pas une dose de componction assez forte pour me repentir de ces folies ; et je m'en console en me disant que, sans doute, jeunesse est passée, et que mes dépenses en livres ne seront plus désormais que peu de chose.' And now, bon jour, Monsieur Renouard !

It remains to 'dispatch' the bibliographical and bibliomaniacal biblioplist introduced as the third germ of this capacious note : I mean, Monsieur JACQUES CHRISTOPHE BRUNET, FILS : Libraire, Rue Git-le-Cœur—and most distinctly and honourably known in this country as author of the *Manuel du Libraire et de L'Amateur de Livres*—a work, that has secured to him bibliographical immortality. By whatever means, or through whatever channel, Monsieur Brunet-Fils hath accomplished the aforesaid work, it boots not here to enquire ; or whether he be typographically learned, and can distinguish, at first blush, a *Miscomini* from a *Bonaccorsi*—a *I. P. De Lignamine* from an *Ulric Han*—or, more difficult task, a *Laver* from a *Schurener de Bopardia*—it is not material to stop to enquire ! That he has diligence, judgment, and accuracy, is established beyond all question ; and for zeal . . . but listen, and let him tell his own tale. While the second edition of the incomparable work, above mentioned, was going through the press, the Allied Forces made their first capture of Paris ; and in a letter to me of the 15th of April, 1814, Brunet thus notices both circumstances—'ma seconde édition qui est actuellement à moitié imprimée, et dont les quatre volumes auront paru à la fin de l'automne prochain. Telle est, MA PASSION POUR LA BIBLIOGRAPHIE que malgré la crise épouvantable que Paris a éprouvée pendant plus de trois mois, je n'ai pas discontinué l'impression de mon ouvrage : il est vrai que

him as being 'at once a scholar, a philosopher, and a bibliographer?'

LYSANDER. It is even so; and, in turn, I have to acknowledge the justice of your own correction. Poor Gesner! his fate was severe... but I must now leave the pride of Swiss Bibliography* and, carrying you with me into the

je trouvai dans ce travail une distraction qui me devenait bien précieuse en un pareil moment. Je vous dirai même que je lisais encore une épreuve le 29 Mars, à 5 heures après midi, lorsque *le Canon Russe* commença à retentir à mes oreilles; et que je ne quittai cette occupation paisible que pour prendre *les armes*, qui me convenaient bien moins, je vous jure, que *la Plume*—quoique je ne fasse qu'un bien mince usage de ce dernier instrument! Oh brave Monsieur Brunet-Fils! Will any man, henceforth, have the temerity to doubt the unequivocal claim of this writer to a foremost rank among BIBLIOMANIACAL WORTHIES? Surely not. And here take we our *congés* of Messieurs Los-Rios, Renouard, and Jacques Christophe Brunet-Fils!

* GESNER... the pride of Swiss bibliography.] Lorenzo, I presume, alludes to the notice of this eminent bibliographer in the 39th page of the *Bibliomania*; which however is but rather a feeble and unworthy account of him and his works. It is to Nicéron, the prince of literary-memoir writers, that we must have recourse for a more lengthened and satisfactory detail: see his *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des Hommes Illustres*, vol. xvii. p. 337-371: where the pith of Simler, Melchior Adam, and Freher seems to be judiciously extracted. There are no limits here for copious extract; but the reader may as well be informed that, considering his age, (forty-nine) no man possibly ever published so much and so creditably, upon the whole, as our Conrad Gesner. Few men certainly had to contend with greater difficulties: for poverty, persecution, and ill health, seemed to be almost his constant companions. Nicéron has given a list of not fewer than 66 works connected with Gesner's labours: immense!—when one considers that he was cut off in the full vigour of his life. He confesses, in his *Bibliotheca Universalis*, 1545, folio, (with that frankness which never failed him) that his works are not so carefully executed as he wished them to be; but his wretched condition compelled him to publish in order to gain a subsistence. What he would have done, both for accuracy and extent, had it pleased Providence to have bettered his condition, can now be only imagined—from the excellent works for which we are obliged to him as the author! His death proved that he died thorough bibliomaniacal 'game.' 'When (says Nicéron) he saw his end approaching, he desired to be carried into his *book-boudoir*, in order to breathe his last in that spot which had always been the dearest to his heart!' There are various impressions of the portraits of Conrad Gesner; with his benevolence-beaming eye, and gently-flowing beard... but the able artist who should have executed a portrait of him,

seventeenth century, hasten to pay my obeisance to Master Lambecius. Do you imagine that the memory of CORVINUS, and of his matchless library at *Buda*, should have perished with his person? No—in the imperial book-magnificence of *Vienna*, we see, in number and extent, rather than in quality and worth, *more* than the bibliomaniacal splendour of *Buda* revived. And then the eminence of German Bibliographers — of Fabricius, of Morhof, of Struvius, of Heineken, Denis, Seemiller, Panzer, and Harles—what men were these, in their several walks? In the capital of their empire they saw, whenever they willed, such a vast and splendid collection—to awaken their fancies, warm their hearts, and excite their emulation—they saw the gathered riches of the *Heidelberg* and *Hohendorf* libraries, to mention nothing of that of *Prince Eugene*

LISARDO. Forgive the intrusion—but we are losing sight of LAMBECIUS.* Of the other bibliographers we have com-

in his dying moments, surrounded by his vellum-stamped covered books, would have bequeathed a rich legacy indeed for the pity and commiseration of posterity! Such a picture—engraved by GOLTZIUS? Hence fond and foolish delusion!

The reader may be gratified by a sight of the hand-writing of this amiable and excellent scholar. The following is a fac-simile of the original as it appears in the title-page of a copy of his *Stobæus* of 1543, folio, presented to his tutor, and lately in the possession of Mr. R. Bliss, bookseller of Oxford.

*Claviss: Viro . D. Io: Iacobo Ammiano, preceptori
obsequando Conrad? Gesnerus . D. D. 1543.*

* *losing sight of LAMBECIUS.*] Lisardo seems on a sudden to have taken quite a fit of affection for Lambecius—although there is no *very* meagre notice of him at page 54 of the *Bibliomania*. I admit that a good deal both curious and interesting, especially to the lovers of bibliographical gossiping, may be mentioned as connected with that renowned bibliomaniac. Yet I know of nothing more amusing than his own description of his first interview with the Emperor, on presenting his work of *Literary History*, and the first two volumes of the *History*

paratively general and satisfactory notices. You may remember the prostration and homage which we paid to them, when you formerly descanted upon their excellences; but

of Hamburg, previously to receiving his appointment of Librarian to his Majesty. The worthy Lambecius describes the figure, gait, and clothing of his Majesty, with the minuteness of a Flemish artist—such a sight strikes him almost speechless—he makes three genuflexions—kisses the sacred hand of the Emperor, and . . . But he shall tell his own tale; premising, that after he recovers his recollection, he talks in a very sensible manner about the objects of Literary History. Hear him.

‘*Nam sequenti statim die qui decimus sextus erat Maij, ex inopinato a meridie mihi fuit nuntiatum, placere Cæsari, ut audientiæ causa in Palatio me sisterem. Terruit me non minus quam exhilaravit hic nuntius. Ut enim benignitati fortunæ gratias agebam, quod compotem me reddidisset voti, sic horrore perfundebar, contra reputando, quanti momenti res esset, Supremum Christiani Orbis Monarchum coram alloqui. Satisfeci tamen clementissimo mandato humillima obedientia, et indicta horâ in Aulum me conferens, per benignam admissionem sine ulla difficultate impetravi. Stabat Cæsar in pegmate paulum a terra elevato, post se collocatæ leniter innitens mensæ. Vestis et pallium ex nigro serico sine mollitie et luxu antiquæ Germanicæ congruebant modestiæ. Pileus purpureis ornatus cristis, et auro insignis a latere dependens gladius heroicum quiddam potius sperabant, quam elegans. Vultus serenâ gravitate plenus native exprimebat difficillimam illam Societatem Majestatis cum humanitate. Attonitus itaque augustissimo hoc spectaculo, vix ægre primum me collegi; collegi tamen, et post trinam, uti moris est, genuflexionem, sacram osculatus manum, præmissaque paucissimis, quantum potui, verbis debita excusatione, quod in tanti Principis conspectum venire, eidemque scriptum aliquod, et id quidem immaturum adhuc atque imperfectum dicare ausus essem, simul et primum Historiæ Literariæ Tomum, et priores duos Rerum Hambergensium libros demississime obtuli. Suscepit eos Cæsar singulari quadam cupiditate et Historiam quidem Literariam sine mora aperuit, percunctans simul, quodnam operis argumentum esset, et quid Historiæ Literariæ nomine comprehenderetur? Respondi, “ea appellatione contineri partim generalem enarrationem originis, incrementi, mutationis, interitus et instaurationis omnium linguarum scientiarum, facultatum et artium liberalium secundum successionem seculorum omnis ævi, et transmigrationem in omnes regiones totius orbis terrarum; partim vero specialem recensionem Virorum sapientia et eruditione illustrium, qui inde a creatione Mundi usque ad nostram ætatem, vel publicatis ingenii sui monumentis, vel saltem amore ergo literas et artes liberales earumque studiosos claruerunt: nempe quo tempore, quo loco et qua ratione quisque eorum vixerit, quid vel inveniundo, vel scribendo, vel propagando, vel protegendo in rem literariam contulerit, quæ cujusque scripta perierint, quæ supersint, quæ jam prodierint in lucem, quæ et in quibus Biblio-*

with Lambecius we do not appear to have conversed upon such equal terms.

LYSANDER. You are probably right. Yet you must not

theis adhuc latent, quæ optimæ editiones, qui optimi commentatores et interpretes, quid de unoquoque autore respectu ingenii, diligentiae, fidei et styli judicandum, et quomodo alter alteri ratione antiquitatis aliarumque circumstantiarum vel præferendus, vel posthabendus sit. Ad hæc Cæsar : 'gratum sibi esse oblatum munus, et propositum probari ; pergerem igitur in eo strenue et alacriter sub Patrocinio suo, quo me deinceps constanter esset protecturus.' Confirmavit insuper benevolentiam, quam verbis testatus fuerat, re ipsa, et proprio animi motu decrevit, ut pro dedicatione operis torque aureo cum numismate itidem aureo, tanquam præmio feliciter inchoati laboris, et invitamento continuandæ diligentiae remunerarer'—*Petri Lambecii Hamburgensis Commentariorum De Aug. Bibl. Cæs. Vindob. Edit. Altera. Opera et studio Adami Francisci Kollarii Vindob. 1766, vol. i. col. 12.*

Lambecius himself had an excellent library, of which the greater part was purchased by the Emperor. At vol. i. col. 43, we learn that this library 'was the fruit of twenty years collecting in Germany, France, and Italy : ' that it consisted of about 3000 printed books and 200 MSS. ' bound in a handsome manner, and obtained with equal diligence and judgment.' The Emperor bought it for 2300 crowns, first for his own use, and afterwards for that of the Imperial Collection. Upon the merits and demerits of this extraordinary man, few writers were more competent to pass judgment than Montfaucon ; and we may here put the finishing stroke to our *Lambeciana* by the criticism of the said Montfaucon, worth the steady attention of the bibliographer. ' Etsi autem PETRI LAMBECCII conatum laboremque perutilem laudandumque censeam, ab ejus instituto tamen non parum recessi. Ille siquidem omnia, quæ sese primum offerebant, licet ad Codicum notitiam parum vel nihil conferrent, passim admiscuit : res omnino peregrinas, monumenta vetera, Epistolas vel suas vel ad se missas adjunxit ; ita ut in proposito habuisse videatur quanto plura posset volumina edere, et vere sit τὸ παρεργὸν μνηκίον τοῦ ἔργου. Nobis hic unus scopus fuit, ut ne quid ad plenam Codicum notitiam necessarium prætermitteremus, neve quidpiam inutile admisceremus aut peregrinum : quod nemo eo a nobis consilio dictum existimet, ut Lambecii famam obscuremus, cujus sane περίεργα multa licet sint, non suo fructu vacant. Alioquin his in rebus cuique licet arbitrato suo agere. Id porro monendum censeo, etsi Manuscripti Græci Cæsarei plus quàm sexcenti a Petro Lambecio memorentur ac describantur, in Bibliotheca vero Coisliniana Græci Codices quadringentorum numerum parum excedant ; hanc tamen foliorum numero parum illi concedere nullo negotio quisque comperiet : nam in utraque causa Bibliotheca cujusque Codicis folia recensentur. Licet autem inter Coislinianos Codices Græcos in quovis litterarum genere non pauci præstantissimi occurrant, in duplici tamen genere aliis quas vidi Bibliothecis hæc anteponenda

possess yourselves of too exalted notions of Lambecius. Considering his predecessors in bibliography, he was beyond a doubt the very *Lion* of his species. His zeal, his genuine unabated ardour in regard to every thing which assumed the appearance of a *boke*—especially if that *boke* were a MS.—entitle his memory to the deepest respect. No man could have been selected, so qualified in every respect, for the arduous and honourable situation which he filled. He seemed never happy but in rummaging, collating, and describing: but then he was too credulous; and the ‘*omne ignotum pro magnifico*’ was too frequently uppermost in his mind. He probably wanted classical learning; but he certainly wanted taste, and should have studied brevity more generally in his descriptions. Yet when you think of what he brought to light, and what a profound and tasteful scholar may now accomplish by means of the edifice raised by *his* materials, we shall readily admit that Lambecius is entitled to be considered among the bibliographical luminaries of his age and country.

But we must not tarry another instant upon the fame or the virtues of Continental Bibliographers; as I am anxious to bring you back again into our own country, and to resume, as you seem to wish it, the *Personal History of the Bib-*

videtur, in Manuscriptis scilicet Biblicis, atque in Lexicis, quorum unum, videlicet CCCXLV. ineunte decimo sæculo scriptum, omnium hactenus inspectorum præstantissimum est, cujus ideo ampla specimina dedimus.

‘Hi igitur duo Bibliothecarum catalogi, *Cæsareus* nempe et *Coisilianus*, illa diligentia et accuratione concinnati sunt, ut nihil ultra ad Codicum Manuscriptorum notitiam desiderari videatur. Antea vero jejuni aliarum Bibliothecarum indices solum editi fuerant. In his autem omnia indicantur, quæ in eruditorum cujusque generis usum cedere valent.’ *Bibliotheca Coisliniana olim Segueriana*, 1715, folio, *Præf.* The catalogue, from which this extract is taken, is indeed a master-piece of its kind: possibly the most learned, complete, and satisfactory with which the public are acquainted.

liomania. Yet I shall not pretend to scrutinize the very earliest periods; nor conduct you, as heretofore, among the annals of Norman Literature. On the contrary, you must be contented to receive with satisfaction little more than the few thread-bare notices, or memoranda, which I have put together since we last met.

A curious book-anecdote is related in *Capgrave* concerning our HENRY II.* When they wanted money to purchase vellum-skins for the increase of their MSS., the monarch was supplicated for aid. 'How much do you want?' says the King; 'one mark, only, and please your majesty' says the petitioning bibliomaniac. 'You are very *extravagant*; (replies Henry, jocosely) but there, take *ten* marks, and let us have a library in proportion.' He said, and the astonished petitioner received the princely donation with equal surprise and gratitude. Henry's son, our Lion-Hearted RICHARD, was however, I fear, the cause of a sad waste of precious book-lore; for we learn that the order of the *Cistercian monks*, in particular, voted away every thing in the shape

* *curious anecdote in Capgrave concerning HENRY II.*] Capgrave shall here speak for himself, corrected from an ancient MS. of the life of St. Hugh in the Bodleian Library. MSS. Digby. 165; premising that the Saint (one of the most extraordinary and interesting of those mentioned in the rare work of Capgrave) was very angry at the theft of the 'beautiful Bible from the priory of St. Swithin,' and ordered it to be restored. 'Contigit enim vt cum rege quodam tempore familiaris agens de penuria librorum, intersereret mentionem a quo admonitus vt conscribendis libris insisteret membranas sibi deesse respondit Et quantum inquit rex tibi vis conferri ad supplendum hunc defectum? Vna inquit marca argenti diu sufficiet Rex vero ad hec subridens ati. O quam immoderate grauas nos! Jussitque incontinenti decem marcas fratri qui cum eo erat numerari Promisitque bibliam ei se transmissurum et sub multe recompensationis pollicitatione bibliam pulcherrimam a priore sancti swituni petijt et impetratam hugoni transmisit.' ... (But we must here cease.) *Legenda Nova Anglie*, 1516, fol. clxxxiii.

of a MS., whether vellum or paper, for the purpose of aiding in the ransom of their captured monarch.*

In the fourteenth century the names of BRADWARDIN and BURY are eminently conspicuous for the patronage of learning, and the encouragement of the Bibliomania. The former has been honoured by the express notice and commendation of Chaucer;† and although the library of Merton

* *in the ransom of the captured monarch.*] ‘And for the which ransom to be payed each other chalice of England was molten and made in to money and all the monks of the order of Cisteaux [Cistercian order] given ALL THEIR BOOKS through out all England for to done them to sell and the ransom for to pay.’ *St. Alban’s Chronicle*, 1483, *f* iii, *rev.* Thus the most sacred book-deposits as well as ‘chalices’ were disregarded, and converted into the means of restoring the mad-brained Richard. What would JOHN RUDYNG have said, if, in about two centuries and a half afterwards, his book legacies had been treated in the same way? Hearne, in his *Alured of Beverley, notæ*, p. 153, hath a very solemn and precise reasoning hereupon: ‘*Pristinis temporibus bibliothecæ in ecclesiis, tam aliis quam etiam cathedralibus, condebuntur. Non alia de caussa est, quod hanc notam legamus in exemplari MS. pervetusto Editionis Bibliorum [quam vocant] vulgatæ, &c. “Hunc librum dedit magister Joannes Rudyng, Archidiaconus Lincoln, [1470] catenandum in principali disco infra cancellum ecclesiæ suæ prebendalis de Bukyngham, ad usum capellanorum et aliorum ibidem in eodem studere volencium quamdiu duraverit,” &c.*

† *notice and commendation of Chaucer.*] The passage thus occurs in the ‘*Nun’s Priest’s Tale*:’

But what that God afore wote, must needs bee,
After the opinion of certaine clerkis,
Witness of him that any clerke is,
That in schoole is great altercation
In this matter, and great disputation,
And hath been of an hundred thousand men.
But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
As can the Holy Doctour S. Austin,
Or Boece, or the Bishop BRADWARDIN.

Bradwardin lived in a fierce age of philosophical and theological controversy. Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, William Ockham, and John Wickliff agitated, by their writings, the XIIIth and XIVth centuries. But Henry has overlooked our ‘profound doctor’ BRADWARDIN in the ‘History of the most learned men who flourished in Britain, from A. D. 1216 to 1399.’ See his *History*, book iv. ch. 4. sect. 2. I have rummaged nearly the whole of *Merton College Library*, and

College, Oxford, of which he was a member, does not contain a single vestige of the Archbishop's, or of Bradwardin's collection, we may have the less reason to regret it as I fear the '*Profound Doctor*' (so he was called) would have left little more behind than glosses upon Aristotle, and commentaries upon St. Austin. The same century marked the sedulous love of books which distinguished WILLIAM of DAVENTRY, the Fourth Provost of Oriel College: and I mention his name in the present place because there is now existing, in the same college, one of the greatest possible curiosities of its kind. It is *Daventry's Catalogue of the Collegiate Library*,* bearing the date of 1349. I believe I am not speaking wide

find no traces of the age Bradwardin—except perhaps the tiles constituting the floor of that library! Shall we grieve at this? Yet, as he loved Aristotle, there *might* have been an ancient MS. of that renowned philosopher which even Buhle would have vouchsafed to collate.

* *Daventry's Catalogue of the Collegiate Library.*] The Revd. Dr. Copleston, the present learned and most respectable Provost of Oriel College, furnished me with the fact above noticed by Lysander. The catalogue, here alluded to, consisted of a long, narrow slip of vellum, of delicate texture, and in parts sufficiently fragile. It is called an 'Inventory of the Books of St. Mary's College,' and is dated only 'xlix'—the millenary and centenary numbers (not very unusual) being omitted. The entry of each title of a book is succeeded by a reference to the first word in the 'second leaf' of the same; and it was from the sagacious *tact* of a thorough-bred antiquary, that Dr. Copleston, on *verifying* the reference, found the truth or consonance of the whole: namely, that the college was in possession of a few of the books referred to in the catalogue; and the catalogue was, without doubt, from its date, the composition of the Fourth Provost, or his amanuensis. Lysander is perhaps right in designating it as the oldest instrument, of its kind, extant. But what was to be done with so precious and fragile a relic? How was it to be preserved against the casualties of time? How *could* it be preserved but in the *morocco binding* of CHARLES LEWIS? That cunning (alias, clever) bibliopegist hath converted the 'narrow vellum roll' into a thin quarto tome of some 3 or 4 leaves—enclosed within a dark blue exterior. And the said 'precious and fragile relic' now assumes a perpendicular attitude within the precincts of its ancient resting-place—gifted with second youth, and likely to preserve its present freshness when the bones of six succeeding Provosts shall have been not only blanched, but decomposed into their original dust!... A truce to this sepulchral subject: and let us hope that the Provost, which 'now is,'

of the truth in designating this catalogue as the oldest now known to exist. The middle of the same century witnessed also the brilliant career, both as a Bishop and Chancellor, of RICHARD BURY.* . . .

will give this said 'relic' a pretty tough trial—by realising the Spanish proverb of living 'a thousand years!'

* RICHARD BURY.] 'Decies repetita placebit!' Mr. Surtees, as might have been expected, hath devoted a due portion of the very valuable pages of his *County History of Durham* to the mention of this admirable and celebrated Bishop of the same see: see vol. i. p. xlv-viii. BURY, or rather AUNGERVILLE, hath also had a pretty ample share of notice and commendation in a certain work ycleped *Bibliomania, a Bibliographical Romance*, p. 245, &c. I have here therefore neither space nor right to intrude upon the reader with a further lengthened account of the same illustrious Prelate and Chancellor. Yet I may possibly be indulged with a few minutes patient hearing. When the 'notice and commendation,' above referred to, came 'warm from the heart and faithful to its fires,' the author had never visited the spot in which the episcopal munificence of Bury had been more immediately exercised and acknowledged. The satisfaction of that visit was deferred to the autumn of 1815. My journey thitherward, from York, had been during a hot day, and along a road occasionally enveloped in clouds of dust. Evening stole on as I reached Durham: the air became cool: silence prevailed—and the full moon rose above the nave of the cathedral as I sat down upon a bench, on the Castle-green, to view her soft and silvery rays steal upon the roof, and up the southern side of the central Tower. I had previously gone through an 'ablution' with the rigidity of a Mussulman; and to shew my unfeigned respect for the memories of the illustrious dead (illustrious, also, for their bibliomaniacal celebrity—as the names of BURY, SHERWOOD, FOX, and COSIN abundantly testify!) who had once governed the cathedral then before me, I had arrayed myself, if not 'in black camblet with large oraries,' (as our Bury was wont do) at least in the best black broad-cloth suit with which a travelling wardrobe could furnish me. . . and there I sat—refreshed by the evening breeze, and cheered by the moon's unclouded visage, thinking upon the termination of all earthly labours. . . even those bibliographical and bibliomaniacal!! The clock of the cathedral struck eleven. . . and warned me that it was time to break up a reverie which was then beginning to bring tears to my eyes and anguish to my heart! However, brave spirits of the Prelates just mentioned! . . I have seen, and meditated upon, the spot where ye once exercised a vast power with goodness and with mercy: and in the end ye shall 'in no wise lose your reward.'

Yet another minute, patient reader—devoted, not to moon-light raptures, but to day-light matters of fact. They preserve a MS. of the *Philobiblon* in the library of Bishop Cosin, at Durham; and I have been favoured, by Mr. J.

LISARDO. I have not forgotten how you warmed my heart by a description of that Prelate's bibliomaniacal enthusiasm, when we were assembled in a certain 'Library!' Proceed, therefore, as copiously and vigorously as heretofore.

LYSANDER. Not so indeed: for now 'I do remember me' of my loquaciousness thereupon. But there was another Bishop of Durham (for Bury, you may recollect, was also Bishop of that see) towards the close of the subsequent century, who, for an insatiable bibliomaniacal appetite,

Raine, (from the first folio of Bury's episcopal Register, preserved in the chancery at Durham) with the following fac-simile of the *autograph* of its renowned bibliomaniacal author:

R Bury

Mr. Surtees, in the first *Plate of Seals*, attached to the County History before mentioned, has favoured us (being the last seal but one in the same plate) with an engraving of the very beautiful *seal* of the same distinguished prelate; and has described his character in the following just and animated manner: 'Whilst a princely magnificence marked his public banquets, a liberal discretion regulated his private household. One of his chaplains usually read to him during his meals, and he afterwards discoursed on some subject of literature or divinity with his clerks and domestics. The laity he neither impoverished by extortion, nor oppressed by vexatious claims of authority; ties of reciprocal kindness and benefit bound to him the affections of the northern gentry; and their sons were educated in his palaces, and preferred in arms or learning by his wealth and interest. To the ecclesiastics he was an indulgent superior, but to the *Church of Durham*, already sufficiently opulent and powerful, he added neither landed possessions nor spiritual patronage. To the ornaments of the cathedral he was a liberal contributor; a robe of crimson velvet, richly embroidered, and another of black camblet with large oraries, were his gifts during life; a third robe of white camblet, nobly embroidered, was with difficulty recovered from his executors, and a fourth of bloody velvet, was sold to Lord Nevill, who conscientiously restored it to the service of the altar. His charities were unbounded, his gates were daily opened to the poor, and his living liberality defeated the avarice of his executors, who, instead of treasure, found his coffers filled only with linen and sacerdotal vestments, vol. i. p. xlvii, clix. Earl Spencer rejoices in a sound copy of the editio princeps of his *PHILOBIBLON*: see the *Bibl. Spencer*, vol. iii. p. 237.

may challenge competition with any previous or subsequent diocesan of the same see. I mean JOHN SHERWOOD:* a character, dear in former times to those who knew the worth of his head and heart; and to be held in everlasting remembrance by the members of *Corpus Christi College, Oxford*, in particular.

* JOHN SHERWOOD.] 'Of Sherwood's family nothing certain is known; but it is probable that he was a native of Durham or Northumberland, from the circumstance of his having been educated in University College, Oxford, where he proceeded S. T. P. He was chancellor of Exeter; Archdeacon of Richmond, 14 July, 1465. Leland praises his learning, and mentions his proficiency in poetry. *De Script.* c. 239. There are letters extant in the *Fœdera*, from Richard III. to Pope Sixtus IV. in favour of Sherwood, begging an abatement of the Papal dues in consideration of the great expenses imposed on the see of Durham in maintaining the Border Fortresses. Hutchinson observes that the Bishop had only one fortress to defend, that of Norham. *Surtees's Durham*, vol. i. p. lx. But what, observes the anxious reader, what has the preceding to do with the bibliomaniacal celebrity of BISHOP SHERWOOD? Read only a brief notice, at p. clix of the volume here referred to, respecting a certain work ycleped '*Ludus Arithmomachia*,' of which our Sherwood was the first luminous editor, and of which a complete and perhaps not uninteresting account of the first edition appears in the *Bibl. Spencer*, vol. iv. p. 1-5. Yet what has this to do with the *Bibliomania*?—exclaims the same inquisitive reader. I will tell thee. At the end of the note, at page 2, of the volume mentioned, we observe the following remark: 'It was hardly a venial error to have omitted the mention of SHERWOOD among my Book-Worthies in the last edition of the *Bibliomania*; since I have lately seen, in the library of Corpus Christi College, several of the rarer early printed books, in the Greek and Latin languages, with the *autograph* of Sherwood upon the first page of the print.'

We are now then quickly becoming bibliomaniacal: yet a late visit to the same collegiate library has extended and strengthened the proofs of the unquestionably *sound* state of the body and mind of our Bishop—who was promoted to the see of Durham in 1483, and died in 1493-4. Sherwood was, as he himself tells, 'prothonotary of the Roman see.' He went abroad somewhere about the year 1470, as I suspect; and lost no time in the acquisition of valuable books, perhaps as fast as they issued from the press. A few of these books now enrich the library of C. C. College, Oxford; many of them having been the subsequent property of Bishop Fox, the Founder of that college. I will mention them in the chronological order of their possession. *Terentius, J. de Colonia*, 1475, folio, 'bought at Rome in 1476'—when we may be assured it was 'recens tanquam e prelo.' *Cicero De Oratore*, &c. *Romæ*, 1469, 'bought at Rome in 1477;' *Opera Philo-*

LORENZO. Wherefore, mighty monarch, should the name of Sherwood (of which I frankly confess my previous ignorance) be held in such respectful remembrance by the *Corpusites* of Oxford in particular?

LYSANDER. Because that society possesses some of his most valuable, early-printed, books; and because, catching (I make no doubt) a portion of the book-enthusiasm with which that eminent prelate was borne along, RICHARD FOX, also Bishop of the same see,* bequeathed to the same college,

sophica, Romæ, 1471, folio. A fine copy, and 'bought at Rome in 1478' as the following fac-simile of the autograph and date sufficiently prove:

liber 70. Sherwood sedis ap^{ce} & notarij
archidiaconi & bibliothecarie emptus Rome
anno domini . 1478

Calderini Comment. in Sylv. Statii, 1475, folio, 'bought at Rome in 1478;' fine tall copy. Ciceronis Epist. Fam. Romæ, 1470, folio; 'bought at Rome in 1480.' Landini Disputat. Calmaldulenses, 1481, folio, 'bought and bound at Rome in 1481.' The preceding are probably sufficient; yet we may just observe that an early Frontinus, Trapezuntius, and Vitruvius, each bought about the years 1481-4, are also further evidences of the spirit and good sense of their former possessor. The reader may be assured that that same possessor enjoyed the full luxury of hearing the leaves of the said volumes, when opened, 'rustle and crackle' in a manner which might have thrown even a into extacies! See vol. ii. p. 340. Henceforth, never let the inseparable union of SHERWOOD and BIBLIOMANIA be doubted for an instant!

* RICHARD FOX, *Bishop of the same See.*] How comes it to pass that we have no biographical tome, 'companion meet' for that of COLET and ERASMUS, devoted to the private and public life of Richard Fox—one of the ablest, most accomplished, and virtuous prelates of his age and country?! Will the Reverend Mr. Thomas, late fellow of the college founded by the same illustrious character, not vouchsafe to 'grant our petition' on this score? He loves antiquities: and those relating to biography are surely worth all the discussions upon barrows and tombs which adorn the annals of Archæology. Let the said Mr. Thomas solve, and

of which he was the *Founder*, all his library ; modelled, as it strikes me, precisely on the same plan, or exhibiting the same taste, with that of his episcopal predecessor.

act upon, this inscription : VERB. SAP. SVF. In regard to the *Bibliomania*, I hail Bishop Fox as among the most transcendant of the tribe. Thou shalt quickly be convinced, gentle reader, that 'good cause is shewn' for such vehement bibliomaniacal invocation. First, however, turn over some three honestly filled folio pages of Mr. Surtees's *History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham*, p. lxi—lxiv, where we learn that Fox was a student of Magdalen, and afterwards head of Pembroke, before he became founder of the College of Corpus Christi, in 1517-18. Secondly, 'know, by these presents,' that Fox when abroad purchased books pretty lustily, and some of Sherwood's in the number : for the whole of those mentioned in the preceding note, as the property of the latter, were without doubt deposited in the library of Corpus college by its eminent founder. But we will go on 'shewing cause.' The following are the books which contain the written inscription of their having been presented by the founder. Homer, 1488, fine and white—*Plautus*, 1472, fine—*Horatius*, Cur. Landini, 1483, very fine—*Acron. et Porphyrii Comment. in Horatium*, Cura Aloysii, sine anno, perfect and sound—*Senecæ Tragædiæ*, edit. prin. sound copy—*Crastoni Lexicon*, Gr. edit. prin. sound and fine—*Dialog. de Creaturar. Moralisat. G. de Leeu*, 1486, fine copy—*Scholia in Sophoclem*, edit. prin. fine copy—*Orpheus*, 1500, edit. prin. *Euripides Lit. Cap. Apollonius Rhodius, Lit. Cap.* These three editions (the first two of very rare occurrence) are bound in one volume—very white and sound, but somewhat cropt—*Plutarchi Opuscula Moralia*, Aldi, 1509. This tome, in fair sound condition, bears particular evidence of the 'munificent' spirit of our episcopal bibliomaniac—from the following inscription :

*Liber Coll. Corporis Xti. ex dono Fundatoris
ejus (vsq; ad invidiam) munificentis.*

!!!

Thus much for unquestionable proof of the bibliomaniacal reputation of Bishop Fox. There is also in Corpus college a supposed original *Portrait* of the founder, well known from frequent copies in oil colour, and engravings both in the line and mezzotint manner. Mr. Thomas shewed me the 'supposed original' in the lodgings of the present president (an octogenarian, and father of the University!) the REVEREND DR. COOK. I strongly suspect it has been entirely repainted : and that scarcely any thing of the original remains but the forms of the features. The prevailing colour is white, shaded with a charcoal tint. The attitude and expression are admirable ; and if one could have witnessed this interesting portrait as it came from the easel of the painter (qu. Hans Holbein?) the effect must have been delightful. In no one of Reynolds' pictures do we observe more appropriate characteristic expression. But we must not yet dismiss this 'EDITIONES-PRINCIPES LOVING BISHOP. About four months ago (June 18, 1817) there was

We are now reaching the opening of the *sixteenth century*; a period, eminently conspicuous for the love of learning and the passion for book-collecting. Bear in mind, I beseech

celebrated, in the hall of Corpus Christi College, the THIRD CENTENARY of the foundation of the Society. The members, far and near, whose names were *on or off* the books, were summoned to this carousel. Oxford seemed to receive fresh life as the chariots and steeds of the said members bore them to the scene of action. Meanwhile a feast, somewhat in the manner of 'the olden time,' was bespoke. Every culinary treatise, from the '*Royal Boke of Kervynge*,' (see p. 28 ante) down to Mrs. Rundell's '*Domestic Cookery*,' had been consulted for the occasion: and for two successive days, previously to the 18th of June, (a day of everlasting remembrance in the annals of British history!) the turrets of the college were involved in almost impenetrable mist, arising from an union of smoke and steam — which gave 'dreadful note of preparation!'

The morning of revelry arrived. The bells rung a merry peal. Congratulations went abroad—and who, at *that* moment, would *not* have been a FOXITE? Christ Church looked askance, as she saw her neighbour the object of general envy—and Oriel would have—almost—parted with her fourth Provost's 'Catalogue of the College Library,' (see p. 228, ante) to have suffered her members only to inhale the fragrance of such commingled dainties! But the fates decreed it otherwise: except that her *President* (of whom honourbble mention has been made in a preceding page) was *entitled* to the gratification of *taste* as well of *scent*, from having been a quondam scholar of Corpus college. But hark!... the dinner bell sounds—there is a rush of feet—and onward they go, in their silken or bombazeen streamers, to sit down at their long-extended oaken tables: to partake of joyaunce and of jollity. Compared with *this* festival, what was 'the feste of kynge Harry the fourth to the Henawdes and Frenchmen when they hadde iusted in Smythefelde?' or 'the feste of the coronacyon of Kynge Hearry the fyfte?' or 'the fest of the Erle of Huntinton at Caleys?' or 'the erle of Warwykes feste vnto the Kynge at London?' or the united feasts given at the installations of 'Clyfforde bysshop of London,' and 'my lorde Chaunceller Archebysshop of yorke at his stallacion in yorke, the yere of our lorde. M.cccc.lxv?' (See Pynson's *Boke of Cokery*, 1500, 4to.) Truly all these 'auncient' British festivals are not meet to be put in comparison with the one of which we are at present discoursing!

The hall is filled—is crowded to excess. The junior scholar says *grace*, and the venerable President pronounces *amen*: anon, the ringing of glasses and rattling of knives—and the shrill voice of youth and the hoarse murmur of age—are equally heard; while the mysteries of the whole 'book of kervynge' are fully and clearly developed. The 'kerver knowes the kervynge and the fayre handlynge of a knyfe—his knyfe is fayre—and his hands are clene—and he passes not two

you, the names of WAYNFLETE, FOX, COLET, TONSTALL, WOLSEY, and MORE—as characters of general notoriety—but fail not at the same time to remember that the successor of FOX, JOHN CLAYMOND,* *First President of the College of*

fynghers and a thombe upon his knyfe: in the middes of his honde he sets the hafte sure unlassyge and mynsynge with two fynghers and a tombe.' And he cries aloud, as of old, 'Breke that dere, leche that brawne, rere that goose, lyste that swanne, sauce that capon, spoyle that henne, fruche that chekyn, vnbrace that malarde, vnlace that conye, dysmember that heron, dysplaye that crane, dysfygure that pecocke, vnjoynt that bytture, vntache that curlewe, alaye that felande, wynges that partryche, wynges that quayle, mynce that plouer, thye that pygyon, border that pasty, thye all maner small byrdes, tyere that egge, chynne that samon, strynges that lampreye, splat that pyke, sauce that place, rauck that tenche, splaye that breame, syde that haddock, tuske that herbell, culpon that troute, fyne that cheuen, trassene that ele, traunce that sturgyon, under-traunche that purpos, tayme that crabbe, barbe that lopster.' *Boke of Keruynges*, 1508, 4to. *W. de Worde*.

Upon conclusion of the repast, and after some few potations of 'the blood of the grape,' (see *More's Utopia*, vol. ii. p. 281, edit. 1808) a Latin oration, by a young graduate full of promise, and with recent classical honours 'thick and blushing upon him,' is pronounced with an audible voice, and in a manner which shews that the blood of a true *Foxite* is trickling in his veins. 'Plaudite!' quoth the supreme Judge of the Admiralty—then present: and applauses 'rend the sky!' Again the 'ringing of glasses' is heard more vehemently; and in lieu of the 'rattling of knives,' the 'bacchanalian roar' succeeds:

'Oh day of bliss!

To equal this

Olympus strives in vain!'

But here let us draw a curtain upon the scene: consoling ourselves that the looked for biography of the Founder of Corpus College, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, will contain luminous particulars connected with transactions both within and without the hall in which we have so long tarried.

* JOHN CLAYMOND.] The BOOK-HERO here alluded to was the *First President* of Corpus Christi College; and if the *Founder* sat invisibly, as an aerial president, at the festival just described, John Claymond must have filled an invisible *Vice-President's* chair upon the occasion—'thying his pigeon' or 'saucing his plaice' upon a trencher, possibly composed of one of the tomes of his VELLUM ARISTOTLE! What can this wild introduction lead to? Thus it is, patient reader. Look, first, into Mr. Bliss's edition of Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. col. 104-6, and there thou shalt see how, upon the authority of old Anthony, our Claymond was both a pious and a learned man—'a person of great gravity, of most exact example in his life and conversation, very charitable and devout, and had

which we have just spoken, proved himself in every respect to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. The bibliomaniacal celebrity of his predecessor was probably equalled by his

nothing wanting in him to complete a theologian.' Claymond was also a philosopher and a poet; and Mr. Bliss tells us that his life was written in Latin verse by John Shepreve, fellow of Corpus College, beginning thus :

Non ego vos, Charites, neque vos hic invoco Musæ,
Quas Helicon viridi gramine tectus habet.'

Prefixed are testimonies collected by Henry Jackson, an epistle from Erasmus, one to Grynæus from Claymond and Shepreve. Epicedion.

Tristia quisquis ades, Claymundi funera plange
Maxima qui nobis gloria vivus erat.

The life (continues Mr. Bliss) does not contain any additional information relative to Claymond, except that he was an excellent poet.

Alter erat Cicero, quoties oratio fluxit
Liberior, nulla lege retracta metri :
Sin libuisset ei numeris astringere verba,
Alter in ornando carmine Naso fuit.

Claymond appears to have been from youth upwards both the bosom friend and determined *protégé* of Fox; and such was the influence of the latter, that when the former was made President of Magdalen College (having been a demy of the same) Fox prevailed upon him to give it up, and with the *douceur* of the rich rectory of Clyve (called by some Bishop's Clyve) in Gloucestershire, which he kept to his dying day, he quickly consented to become First President of the college which his patron had founded. I hope Mr. Thomas will be able, in his looked-for biography of Fox, to alight upon some correspondence between these two amiable and excellent Ecclesiastics; and, therein, to discover how Claymond was inoculated by his Benefactor with the bibliomaniacal virus: for that he was a lover and bold purchaser of fine copies, is unquestionable—since the Corpus library possesses the most brilliant MEMBRANACEOUS TREASURE in the University of Oxford. It is of the *first Aldine Aristotle*, upon vellum, of which I speak: a copy of towering dimensions and almost spotless condition. It wants one volume, and the Bodleian library, I believe, possesses that volume: and if 'Mahomet will not come to the mountain, must not the mountain come to Mahomet,' on this occasion? But—which enacteth the part of Mahomet? 'Ay, there's the rub.' However, this lovely 'membranaceous treasure' contains, in the title, the following written memorandum, of about the period of Claymond's death, in 1532:

*Orate pro animâ Johānis Claymondi primi presidis
collegii corporis Christi qui hunc librum dedit ejdem.*

Several other volumes, given by Claymond to his college, bear the same

own; and I wish in my heart that we had a pretty copious sprinkling of biographical anecdotes relating to this munificent character. About the period of his college-government Oxford must have been rich in printed-books;* and I do

inscription; yet in a few of them the '*orate pro animâ*' has been purposely erased. Mr. Thomas at first thought that this erasure had been effected by STAUNTON, 'the intrusive President during the usurpation of Cromwell;' but he has since corrected that opinion, on the supposition that such erasure was made in consequence of the statutes of Edw. VI. and Elizabeth, which enact such inscriptions to be effaced from all sepulchral monuments and inscriptions: consult Weaver's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 51. Edit. 1631: Weaver adding (says (Mr. Thomas) 'I had this last fact from my friend Master Humphrey Dyson.' Claymond's four ponderous ms. folios of annotation upon the *Elder Pliny* are yet preserved in the library: consult Wood *in loc.*

* *Oxford—rich in printed books.*] Among the evidences of the truth of this remark, may be noticed the dedicatory epistle of SIMON GRYNÆUS to JOHN MORE (Sir Thomas More's son) prefixed to the edition of the *Works of Plato*, &c. by the former, printed at Basil, in 1534, folio. Towards the conclusion of that epistle, Grynæus, who had previously been in England on a visit to Sir Thomas More, for the sake of examining our University libraries (see *Introd. to the Classics*, vol. ii. p. 133) thus notices the bibliomaniacal treasures of Oxford—and the particular civilities shewn to him by CLAYMOND, of whom we have just made such honourable mention. I quote from De Thou's fine copy of Grynæus's Plato in the library at Althorp; which, 'perdie,' may give a greater zest to the quotation:

'Annus est enim (ut nosti) tertius iam, cum in Angliam, cuius uisendæ summa me dudum cupiditas ob illustre uetusq; gentis nomen, et librorum ueterum copiam incesserat, ueniens, ac Erasmi nostri commendatione uelut uento secundo ad illas musis totas sacras ædes uestras delatus, humanitate mira acciperer, maiori tractarer, maxima dimitterer. Non solum enim amplissimus uir pater tuus, ac tum quidem conditione, per cætera uero rebus omnibus egregijs facile toto regno princeps, priuatum hominem ignotumque me, literarum tantum ergò, ad colloquium inter tôt publica priuataque negotia admisit: mensæ suæ sceptrâ regni gerens, adposuit: in aulam abiens rediens secum traxit: laterique adiunxit suo: sed omnem meam de religione sententiam locis non paucis diuersam ab ipsius esse haud difficulter præsentiens, placide benigneque cognouit: ac cum ab illa non parum tum quidem discreparet, opera consilioque sic iuuit nos tamen, ut omne mihi negotium sumptibus etiam suis confecerit. Nam et itineri comitem Harrisium doctum iuuenem addidit: et *Oxoniensis Gymnasij* proceribus sic literis insinuauit, ut ad earum conspectum omnes nobis collegiorum omnium non solum bibliothecæ, sed studiosorum etiam animi uelut mercuriali quadam uirgula tacti patescerent. Magna uero cum primis erga nos uiri optimi atque doctissimi

most cordially wish that some well-disposed, well-informed, and impartial writer would give us the *Literary History* of the period of which I speak: a period, of about fifty years in extension, and rich in the annals of philology from the masterly labours of LINACRE, WHITTINGTON, and STANBRIDGE, in addition to those of whom we have just made mention. No doubt your recollections will serve you with other names, but there is no time to expatiate upon characters which have been described upon a former occasion; and although there be some floating tradition in my mind that, at London, during the commencement of the xvith century, the sale of books was sufficiently flat,* yet the

JOANNIS CLAIMUNDI humanitas fuit, qui quidem etiam alia quædam Procli monumenta mira liberalitate fidei nostræ et publicæ studiosorum utilitati permisit. Itaque bibliothecas quas circiter uiginti schola insignis uetustissimis libris refertas habet, omnes euolui, ac commentationum Procli libros non paucos, quantum intra annum unum alterumue excudi posse uideretur ipsis annuentibus auxi: quibus de, uelut thesauro inuento gratulantem pater tuus donatum liberaliter ac beneficijs suis plane cumulatam in patriam remisit.'

* at London—during the commencement of the xvith century—sale of Books flat.] My friend Mr. G. H. Freeling, who hath a fond propensity to make himself master of the treasures of black-letter lore, hath kindly furnished me with a felicitous illustration of the above remark by Lysander. There is so much point and good humour in his epistolary communication hereupon, that it would be doing violence 'even to the heart's core,' to curtail or remodel it. 'I do not know (says he) whether you will think the state of bookselling in the year 1518 worth your notice. You can put this in the fire, if you like it, but at all events you will do justice to the esprit de la Bibliomanie which dictates this communication. Bookselling, at that time, must have been at as low an ebb as in the year 1816. In the *Castell of pleasure enprynted in poules churchyarde by Hary Pepwell, for R. Coplande, 1518*, are some introductory stanzas by way of dialogue between Coplande and the Auctour, the last of which is as follows:

At your instaunce, I shall it gladly impresse
But the vtteraunce I thynke wyll be but small
Bokes be not set by, theyr tymes is past I gesse
The dyce and cardes, in drynkyng wyne and ale
Tables, cayles, and balles, they be now set a sale
Men lete theyr cyldren vse all suche harlotry
That byenge of bokes they vtterly deny.

inexhaustible treasures of the University Libraries secured to the student a never failing supply, without those contingencies which appear to have distracted the Metropolitan collector.

LORENZO. Pray have the kindness to inform us whether London was particularly distinguished at this period for public or private collections?*

This is a grievous lamentation! That there may be no complaint of similar "harlotry" in the case of the Decameron, is the sincere wish of, &c. What can my friend mean by this *Decameron* inuendo? I can assure him that there will be no repetition of the tragedy or farce (call it what you please) enacted as heretofore with a certain work described in vol. ii. p. 392. No: we tread now upon granite, and set 're-actions' at defiance!

* *London—particularly distinguished for public or private collections.*] Lysander has anticipated me in a reference to *Howell's Londinopolis*: but that is no reason why the reader should not be made acquainted with some few amusing particulars, relating to METROPOLITAN BIBLIOMANIACISM, during the period under description, which are to be found in the same work: premising our extracts therefrom with a quotation from *Pennant's London*, p. 205, *Third Edit.* which notices the library of the well-known and munificent Lord Mayor, *Whittington*. Here it is: 'The library founded here in 1429, St. Bartholomew's Christ Church, by the munificent Whittington' must not be forgotten. It was 129 feet long, 31 broad; it was cieled with wainscot, had twenty eight desks, and eight double settles of wainscot. In three years it was filled with books, to the value of 556*l.* of which Sir Richard contributed 400*l.* and Dr. Winchelsey, a friar, supplied the rest. This (adds Pennant very properly) about thirty years before the invention of printing.' We now hasten to Howell's 'account of the Public Places of Sciences and Literature which London hath:' from his *Londinopolis*, 1657, folio, p. 30.

'It is observed, that the English nation hath bin alwaies extraordinarily addicted to Literature, and to the loue of Knowledge: which among other instances appears; in that of old times, there were three principal Churches in London which had famous Schools, wherein there were Professors and Doctors, which were famous for their Knowledge in Philosophy and the Mathematics; the three Churches which had these Schools by Priviledges, were the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, for by general council held in the year 1176 at Rome, in the Patriarchy of St. Lateran, it was decreed, that every Cathedral Church should have a School-master to teach poor Schollers, and others. The second was St. Peter's in Westminster, whereof Ingulphus Abbot of Crowland in the reign of William the Conqueror writes thus; I Ingulphus an humble servant of God, born of English Parents in the most beautiful city of London, for to attain to Learning, was first put to Westminster, and after to study at Oxford, &c. The

LYSANDER. Willingly, if I were able: or rather if time allowed of a satisfactory answer to a question embracing such a variety of detail. On the contrary, as I see *Howell's*

third School seems to have bin in the Monastery of St. Saviour in Bermondsey at Southwark. There were other Schools built afterwards, as that of *St. John by Smithfield*, and that of *Saint Bartholomew*, that of Saint Mary Overies, and that of the Holy Trinity by Ealdgate, with divers others; But touching Philosophy and other Sciences, in regard that the Colledges in Oxford and Cambridge did so much encrease; the former meetings in London, and disputes in Philosophy, that were used to be did discontinue; only of late years, that noble Mæcenas and Patriot, *Sir Thomas Gresham*, did erect to his eternal honour a Colledge for all the Sciences, in Bishopsgate-Street, as an attendant to his Royal Exchange.

' The Chronicles teach us, that *Henry the fifth* having suppressed the Priories Aliens, whereof there were some about London, namely our Lady of Rouncival by Charing Crosse, one other Hospital in Oldborn, now Holborn, another without Cripplegate, and the fourth without Aldersgate, besides others that are worne long since out of memory, only that of Rouncival continued till the reign of Henry the eighth, being converted to a brotherhood; but Edward the sixth appointed by Patent, that there should be in London more Grammar Schooles erected, to wit, one in St. Andrew's in Holborn, another in Alhallows the Great, another in St. Peter's on Cornhil, and another in the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon in West Cheap. The Free-School of Pauls was built of an old ruined house in ample manner, and richly endowed anno 1512, by *Dr. Colet Dean of Pauls*, for 153 poor men's children: for which there was a chief Master, an Usher, and Chaplain ordained. Moreover in the year 1553, after the erection of Christ's Hospital, which rises out of the ruins of the *Grey Fryers* that stood there, a great number of poor children were taken in, and a fair School appointed at the charge of the City, though Edward the sixth bear the name of patron. Anno 1561 the *Marchant Taylors* of London, founded one notable School, in the Parish of St. Lawrence, Poultney. The house was sometimes the Duke of Buckingham's, called the Mannor of the Rose, which *Mr. Richard Hills*, Master of the company, did purchase for 500*l.* and bestowed it for a free School. There was an old custome in London, that the School Masters should meet on festival daies, and their Schollers should dispute in Logick as well as Grammer Questions, and Principles, and the most common rendezvouz, was Saint Bartholomews in Smithfield, being a priory, where upon a bank boorded under a tree, they used to meet, and the best Schollers were rewarded with Bows and Arrows of Silver, which they carried away as prizes: but that laudable custome is grown obsolete, and quite discontinued.

' A great emulation there was 'twixt Pauls Schollers and those of St. Anthonies; the Schollers of Pauls would taunt, and term them, *St. Anthonies Piggs*; and

Londinopolis upon the shelves that surround me, I must refer you to the somewhat superficial, yet not uninteresting pages of that work, for a tolerably good sketch of the rise and

they would call St. Paul's Schollers, *Pigeons of Pauls*, and many feuds happen'd amongst them in the open streets: but St. Anthonies School decaying, the quarrel also ceas'd. Anno 1582, a publick lecture of Chirurgery was founded, to be read in the Colledge of Physitians in Knightrider-street twice every week; the founder whereof was, the honourable Baron the Lord Lumley, and Richard Chadwel Doctor of Physick; and Doctor Foster was the first Reader thereof. A Mathematical Lecture was also founded about the same time, to be read in a fair ancient Chappel, built by Simon Eyre within Leaden-hall; But this Chappel being employ'd afterwards for stowage of goods taken out of a Spanish Carack, the said Lecture ceas'd there, and was used to be read in Mr. Thomas Smith's house in Grass-street, 1184 (1584). Anno 1579, Sir Thomas Gresham (Queen Elizabeth's Royal Marchant or Agent spoken of before) gave the Royal exchange, with all the buildings thereunto appertaining, viz. the one moiety to the Mayor and Comminalty of London, and their Successors, upon trust that they perform as shall be declared; and the other moiety to the Mercers on the same confidence; the Maior and Aldermen are to find four to read lectures of Divinity, Astronomy, Musick, and Geometry within that dwelling in Bishopsgate-street, and to bestow the sum of 200*l.* viz. 50*l.* per annum to every Reader. The Mercers also are to find three Readers in the same place, that is, the Civil Law, Physick, and Rhetorick, and every Reader was to have 50*l.* a year stipen'd, which great gift was confirmed afterwards by Act of Parliament, and so to continue for ever. These lectures are to be read every day in the week in Term time (Sundays excepted) in the Latin tongue in the morning, and the same in English in the same dayes afternoon, only the Musick Lecture, whereof Dr. Ball was the first Lecturer was to be read only in English.

Moreover there is in and about the City of London, a whole University, as it were of *Students, Practisers, or Pleaders, and Judges of the Lawes of England*, not living of common Salaries, as is used in other Academies; but of their private maintenance, as being supported, by their own means or practice, or exhibition from their friends; in so much that most of them are sons and younger brothers to wealthy parents, where besides the knowledge of the Laws, they learn all other civilities and exercises besides. Of these Nurseries or Societies there are fourteen, whereof nine do stand within the Liberties of the City, and five without; those that stand within the Liberties are, Sargeants Inne in Fleet-Street, Sargeant Inne in Chancery Lane, the two Temples which are called Inns of Court; the other are Cliffords Inne, Thavies Inne in Holborn, Furnevalls Inne, Barnards Inne, and Staples Inne, which are termed Inns of Chancery. Without the Liberties, there is Grayes Inne in Holburn, Lincolns Inne (which are Inns of court) Clements Inne, New Inne, and Lions Inne, which are houses

progress of metropolitan bibliomaniacism in the sixteenth century. Return we to our personal history; and once more for BALE.*

of Chancery. In former times there was in Scroops Court in Holborn an Inne of Sargeants also; there was likewise where Somerset House now stands, Chesters Inne or Strand Inne, in the liberty of the Dutchy of Lancaster, which was pull'd down with many other Buildings, to make room for Somerset House, who had also his materials of St. John of Jerusalem, which some held to be no better than Sacrilege; and therefore that fatal death, to be beheaded, befell the Duke of Somerset, who with his Councel were, it seems, so infatuated, that they forgot to call for his Clergy, whereby, by the Lawes of England, he might have bin saved. Justice Fortescue makes mention also of a tenth house of Chancery, but he names not the place. The choicest, gentlest, and most ingenious wits of the land are found among these Students of the Inns of Court, having cōmonly bin graduates before, in one of the Universities, &c.'

At page 80 we have rather an interesting account of a library at *St. Peter's Church, Cornhill*. 'True it is, that a library there was pertaining to this Parish Church, of old time builded of Stone, and of late repaired with Brick, by the executors of *Sir John Crosby, Alderman*, as his Arms on the South end do witnesse. This Library hath been (of late time) to wit, within this seventy years, *well furnished of Books*, John Leyland viewed and commended them: but now those BOOKS ARE GONE, and this place is occupied by a School-master and his Usher, for a number of Scholers learning their Grammar Rules, &c. Notwithstanding before that time, a Grammar School had been kept in this Parish, as appeareth in the year *a thousand four hundred twenty five*.' And thus much for Howell's *Londinopolis*: a volume, well deserving, in a clean and ample condition, of a 'sur-cote' of olive-colour morocco from the bibliopegistic manufactory of Charles Lewis.

* *once more for BALE.*] I am indebted to my friend Mr. H. Petrie for the following very pithy and pertinent account of the labours of JOHN BALE: and if I have hit 'honest John' too hard in my *Bibliomania*, p. 328, I trust that the unction of what here ensues will heal all wounds, and restore him effectually to the estimation of every intelligent and curious reader of the past literature of his country. Certainly, however, our friend JOHN was 'un peu trop fort,' in his 'retorts courteous.'

'Scriptorum illustrium Majoris Britanniae Catalogus, a Japheto ad A. D. 1557, novem Centurias continens. Autore Joanne Baleo Sudovolgio. Pars posterior quinque continens centurias.'

In his preface, Bale states his intention of enumerating the illustrious writers of Great Britain, and the succession, actions, and deaths of the Popes. Under the first head he shews vast reading and diligence: for though he be often indebted to Leland, whom he nearly transcribes, and to whom he acknowledges his obliga-

LISARDO. If I remember, you formerly dealt rather harshly with that intrepid defender of Protestantism?

LYSANDER. By no means: although possibly he did not

tions, yet he has a great number of names and circumstances which do not occur in his work; besides giving the first sentence, &c. of very many tracts, evidently from his own observation, as he often differs from the like notices in Boston or Bury. Indeed many of the articles referred to were in his own possession. (See his *Catal. of MSS.*) It is his practice to reckon each *work* of his several authors, however small, as a *book* (*liber unus*)—hence he is accused of multiplying books. His ascriptions are often false: apparently from attributing anonymous pieces to authors whose undoubted works happened to be bound up in the same volume. His dates also are frequently false, and not unusually from the preceding cause. Some of his writers perhaps never existed, and others have no claim to authorship. But when it is considered that he has given us a catalogue of more than 1400 authors, nearly the whole of whose works were then only to be found in MSS. many mistakes ought in candour to be forgiven him. In his second division, his principal object is to discover whatever may blacken the Popes and prove them to be Anti-Christ, as well as to disgrace the Roman Catholic clergy; nor is he always very careful in examining whether his authorities for this purpose be well founded. In both parts his style is excessively acrimonious and coarse: for which the only apology to be offered is, the zeal which generally actuates new converts, and resentment for the persecution he endured in consequence of his conversion.

The list of MSS. which he left, on flying from Ireland, shews him to have been a very extraordinary collector. It contains almost all the best writers of early English History; and amounts to nearly 400 volumes of every description. Among them were, Guil. Malmsburiensis de Regib. Anglor. Idem de Gestis Pontificum, cum Histor. Novell. Itinerarium Ioannis Abbatis (Guil. Malmesbur:), de Miraculis D. Andreae Apostoli, et in Threnos Hieremiæ Commentarius. Simeonis Dunelmensis Continuationes Bedæ. Radulfi Nigri Hist. Succincta. Ioannis Anglor. Regis gesta per eundem Radulfum. Radulfi Coggeshalensis Continuat. prædict. Historiæ Gualt. Coventrensis Compendium Historiale. Annales breviores, de Laude religionis, et Scutum Carmelitarum. Steph. Eiton de Vita Regis Ed. 2i. Heliæ de Trickyngham Annales Temporum. Rad. Marham Manipulus Chronicor. Monachi Dunelmensis ignoti nominis Chron. Guil. Ramesii Vita Neoti. Carmina. Gesta Regis. Ed. 3ii. Bella principis Edwardi Nigelli. Ran. Higd. Polychron: ejusque continuationes per T. Walsingham. Rogeri Castriensis Monachi Polycratica temporum. Ricardi Cicestriensis Anglo-Saxonum Chronicon. Iohannis Everisdeni series temporum, cum aliis. T. Wuycki Annales 220 Annor. Ejusd. Catalog. Abbatum de Osney. Adam Murimuth 78 Annor. Historiæ. Ricardi Divisiensis epitome rerum Britannicar. Tempora regis. Ricardi 1i. eod. Authore. Roberti Bale scribæ Londoniensis, Chronicon ejusd' urbis, cum aliis ejus opusculis. To which are to

receive his full share of commendation. I consider honest John Bale to have been among the most enthusiastic book-collectors of his period; and a man, withal, of very uncommon powers of perception and of eloquence. He was coarse and 'foul-mouthed,' I grant; but the examples of the greatest of his contemporaries, including even those of Luther and Erasmus, seemed to justify such a perversion of good sense and good breeding. His attachment to Leland is an everlastingly-bright ornament in his escutcheon; and if we were now in possession of the treasures which he saw, and catalogued, and left behind in Ireland, what a rich harvest would there be for our NENNIUSES to gather into their garners?

I hardly know how to trust myself in the middle of the *Sixteenth Century*,* so as to select any particular object of admiration without omitting, or detracting from, the celebrity of another. We are now disporting ourselves in the

be added many anonymous chronicles. Besides these he states that he had a large collection of the best printed books.

After such a tempting, and apparently just, delineation of the merits of BALE, the reader will readily conceive the agony of heart which I endured in parting with an *almost large paper* copy of the work above referred to, printed by my old friend Oporinus in 1559, folio!

* *in the middle of the sixteenth century.*] About this period no greater injury was probably inflicted upon literature than that of the destruction of the library 'given by the good and learned Humphrey Duke of Gloucester [concerning whom see *Bibliomania*, p. 256] to the University of Oxford in or near the year 1440. This princely collection contained 600 volumes; of which 120 alone were valued at 1000*l*. These books were called in the university register '*Novi Tractatus*,' and are said to be '*admirandi apparatus*.' They were the most splendid and costly copies which could be procured, finely written upon vellum, and ELEGANTLY EMBELLISHED WITH MINIATURES and ILLUMINATIONS. These books which, being highly ornamented, looked like MISSALS, and conveyed ideas of Popish superstition, were destroyed or removed by the pious visitors in the reign of Edward VI. whose zeal was equalled only by their ignorance, or perhaps by their avarice. *Andrews's Hist. Gr. Brit.* vol. ii. p. 54, on the authority of Warton.

very height, zenith, and blaze of literary reputation in our own country ; and a *brace of Queens*—I had almost said—meet our notice at the very threshold of our enquiries !

ALMANSA. What mean you ?

LYSANDER. Yet . . . MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS * must take precedence of —

* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.] I am indebted to Mr. Thomson, of the General Register House, Edinburgh, for the following very curious and interesting *Catalogue of the Royal Library of Scotland in 1478* ; or rather of the remains of QUEEN MARY'S LIBRARY, delivered over, with her other chattels, by Regent Morton to James VI. This catalogue makes part of '*A Collection of Inventories and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe and Jewelhouse*,' &c. published by Mr. Thomson at Edinburgh in 1815, 4to : a volume, of great elegance of typographical execution and accuracy of detail—'illustrating various matters connected with the state of Scotland in the fifteenth centuries—to the antiquary, furnishing many curious and probably unexpected details ; and when rightly understood, perhaps throwing some light on the progress of manners and the arts during a period of which the domestic history is still very obscure and imperfect.' Hear this, ye lovers of historical curiosities ! And know, moreover, if a single drop of bibliomaniacal blood warm your hearts, that ye cannot hesitate one moment in procuring a copy of this volume—as ONLY 250 of the same were printed ! The editor is a zealous, intelligent, and able antiquary. But, 'the Catalogue of the Royal Library,' exclaims the impatient reader ! It is here:—having this general prefix : '*Inventair of the Jowellis Plenisingis Artaillierie and Munitioun being within the Castell of Edinburgh perteninge to our Soverane Lord and his Hienes derrest Moder. MDLXXVIII.*'*

* On the reading of the above list I can anticipate the emotions of joy—nay, of transport—which rend the bosoms of the 'black letter dogs' of the day. Give me the '*first buik of Rolland amoreuse*,' the buikis of '*deviltry*,' '*Errores amourees*,' and '*a litle buik of the chas*,' exclaims PROSPERO. 'Oh that I could hug "*The gardin of pleasance*," "*Frenche sonattis in writt*," "*Recuell de poesie*," "*Contionero de romanses*," and "*Gadderingis of rymes and peces*," breaks forth ATTICUS ! 'Be mine "*the auld chronicles of England in Frenche*," "*the legend aurie*," "*Foure volumes of la mere des historcis coverit with quhite perchement*," the "*Chronicles of Martinan, and of Savoy*," and "*ane greit volume of cronica cronicorum*," replies NENNIUS : while PALMERIN bargains only for the '*Giron Curtas*, the buiks of '*Amadis de Gaule*, the historie of '*Jasone*, the margreit of the Quene of Navarre, and '*Pantagruell in Frenche*.' Yet, says BERNARDO, may I not put in a word for '*the buik of Hunting* ?' Certainly, rejoins LÆLIUS—but deny me not the felicity of securing '*A canues polk with perchment evidentis concerning the auld erll of Murray erll of Craufurd and utheris*.' 'With all my heart, adds MELIADUS—'only let it be understood that the '*Tua Volumes of Lancilot de laiike*,' come to my satin-wood book-cases.' Pretty pickings these ! And pray

BELINDA. LADY JANE GREY—is it not so?—although, in chronological order, our monarch is a little inaccurate?

LYSANDER. Assuredly; but why I mention Mary in the first place, is, that there is more of *bibliomaniacal history* attached to the Library with which she used to enliven the

BOOKS IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND, 1578.

IN the first the saxt and last volume	Thre lyves of Alexr the greit and
of the auld chronicles of England	utheris nobles
in Frenche The secound volume	The decameron of Bocas
fyft volume The fourt volume	The mirrou of human redemptioun
Lucan Sueton and Salust in Frenche	Boece de consolation
The first volume of the catologe of	The gardin of plesance
sanctis in Frenche	Tua volumes of Lancilot de laik
Giron Curtas	Ane greit volume of cronica cronicorum
The thrid volume of Titus Livius	Ane compend of the cronicles in Spanioll
The werkis of Allane Charter	Ane buk of devilry
Ane oratioun to the king of Franche of	Bocas of the geneologie of the goddis
the Quenis awin hand write	Cronicle of the empriouris and kingis
The ellevint buik of St Augustine	of Austrice
The first buik of sanct Augustine	Discours of the misereis of the tyme
The first buik of Rolland amoreuse	present
The government of princes writtin in	The gardin of plesance
perchement	Esaias in Greik & Hebrew be Munstar
The first buik of Amades de Gaule	Geneologie of the kingis of France
Ane parte of Plutarche in Frenche	Columell of historeis
Valerius Maximus in Frenche	The prothogall of the chancellarie of
The legend aurie	France
La mere des historeis	The regreit of the duke of Guise deid
The first volume of vita Christi	Supplement of devotioun
Foure volumes of la mere des historeis	Actis of parliament of king James the
coverit with quhite perchement	fyft
Cronicle Martinan	Historie of the tyme present be sanct
The play of the chas	Fontene
The cronicles of Savoy	The offices of Cicero
The buik of hunting	The triumphe of faith
The distructioun of Troy	The triumphe of Pallas
The explanatioun of the charter of	The oratioun in the prayeris of the auld
Calice	cardinall of Lorane

who is to eat the cheese when nothing but the rinde is left—or who will purchase the castle walls, when the damask furniture and beds of down are stolen from the interior!?

solitary, and improve the cheerful, hour. Rely upon it, that amiable and unhappy princess had a taste for books and

BOOKS IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND, 1578.

The epistles of Ovid in Frenche meter	Lyves of certane of the illustres be
The first buik of the novallis of Ronsard	Emelius Probus
Daines Ugieri in Italian	The matamorphosis of Ovid in Italian
The king of Frances maioritie	The institution of Lentren
The nynte buk of the Amades de Gaule	The olive augmentit
Off penitence	Marcus Aurelius in Italian
Ane answer to the objection of the	The complaint of the universitie of
protestantis be Regier	Pareis contra the Jesuittes
Brontanis	Orlando furioso
The actis of parliament of quene Marie	Off the beginning and progres of the
of England	realme of France
The morall triumphis of Petrark in	Harang of the Frenche people aganis
Italiane	rebellioun
Christiane institution in Franche	The exposition upoun the epistles of
Ane bischoppis epistle to the ministeris	Auges
Frenche sonattis in writt	Supplement of devotioun
Vulgar lettres of divers noblemen in	The cardinall of Loyranis oratioun at
Italian	the assembly of Poesy
Salust in Italian	Portuus of Rome
The manuell of the ingrate man	Ane ansuer to Ronsard
Errores amoreuses	The misereis of the tyme present be
[Elegiis] upoun the deid of Joachim de	Ronsard
Belly	Recuell de poesie
The armes of the marques Dalbuif	The spheir of the world
Dictionar in Frenche and Latine	The singular combat of David and
Ane uther dictionar in Frenche and	Golias
Latine	Ane treatie of the premiecie of the
Ane Turk buik of paintrie	peape
The sege of Troy in Italiane ryme	The historie of Jasone
Vigetius de re militari	Pantagruell in Frenche
The begyning of the Scottis cronicle in	Contwnero de romanses
Frenche bie Dienne Savage	The sacrifice evangelic
The levint buik of the Amades de	Resolution of certane christiane
Gaule	poyntis
The institutionis of astronomie	The suthingi of Oliver Magne
The first buik of Enguerant	The historeis of the bible in figures
Thre buikis of musik	The king of Frances declaratioun upon
The magreit of the quene of Navarre	Danvillis edictis
Ane epistle to the quene writtin in	The first buke of Claud Butat in Frenche
Frenche be Diodet Sairell	The sectis of hereseis in this tyme

reading as extensive as it was well-directed: and for her Romances, or Chronicles, or Histories, or Rituals, in velvet or morocco covertures! the very thought —

ALMANSA. Almost makes me turn round with wildness. Tell me, illustrious monarch, where live the remains . . ?

LYSANDER. No more I beseech you—the memory of her misfortunes lives in every feeling and every British heart! But for her predecessor, LADY JANE GREY*—what an in-

BOOKS IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND, 1578.

The treaties of Starnislawes bischop of Warne	Gadderingis of rymes and peces Remonstrans be the estaittis in Burgunye
The manuell of morall vertewis	Sangis of the bible in Frenche be Lancelote de la Carle
Ane gaddering of sindry historeis in Frenche	Ane exhortatioun to the kingis counsall aganis the trublis
The buik of human policie	Ane oratioun buik in write
Clement Marot	The maner to tak away the contraversie of religioun be Renat Benedict
The consolationis of Bembo	Remonstrance of the catholik nobilitie of the king
Abrigement of the art poetik in Frenche	The kingis apologie aganis the staittis of Burgunye
The defence of the illustratioun of the Frenche language	The writ of Nicolas Clamanses Bertram upoun the sacrament
A gaddering of simpatheis	Epithalamium regis et regine
The epistle of Ignatius	Ane grit dyett buik of the duk
The principallis of astronomie	Tuentie fyve conntis and quaternis of the Q. and Q. regent
The remonstrant of the emprior [Fred.] maid to the paip	Certane pacquettis of Frenche lettres and comptis
The ordinaire of the money in France	A canves polk with perchment evidentis concerning the auld erll of Murray
The praise of foly in Frenche	erll of Craufurd and utheris
Four homoleis anent the images in France	The livis of the paipis be Platine
The intertenyment of helth	
The treatie of the sacrament be Petir Martir	
The ansuer to Johnne Calvynis epistle Off the fals propheittis	
Hippocrites in Frenche	
A litle buik of the chas	

* LADY JANE GREY.] Think not, tender-hearted reader, that I am about to rend thy bosom, or call forth thy admiration, by a brief account of the parentage, birth, education, and hapless end, of the THE LADY JANE GREY. No! — that subject has been sufficiently well handled by able and enlightened writers—and from Fox to Hume thou shalt see the pith of all that is pertinent and praise-



Picart sc

LADY JANE GREY,

*From an original Painting by Lucas De Meere.
In the possession of Earl Spencer K.G.*

Published for the Rev.^d T.F. Dibdin. April. 1817.

PRINTED BY LARKE.

tellectual creature was destroyed when the axe of a Bigot commanded *her* body to be headless ! What virtue of heart, what loveliness, both of mind and of outward form, was cut

worthy, relating to this same ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE, in the pages of the recent edition of the *General Biographical Dictionary*; vol. xvi. p. 316-27, by Mr. Alexander Chalmers. I shall only here therefore pity the wretched fate of this incomparable young creature : for it should seem as if nature, willing to mar the lovely work of her creation, had allotted her to the care of the most hot-headed and indiscreet of relatives and advisers. She was the unconscious and guiltless victim of the Duke of Northumberland's insane plans ; and her father, the Duke of Suffolk, wanted both sense and courage to rescue her from the fate which obviously hung over her. Looking at her later years, (for she died under seventeen) and her match with the Earl of Guildford, one hardly knows how to express, in terms of sufficient commiseration, the feeble, ridiculous, and perverted path in which both bride and bridegroom were *compelled* to walk ! Had the capacity of the former been left to expand itself under the tuition of those who had already elicited such unquestionable proofs of her superior taste and understanding—had she been left unmolested within her dear study, and to her ' BELOVED BOOKS' at *Brodegate*, under her paternal roof—what *might* not have been expected, and what *would* not have been realised, from talents so varied, so strong, and so admirable ? It breaks one's heart to read, how, in the mock pageantry of making her a Queen—her understanding and her conduct, her will and her deeds, were at such direct issue with each other : while, in her resignation to her fate, she evinced the firmness of a martyr and the heavenly-mindedness of a saint !

But of what am I here guilty ? of running into the very strain of which, at the outset, I deprecated the indulgence. Fie upon it ! and yet, look at the OPPOSITE PLATE ! Canst thou view such a figure, with such an accompaniment, and wonder at its introduction within the pages of a *Bibliographical Decameron* ! ? By the ' accompaniment ' I would be understood to allude to the *illuminated Missal*, at her right hand, from which she has been reading, and upon the contents of which she is yet meditating. In sober truth, the Lady Jane Grey is a BIBLIOMANIACAL HEROINE of the very first class and distinction. Read *Ascham's Schoolmaster*, (Bennet's edition, 4to. p. 222) respecting her love of study in general, and of Plato's *Phædo* in particular. The passage has been extracted a thousand times.* Indeed it is irresistibly interesting : but the

* It is shortly thus. Roger Ascham called upon the Lady Jane at her father's house at Broadgate, and found her reading the ' *Phædon* ' of Plato in the original Greek. The Duke and Dutchess of Suffolk, with their household, were hunting in the park. Ascham expressed his astonishment that she did not join the party. Whereupon she replied that ' all their sport in the park was but a shadow to that pleasure which she found in Plato ! ' She then lamented what she considered to be the depraved taste for hunting—thereby holding in contempt all the rules and precepts of her auncient sex *Dame Juliana Berners* !—and added,

off—scarcely before the bud had fully opened, or the blossom given indication of its expansion and beauty! One never thinks of the unmerited end of this *Non-Pareille* of

reader's attention must be here directed to a subject purely *graphical*. What is the history of the accompanying exquisite portrait? Briefly this—and remember also, lover of graphic virtù, 'tis the ONLY LEGITIMATE PORTRAIT of Lady Jane Grey that has yet been made public. The original is at Althorp, in the possession of Earl Spencer, and measures about 2 feet by 1 and a half. It was painted by *Lucas de Heere*, who succeeded Holbein, and is executed throughout with a fidelity and tenderness very rarely occurring in pictures of that period in our own country. Mr. Ottley, who examined the original with myself very carefully before it went to the engraver's, allowed that the general expression of the countenance, and of the mouth in particular, was much beyond what is usually seen in the females of Holbein. For an account of De Heere, examine *Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters*, vol. ii. p. 223, edit. 1786. Yet was De Heere old enough?

In the original the gown is velvet, of a ruby colour: and the cloke, and the head dress are of black velvet: the necklace is gold, with amethyst and emeralds: the hair, of a sandy colour: the sacramental cup, gold: the cloth upon the table, green velvet and gold. Through the windows are seen, to the left, the two adjoining spires—and to the right, the larger tower and spire—of the churches of Leicester. The entire detail bespeaks the genuineness of the picture; giving us also a portrait of the *very study* in her father's house, where the accomplished student sat. After having examined the engraved portraits of the same person, in *Holland's Heroologia* and *Larrey's Hist. of England*, as well as several other minor engravings, I have no hesitation in

that her fondness for study was owing to the gentle treatment which she experienced from her tutor, Mr. Aylmer—who, instead, of the 'pinches, nips (not 'rips,' as the *Biog. Dict.* hath it: see *Schoolmaster*, edit. 1571, fol. 11, rev.) and bobs,' which she received from her 'sharp and severe parents,' taught her 'gently, pleasantly, and with fair allurements to learning.' Ascham adds; 'I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy Lady.' These are biographical touches that go directly to the heart! Yet, methinks, the worthy Roger Ascham is a little prone to scandalise, when he says that, during a long residence at Windsor castle, 'the Lady Jane read more *Greek* in a day than some Prebendaries of that Church did *Latin* in a week.' *Andrews*, vol. ii. p. 59. 'Fie on't, fie!' When Sir John Gage, Constable of the Tower, led this accomplished creature to execution, and desired some token of her remembrance, 'she gave him her TABLE-BOOK, on which were written three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body: one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English.' Hume, on the authority of Heylin, p. 167. Thus, to the very last, she loved her book!

Her speech on the scaffold is detailed at length in *Holinshed's Chronicles*, edit. 1577, vol. ii. p. 1732: a speech, which cannot be read without admiration of the simplicity and innocence of the sufferer, and astonishment at the unrelenting severity which brought her to the block. The issues of trials for High Treason are now somewhat different!

accomplished young women of rank, without shuddering at the cruelty of the edict which could have 'cut her off from among the living.' Had she been only permitted to have matured, in her riper years, what her genius had prompted her to plan when young—had she realised those vast and delightful schemes connected only with the *Bibliomania*—that is to say, had she kept up her correspondence with Cheke and Ascham at home, and perhaps with more than one illustrious scholar abroad—had she completed her *folio* sets of the Greek and Roman Classics, (for *Octavo Variorums* were then unknown) interspersed with some few choice and exquisite volumes of devotions—and perhaps studiously rejecting *Romances** and corrupt Chronicles . . .

assigning, to the ENGRAVING here PUBLISHED, the character of its being the only legitimate portrait of Lady Jane Grey extant. All that have preceded it have evidently only an ideal set of features, accompanied by an imitation of the dress from Lucas de Heere, but representing rather a woman of five and twenty, or thirty, than a beautiful and well-bred female under seventeen years of age. Am I deceived?—or, do I hear a soft whisper, as if from the lips of a hovering spirit, once inhabiting the bulky frame of the Reverend J. Granger, pronouncing the word 'RIGHT'—It is even so! Then, again, what if a softer whisper, from a spirit once possessing a more ethereal form, should say, 'SUCH I WAS!' Why then, in either or both cases, there will be rare *cutting out* of this identical portrait—but not, I trust, till each and every copy of the work, to which it appertains, is the bonâ-fide property of the cutter out? Why am I *compelled* to make this corollary?

* *studiously rejecting Romances.*] In the time of Lady Jane Grey there was a most rigorous attack made upon Romances by the able pen of Roger Ascham. This, with other tirades which have now escaped us, probably led the way to the love of allegorical fiction; as exhibited in the writings of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney. By such a change we lost in dramatic effect what we gained in a sickly and doubtful system of ethics. Ascham's '*Schoolmaster*,' which is in truth an extremely diverting, as well as sensible and admirably written performance, is vehement upon the topic of the Romaunce: but in his *Toxophilus* he led the way to the more determined abhorrence of it expressed in his *Schoolmaster*. 'In our father's time (says he) nothing was read but books of *feigned Chivalry*; wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end but only to manslaughter and bawdry. If a man suppose they were good enough to pass the time withal, he is deceived. For surely vain words do work no small

ALMANSA. Methinks, however, this is not *quite* the perfection of bibliomaniacal reputation—Reject Romances and Chronicles! ? . . .

thing in vain, ignorant, and young minds, especially if they be given anything thereunto of their own nature. These books, as I have heard say, were made the most part in abbies and monasteries: a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living.' Bennet, in quoting this (p. 254) refers to Huet's celebrated treatise upon the Origin of Romances.

Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster*, maintains the same notion respecting the origin of this species of literature, which is utterly destitute of foundation; and it is not a little provoking to the numerous modern lovers of *Morte D'Arthur Literature*, and to the publishers and possessors of the recent edition of Caxton's text of that once popular romance, (enriched by an Introduction and the notes of Mr. Southey) to find old Roger thus descanting upon that same work: 'As one for example LA MORTE D'ARTHUR: the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points—in open manslaughter and bold bawdry.' . . . 'this is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and La Morte d'Arthur received into the Prince's chamber. What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a young gentleman, or a young maid, that liveth wealthily and idly, wise men can judge and honest men do pity. And yet (continues our Roger) ten *La Morte d'Arthurs* do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open, not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle cunning, new and diverse shifts, to carry young wills to vanity, and young witts to mischief; to teach old bawds new school-points, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before, yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read, and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning. For they, carrying the will to vanity, and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions, and false judgement in doctrine; first to think ill of all true religion, and at last to think nothing of god himself; one special point that is to be learned in *Italy* and *Italian books*." And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more needfull to be looked to, there be more of these ungracious books set out in print *within these few months*, than have been seen in England many score years before; and because our Englishmen, made Italians, cannot hurt but certain persons, and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English, to bring mischief enough openly and boldly, to all states, great and mean, young and old every where." p. 254. I find, however, that the love of extravagant news (and peradventure of romaunt reading) had been reprobated, even in verse, some four-score years before Master Ascham took up his knotty cudgels to demolish works of feigned chivalry. Thus, in that once popular poem ycleped *The Hors, the Shepe, and the Goos*, we have the following admonition:

LYSANDER. Possibly I may be too strict in my ideal delineation: but at any rate there was a sort of severe or even masculine tone of character in the studies of that illustrious female—of whom we must now take our final adieu!—for too much attention cannot be given to the *sixteenth century*, and noblemen's libraries without number * have been already

Beware of NOUELLIS that be new brought
Though they be *plesant*, loke fast thy lyppe
An hasty worde may be too sore bought
Close thy mouth leste thy tonge trippe.

Edit. Caxton. fol. 14, rev.

From such a description of ROMAUNT LORE, by a contemporary, it is most probable, as intimated by Lysander, that the Lady Jane 'studiously rejected Romances.' Yet it must be remembered that Milton had serious thoughts of making ARTHUR the hero of an epic poem! Thus the author of the Schoolmaster is at issue with the author of Paradise Lost.

* *Noblemen's Libraries without number.*] As a specimen of what was probably the usual character of great libraries of this period, the reader is presented with an extract from a 'Catalogue of all and each the books in the possession of Lord Stafford, at Stafford Castle, in 1556.' Mr. William Hamper, of Birmingham, a zealous and friendly bibliomaniac, hath furnished me with this curious document: the original of which is in his own possession, and from which he has been pleased to extract 'all the English Books and Works printed in England.' The catalogue is thus entitled: '*Catalogus omnium et singulorum librorum apud Castrum Stafforde remanentium ab anno dñi 1556.*'

<i>Noia.</i>	<i>Authores.</i>	<i>Impressor.</i>	<i>Locus. Temp.</i>
Grāmatica gallica,	Joh. Pasgrave,	Jo. Hawkins,	Lond. 1530
Grāmatica Italica,	Tho. Williams,	Jo. Berthelet,	Lond. 1550
Sententie Pueriles,		Joh. Herford,	Lond. 1546
Colloquiorū formule,	Erasmi,	Wikin de Word,	Lond. 1522
Ortus vocabulorū,		Julianus Notarij,	Lond. 1510
Dialogi, anglice	J. Heywood,	Jo. Berthelet,	Lond. 1546
Donatio Constātini, anglice.		Tho. Godfray,	Lond.
Abridgmēt of Polidor,	Tho. Langley,	Rich. Grafton,	Lond. 1546
Decades Petri Martiris, anglice,		Guilielmus Powell,	Lond. 1555
The Pastimes of the pepple,			
The cronicles of Englonde and other realmes,			
Arithmetica Anglice, per Robartū Record.		Reynold Wolfe,	Lond.
The Sheparden Kalendar,		Robert Redmā,	Lond.
The Mirror of the World,		Laurēce Andrew,	Lond

omitted in this rough and partial sketch. Even my old favourite TOBY MATHEW—that good and truly praiseworthy archiepiscopal Bibliomaniac—can only be mentioned by name . . .

LORENZO. Pray dispatch him not so quickly!

LISARDO. I entreat only some few words—as sentences cannot be expected—relating to him.

LYSANDER. Willingly. I must tell you therefore that he is to be considered as *the Founder of the Library of York Cathedral*.* He was passionately addicted to book-collecting;

Noia.	Authores.	Impressor.	Locus. Temp.
The body of polycye,		Joh. Skot,	Lond. 1521
Cato cū Comēto,		Winkin de Word,	Lond. 1508
Parabolæ olavi,		Winkin de Word,	Lond. 1523
Cato anglice,		Tho. Berthelet,	Lond. 1550
Rethorica Anglice,	per leonard Coxe,	Robert Redmā,	Lond.
The comoditie of a enemie,	Plutarch,	Tho. Berthlet,	Lond.
A tretise of morall philosophie, anglice,		Withchurch,	Lond. 1547
The fardle of facions, anglice,		John Kinston,	Lond. 1555
The booke of husbandri,	Fitzharbart,	Ro. Redman,	Lond.
The booke of surveying,			
Xenophon of Houshold,		Thomas Berthelet,	Lond. 1537
The boke of husbandry,	Fitzharbart,	Williā Midiltō,	
A booke of Grassing,		Robert Weir,	Lond.
The assice of bread and ale,			
A booke for Karvers and Joiners,			Antw.
A booke of Hawking and Hunting,		Winkin Worde,	Lond. 1532*
The great Herball,		Peter Triveris	Lond. 1525
The newe Herball,	W. Turnar,	Steve Mierdmā,	Lond. 1551
The properties of Herbes,		Williā Midelton,	Lond. 1544
The names of Herbes,	per W. Turner,	Joh. Day,	Lond.
The judgmēt of Urines, anglice, per lloyd,		Richard Tottye.	
The regiment of health,	Andrew borde,		Lond. 1544
The Castell of Health, eliotæ, cū aliis.			Lond.

* TOBY MATHEW—*Founder of the Library of York Cathedral*.] It was in the summer of 1815, and during the journey to Durham described at page 229, ante, that I made myself thoroughly acquainted with the bibliomaniacal reputation of TOBIAS MATHEW, once President of my own college, St. John's; after-

* This edition seems now to be unknown.

and equally displayed, in the same glorious pursuit, a magnificent taste and an unerring judgment. What think you, Lisardo, of Erasmus's *Greek Testament*, UPON VELLUM!?

wards Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; then Dean of Durham; anon, Bishop of the same see; and lastly Archbishop of York. What a cluster, therefore, of ecclesiastical honours adorned the character of Toby Mathew, when living! — and now, having been nearly two centuries in his grave, what are the relics which tell of his former fame, and will always bespeak the attention and respect both of the *present* and of the *future* race of human beings?! Answer; HIS LIBRARY. Hear THAT, ye venerable and wealthy Presiders over Bodies corporate! But to my purpose. The reader will necessarily consult *Drake's Antiquities of York*,* p. 458, &c. for a full account of the 'life, character, and behaviour' of this eminent archbishop. Our business here is chiefly to touch the bibliomaniacal chord: and first for a brief outline supplied by the present respectable librarian of the Cathedral library, of the rise and progress of

YORK MINSTER VESTRY.

'The Foundation of the Present Library was the gift of the library of ARCHBP. MATHEW by his widow Frances Mathew. This magnificent present is called, in the book containing the account of gifts to the library, "*Immensam variamque rei Literariæ supellectilem e Museo Reverendissimi in Christo Patris ac Domini, Domini Tobię Mathew, Archiepiscopi Eboracensis æternæ memoriæ viri.*" The number of volumes, according to Drake, was 3000. The next addition to the library, of any considerable amount, was from LORD FAIRFAX, of which the following entry is preserved. "*Ferdinando D. Fairfax Vice-Com. de Cameron plures libros contulit tempore belli civilis.*"

'ARCHBISHOP DOLBEN gave to the library by his widow, and his son Gilbert Dolben, a present of books in the year 1686, consisting of nearly four hundred volumes; viz. one hundred and forty-five folios, eighty-eight quartos, and one hundred and fifty-one octavos. The library of the Revd. MARMADUKE FOTHERGILL, S. T. P. vicar of Kipwith in the East Riding, and a non-juror in the reign of George the First, was added to the Minster library some time after his death, which took place in the year 1731. This collection of books is nume-

* He will however be wofully disappointed in his 'consultation.' Never did a reference to an authority beget such vexation and almost disgust: and never will the curious reader sigh more ardently for a new edition—for the promised magnificent republication with additions and embellishment worthy of the substratum—held out by the accomplished and erudite editor of Thoresby. DRAKE'S *Antiquities of York* were published in the year 1736: since which a better taste in embellishments, and a more interesting and vivacious style of biography, have prevailed. Local antiquities have also received more satisfactory illustration. Indeed few cities, whether we consider the magnificence of its Cathedral, or the specimens of Roman and Norman art which remain, call more imperatively aloud for a better record of its curiosities and treasures.

LISARDO. Transporting thought! but is it even so—or do you ‘mock me, fellow student?’

LYSANDER. I speak the truth. Visit the *Cathedral*

rous and valuable.* Besides these, other presents, of less amount in books, and in money for the purchase of books, have been made at different times since the foundation of the library; which now contains one hundred and eight manuscripts, and in printed books, as nearly as at present can be ascertained, about six thousand volumes.’

To the preceding let me add, that the books in question are preserved in an extremely handsome and large gothic-built room (contiguous to the minster) which had been a ruin, serving as a stable and hay loft, when the restoration of it, to its present beautiful aspect, was effected in 1806. ‘There was sufficient (says my friend, the Rev. Mr. Eyre, the present senior prebendary of the Cathedral) of the original to enable us to restore it to its exact primitive state, except the roof, which is probably lower, and the battlements, which were copied from the oldest parts of the minster, the original building being of the same æra. It was formerly a chapel annexed to the Archbishop’s palace, which was totally destroyed some few hundred years ago.’ The library is on the first floor; or rather you approach it by a flight of stairs; and the anti-room, through the door of which you catch a glimpse of the western extremity of the book-room, is remarkable for the neatness and brilliancy of its architecture. A noble stained glass window occupies the western extremity, filled with the arms of the members of the Cathedral, &c.: the light comes from the south side, from windows a good deal elevated; and the east and north sides are filled by the books, having a slight gallery running along the upper part. The access to them is easy and immediate. The catalogue is well digested, and the librarian, the Rev. Mr. Dallin, is both obliging and competent in his office. What further can be wished? Thou hast forgotten Toby Mathew—exclaims the biography-loving reader. Here he is then, I reply.

‘This worthy Prelate (says Granger, vol. i. p. 343) who had been an ornament to the University of Oxford, was no less an ornament to his station in the church. He had an admirable talent for preaching, which he never suffered to lie idle; but used to go from one town to another to preach to crowded audiences. He kept an exact account of the sermons which he preached, after he was preferred; by which it appears that he preached, when Dean of Durham, 721 sermons: when Bishop of that Diocese, 550: and when Arch-

* In Drake’s time it had not been deposited in the Cathedral, but he thus mentions it. ‘And when the fine collection of the late Revd. Marmaduke Fothergill comes likewise to be added to this library, as I have taken notice in his life is so designed by his widow, it then may contain a body of MSS. especially in the English Ritual and Liturgical way, equal to most libraries in the kingdom.’ p. 483.

Library only, and promptly assisted in your researches by the very obliging librarian who is constantly to be found at his post, you shall quickly be gratified with the sight of that,

bishop of York, 721: in all, *nineteen hundred and ninety two sermons!* In the early part of his life, he was noted for his ready wit; and was equal, if not superior, to Bishop Andrews, in the courtly faculty of punning.* He died March, 1628, in the 82d year of his age: leaving nothing behind him in print but a Latin Sermon against Campian, and a letter to James I.' Granger, however, might have informed us that some of the Archbishop's letters appear among those of his son (SIR TOBIE MATTHEW, whom he disinherited) published in 1660, 8vo. a scarce and interesting volume. Mr. Lodge, in his *Illustrations of British History*, has also given one or two. Consult also Surtees, p. cxii.

But what has the preceding to do with the *Bibliomania*? A minute's further patience, and then—'yes and then'—thou shalt know, book-passionately loving reader, that almost all the older volumes in the Minster library were the property of our Toby: and among them, think—first of all—of a VELLUM COPY of the second edition of Erasmus's Greek Testament—so emphatically noticed in the 'Sixth Day' of this Decameron: see vol. ii. p. 174. Then know, that all the earlier *Foreign Classics*, in the library under description, have been submitted to the eyes and the thumbs of the said Archbishop—and, of works connected with our own Literature, what dost say to *the Horse, the Sheep, and the Goose*—and *the Churl and the Bird*—each in Caxtonic types, and perfect? Eke, the *Faite of Arms*, and a version of *Cicero de Senectute* (but each imperfect) in the same picturesque typographical attire? Pynson's *Dives and Pauper*, imperfect: Treveris's *Polychronicon*—*Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courteour*, &c. with the *Testament and Complaynt of our Souerane Lordis Papyngo*, &c. (a perfect and delicious copy!) *Life of St. Werburg*, by Pynson, (imperfect) and fine and desirable copies of *Sir Thomas More's Works*, 1557, and *Barclay's Ship of Fools*,

* 'This Prelate (says Drake) is praised throughout the whole course of his life for his great learning, eloquence, sweet conversation and bounty: but, above all, by Sir John Harrington and Mr. Fuller (both infected with the same kind of wit) for what they term a *cheerful sharpness* in discourse: which, says Sir John, so sauced all his words and behaviour, that well was he, in the University, that could be in the company of TOBY MATTHEW.' *Eboracum; or the Hist. and Antiq. of the City of York*, 1736, p. 458. Among the curious poetical stores of Sir M. M. Sykes's library, at Sledmere, I found the following verses: from which it should seem that our bibliomaniacal Archbishop had a very general taste:

'Old King James did ne're drink better,
Worth the whisper in the eare
If TOBY MATHEWS had been there,
Specially the Ragouts and Sallats
Excellent for curious palates.'

Jornanda—from the *Diarium or Journall*, &c. in *Burlesque Rhime or Drolling Verse*, 1656, 12mo. p. 11.

and of other exquisite book-gems also. O gallant Toby Matthew, in what acceptable octavo tome are thy life and labours disclosed?

BELINDA. We seem, I think, to get more and more into the very marrow of bibliomaniacal history! Proceed: our gratification increases in proportion to your recital.

by Cawood, 1570!! Need I proceed with further indisputable and irrefragable proofs of the true, proper, thorough-bred bibliomaniacal feelings and principles which possessed our Archbishop? Even Dr. Drake, after quoting Leland's eulogy of the earlier libraries of this Cathedral before the XIIIth century, stops at the name of Matthew with apparent delight—'I cannot find after this (ann. 1137) says he, that our Church was remarkable for a collection of books; but continued in the same state in which Leland says he found it—till the great gift of Mrs. MATTHEWS once more gave it the FACE OF A LIBRARY, p. 483. Not one of the foregoing bijoux however are noticed by the historian of York! but he stops to congratulate himself and his readers on the acquisition of—*Rymer's Fœdera*—the gift of Dean Finch!!! What an 'art of sinking' is this!

Let us now examine a few of the Archbishop's books. The worthy Tobias usually wrote in the title-pages of his books after this fashion:—copied from an edition of the *Policraticus* of John of Salisbury of the date of 1513, 8vo.

Vita Christus, mors Lucrum.

Tobias Dnclm

When he was Archbishop of York his autograph was thus:—taken from a *Nonnus* of 1527, 8vo.

Tobias Eboracē

The library contains numerous testimonies of the respect in which our bibliomaniacal Archbishop was held. Thus, in a ms. version of the New Testament by Wicliffe, which had been formerly Queen Elizabeth's—as her Majesty's own autograph demonstrates—

*Elizabeth
Regina*

we have the following address to Matthew, written in the self-same volume: 'Ornatissimo Viro Dnō Tobiaē Matthæo SStæ. theologiæ professori Decano ecclesiæ Cathedralis Dnclm. dignissimo Fratri et symmystæ suo plurimū semper venerando Immanuel Bærnersius multa et felicia precatūs sæcula obseruantia suæ pignus DD.

LYSANDER. Be patient, and expect not too much. The opening of the *seventeenth century* saw a patron of literature, in his way, in the example of the SCOTISH MONARCH;* for

Calendis. Januarijs 1587. And in a copy of Dr. James's *Catalogue of the MSS. in England, &c.* 1600, 4to. is the following written dedication: being a presentation copy by the author. We may admire the delicacy of the penmanship.

Episcopo Dunelmensi
Reuerendo in Christo Patri robiae
Mathae tho: James oxomo Cantabr
debiti honoris at obseruantia ergo
D. D. D.
Aug. 3. 1600.

There are several portraits of the Archbishop in existence. The hall of Christ Church possesses one, and there is another over the fire place in the library of York Minster: as well as a portrait of Fothergill. In the present archiepiscopal residence at Bishopthorpe, (as Mr. Eyre informs me) 'there is a portrait in every respect superior to that in the Minster Library. The Archbishop has a book before him, on which is written "*Mors vitam nec aufert nec affert.*" It is undoubtedly an original, and not wholly without merit.' Of Engravings of our archiepiscopal bibliomaniac, Granger mentions one by R. E. (Renold Elstracke) and sold by Geo. Humble in Pope's Head Alley. This is now become very scarce and dear. Sir Mark Sykes possesses a fine impression of it. Another print of him occurs in Boissard's *Iconographia*: but Dr. Waddelove, the present Dean of Ripon, tells me that he had an etching of Toby Mathew and his wife, which he gave to the present Archbishop of York. Drake has a plate of the Archbishop's tomb: but such a plate! When one thinks of the engravings of this kind put forth by Messrs. Britton, Neale, Wild, and especially those in the county Histories of Surtees, Clutterbuck, Whitaker—but down, down rebellious bile! Hear then it is quite fitting that we 'doff our bonnets' to the illustrious TOBIAS MATTHEW—a great preacher, a great punster, and (yet rarer virtue!) a great bibliomaniac!

* *in the example of the SCOTISH MONARCH.*] 'Jemmy the First' hath had ample justice done him in the amusing crown 8vo. tome relating to his literary character, recently put forth by Mr. D'Israeli: and Mr. Gifford, in his pungent notes to Ben Jonson, will not suffer any one to doubt that monarch's taste, or to question his liberality of conduct—chiefly because our 'Jemmy' shewed a 'downright proper feeling' in regard to his beloved Ben. I am not disposed to

JEMMY, after all, (as Hume, I think allows him) seems to have had as quick a fancy and ready judgment in literary

quarrel with this logic; but it should seem that the author of the *Bibliomania*, p. 369, had incurred the displeasure of the said editor of Ben Jonson—because he felt a disposition to doubt the taste of the Scotch Monarch*—and, in consequence, the taste of the said author, in turn (somewhat peevishly and unprovokedly, methinks) has been designated as being confined to a mere love of ‘large paper catalogues of libraries . . .’ I frankly own that in my foolish fondness for ‘large paper’ possessions, I had felt an inclination to avail myself of Mr. Gifford’s admirable labours, set off by the greatest possible amplitude of margin: but this side-winded anathema against CHARTA MAXIMA, led me to think that I was about to commit a very tasteless and censurable action: and therefore Ben Jonson, by Mr. Gifford, rests upon my shelves, in small paper, but very elegantly bound in white calf, with full-charged gilt back; (see the virtue of this mode of binding in vol. ii. p. 530) and I make no question that if book-buyers and book-readers in general are as open to conviction as myself, not a third part of the *large paper copies* of the new edition of Ben Jonson will travel beyond the publishers’ shelves—to the great comfort and advantage of the said publishers, no doubt—and to the subverting of an old and long established maxim in bibliography and bibliomania, that large paper copies are more valuable than small!

Mr. D’Israeli, evidently thinking differently from the author of the *Bibliomania*, and proving his positions by curious facts and ingenious reasoning, passes along without ruffling a feather of his predecessor. But let me ask him if he knew that James had a sort of *bibliopegistic* mania? They will shew him, in the British Museum, a copy of *Thevet’s Memoirs* (but, unluckily, an imperfect and very indifferent copy) covered in the most curious and costly style of the art, craft, and mystery of book binding—with the monarch’s initials and crest upon the same. After all, however, Jemmy was a bit of a pedantic coxcomb: and had such a stomach for flattery, and high-flying phraseology, that one is at a loss to conceive greater powers of digestion than he must have exercised, if he could have swallowed the following exquisite morsel of incoherent and vapid rant, prefixed to ‘*The Second Memento for Magistrates*,’ 1608, 4to. (Italics have been carefully substituted after the fashion of the original.)

‘Most Dread Sovereign,

‘God which hath put the *globe* of this little world into the hands of your rule, doth in the bottomlesse *graces* wherewith he hath imbrodered your *scepter*, merite your thankefulest *recognition* of his divine goodnesse, in whose bosome their *spring* ariseth, and oblige the Christian Nations of your *kingdomes* in straightest bonds of *loyaltie* unto your *sacred person*, the next and immediate *conduit* by which all happinesse is derived unto them.

* Consult vol. vii. p. 140, for an ably-drawn character of James by Mr. Gifford.

matters as most of the noblemen and gentlemen with whom he came in contact. But we have no time to tarry at the threshold of this same century: for DEAN HONEYWOOD, towards the middle or rather the conclusion of it, demands our especial attention, and heartfelt tribute of respect. The life and actions of MICHAEL HONEYWOOD, *Dean of Lincoln*,*

‘Your *Highnesse* religious affections to the service of G, experienced in those effects of your royall desires with best offices to glorify his eminent and eternall being, hath a most sure promise of blessings from the immortall rewarder of holy workes. And for so much as your *Majestie* in your admirable wisdom studying by all meanes to continue the tranquill peace of the *Gospell*, hath seene it necessarie to propose, and by intimation of your *gratious* pleasure enjoined one *uniforme* order of worship due to God’s divine excellencie. The subjects of your dominions, whose touns are the true witnesses of their hearts, to acknowledge that *supreame Power* which is inexistent in your princely rule, will not faile by their cheerefull obedience the *true workemaister* of happy *state*, to manifest their religion to G. and submission to your just *command*!

‘If any through a wanton *superfluitie* of fancie shall disaccustome their devotive actions from the traine whereunto your lawes would range them: *God* shall in time revealle better things unto their apprehension, and by their industrie, whom your *Majestie* hath deputed for the administration of *government* from them to that *method* of devotion which in the *Prerogative* of your wisdom is prescribed unto all.

‘In meane time, I know he which shall oppose himselfe against this evill, now growne headdie by custome and suffrance of time, lyes open for the racket of mallice to band him into the hazard of undoing, the thoughts whereof seconded with the knowledge of my owne disabilitie, to write in a matter of so great *consequence*, had kept me resolute in my resolved silence, but that my private conscience, and sorrowe to see this unnaturall distraction, wherein the body doth refuse to follow the will of the head, counterpoized the *validitie* of all other opposite respects and gave confidence in your *Majestie* for my protection, who having nothing better then my selfe to bestow upon your *Majestie*, do with best *alacrity* of spirit, devote and give my all, to be disposed at your *Princely* pleasure.

‘God which ballanceth the times, prolong the time of your most glorious Regiment, and so strengthen your *sacred power* in the continuance of that unmatched goodnesse, wherewith he hath honoured all your lives time, that when the times of times shall come, wherein time shall be without time, you may be received into his timelesse eternitie:

Your *Majestie*’s faithfull subject

and humble servant, William Wilkes.’

* MICHAEL HONEYWOOD, *Dean of Lincoln*.] It is pleasant to take in hand, however feebly and unsuccessfully executed, the memoirs of a man, once

are little known. Even the living partakers of his bibliomaniacal bounty, the prebendal inmates of that venerable and exquisite cathedral, who, perdie, occasionally walk the

renowned and respected in his day—but now so completely forgotten, as to have been overlooked in a *General Biographical Dictionary* of 32 honestly and ably filled octavo volumes. Such has been the fate of Michael Honeywood; formerly Dean of Lincoln, and a scholar and bibliomaniac of no mean calibre. His life was singularly locomotive; as the reader will find from the following brief memoir, in a letter addressed to me by Mr. Edward James Willson, of Lincoln; a zealous, intelligent, and truly commendable antiquary—burning with all the ardour of a young man pretty evenly balanced between the years of twenty and thirty. Thus writes Mr. Willson.

Lincoln, 27th May, 1817.

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ Your application respecting Dean Honeywood had not been forgotten, but my avocations had been so numerous that I never could sit down till lately to a *thorough grub* amongst my papers, and the worthy Dean’s memoir had not yet been taken expressly in hand for my own collections. The packet of letters in the Dean and Chapter’s records, does not contain so much information as I had promised myself. The earlier ones are dated about the period of his ejection from the University; the latter when he was Dean of Lincoln; both chiefly on business, and furnishing nothing more than dates of his preferments, &c. with testimonies of the very high estimation he was held in by his friends. Old Dean Bainbrigg writes to him from Christ’s College, Cambridge, in 1643, of which house he was master and Honeywood a fellow, the latter being then at Leyden in the Low Country; he solicits him to return, and not to stay abroad *beyond his time*; and after speaking of the political troubles apprehended, the plague then in Cambridge, his own old age and infirmities, assures Honeywood of his affection, and wishes him to be his successor in the mastership of the College, if possible. Dr. B. also mentions his (Honeywood’s) purchase of books abroad, and his VAST STOREHOUSE. In 1645, Dr. Bainbrigg was still in possession of his dignity, and kept Honeywood’s chamber, as fellow of the College. His letter is addressed to Mr. Pepys’s, near St. Bride’s in Fleet-Street, though Honeywood was then abroad, I think. In 1646, the Commissioners at Leicester write to the master and fellows of Christ College, desiring them to present a *pious, faithfull, and constant minister*, to the parsonage of Richworth (or Kegworth in Leicestershire) then worth about 260*l.* per annum; in the room of Mr. Michael Honeywood who had been absent and non-resident for almost three years. In answer to this, Dr. Bainbrigg writes the same month, May, 1646, excusing the incumbent, and pleading for him, with high commendations; stating how he had repaired his parsonage with intention of keeping residence, but had retired through apprehension of the troubles then imminent—and in the end requesting some delay for him. He was however superseded by Dr. More (whether at



Hilton delin.

Holl sculpt.

*From an original Painting by Cornelius Jansen, 1655, in
the Library of Lincoln Cathedral.*

London, Published for the Rev^d T. F. Dibdin, April 1817.

PRINTED BY LAHEE.

floor of Honeywood's lengthened book-visto—are not exactly aware of the measure and extent of their benefactor's virtues! He may be called the precursor of More, Bishop

first or not, I cannot find) who was in possession 1660, when Dr. Sanderson, then Bishop of Lincoln, endeavoured to negotiate for his continuance. This is nearly all that can be picked out of these letters, which have disappointed me. Dr. H. was certainly possessed of the highest esteem of his friends. Bishop Sanderson writes to him in terms of warm friendship, as do Dr. Bainbrigg, W. Power, an ejected fellow of Christ College, the Bishops of London and Worcester, &c. His epitaph contains good information. His family were seated at Mark's-Hall in Essex, where his grand-mother the famous old matron died—he had a brother Sir Thomas, I believe, and another. He staid abroad, it appears, from 1643, till the Restoration in 1660. Dr. Honeywood was not a mathematician, I take it; but was more addicted to the study of divinity, logic, and such pursuits. Dr. Crakenthorp was assisted by him in his work upon logic, and Bishop Sanderson was famous for that sort of learning. Of the building our library, and the books he gave to it, I will send you particulars. It seems strange that such a man should have remained unknown, in a manner, to the public so long. How to get any farther memoirs of him I do not know; the records of his College might do something, and more might probably be had from his family, still existing in Kent or Essex. I should be glad to hear if you can make any thing farther out about this worthy man, and regret my assistance should be so slight, but you have all I know.'

Let us say 'thanks' for the same. The name of HONEYWOOD, both in parliamentary and other annals, is too well known and respected to stand in need of particular illustration in the present place. The late member of Kent was a lineal descendant of the quondam Dean of Lincoln, of whom this capacious note treats. Lysander talks of the Dean's 'sweetness of disposition—beaming countenance.' Look at the OPPOSITE PLATE, gentle reader! Does it not attest the accuracy of Lysander's criticism? It doth: and yet, prettily and skilfully as it is stippled, and ably as the drawing for such plate was executed, the original, by Cornelius Jansen, is very much superior in force of expression and truth of design. But it has been injured in cleaning. The sharp, rectangular touches, and the rich and mellow glow of colour, which once gave it almost the animation of the original, have been blunted and rendered comparatively tame and feeble by the empiricism of 'the art of restoring.' It was in the autumn (I think) of 1813, and in the chapter house of Lincoln Cathedral, that I first saw the interesting portrait here described, resting against the central shaft which supports the roof of that beautiful room. The books were then brought into the same place—lying promiscuously upon the stone-floor—and a pile of vellum MSS. the furniture of the old cathedral library, rose, to my right, like a towering membranaceous mountain! Within three hours from my entrance, I laid that

of Ely, in the latter part of the same century; and with a mind teeming with Aldine and Frobenian intelligence, and a taste awakened to the purer influence of the fine arts, he

mountain low! Church-Rituals, Fathers, Bibles, a slight sprinkling of History, formed its chief contents. But the Dean's portrait! Well—upon gazing at it, 'this fine fellow ("thinks I to myself") shall be in a certain *Bibliographical Decameron*, accompanied by a brief description of his library.' And 'sure enough here they both are!'

Now then for the LIBRARY: for the *Caxtons*, and *Wynkyns*, and *Pynsons*, and *Copelands*, and *Redmans*! Hence, vain mockery! delusive fiction! tantalising imagery! What—am I sporting with the reader's feeling?! By no means. The grub becomes a chrysalis: the chrysalis puts on wings; and away she flies, in giddy and transporting evolutions, midst the morning sun-beams! Thus the fore-mentioned dark and dingy typographical grubs—upon which no eye ever 'vouchsafed a look'—which all thumbs instinctively shunned—and in whose solitary retreat the echo of no footstep was heard—have, owing to the incomparable good policy and sound sense of the Guardians of the Library, become transmuted into shapes and substances more capable of affording general information and general delight!—and the book-wealth of Dean Honeywood shines in splendour not originally its own—'aurea non sua poma!' A very naughty report is current that a *raisonné* catalogue, in the manner of Linnæus, of some of the grubs just mentioned, was privately printed and circulated under the title of the *Lincolne Nosegay*... but we are really losing sight of Sir Christopher Wren's room, expressly built for the reception of Dean Honeywood's Library. That room measures about 110 feet by 25: and the Dean's portrait is placed at the right hand upon entering. The collection of books is general and scholar-like; and among the old poetry, there is a clean and capacious copy, in a 'kiver of perchemente,' of Jemmy the First's '*Poeticall Exercises at vacant houres*,' with his '*Lepanto*,' and the French version, each printed by Waldegrave, at Edinburgh, in 1591.' Delicious, cries HORTENSIVS—would that I had chosen the mid-land circuit! Yet, listen further, brave Hortensius. Also within 'kivers of quhite perchemente,' in quarto, are to be seen 1. *Peplus Illust. Vir. D. Phil. Sidnæi*, Oxon, 1587; 2. *Threnodia*, &c. Funereal verses upon the death of the right worshipful Sir Edwd. Lewkenor, Knt. and Madame Susan his Lady. *With Death's Apologie*, and a *Rejoinder* [note that, my Hortensius!] to the same, 1606: 3. *Justa Edovardo King naufrago*, &c. Cantab. 1638: 4. *Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King*, 1638: (the last is the earliest impression of Milton's famous *Lycidas*.) 5. *Jonsonus Virbius*, or the *Memorie of Ben Johnson* revived by the Friends of the Muses, 1638: 6. *Lucrece*, by William Shakspeare, London, 1594: FIRST EDITION: 7. *The Rape of Proserpine*, by Leonard Digges, Gent. 1617: 8. *Hero and Leander begunne by Christopher Marloe and finished by George Chapman*, 1617.—All these in one quarto parchment covered tome:

travelled abroad and purchased books on the one hand, and on the other employed Sir Christopher Wren to design the plan of a library worthy of the treasures to be deposited therein. His portrait, as painted by Cornelius Jansen, and now suspended in the same library, beams with the expression of that sweetness of disposition, and cultivation of intellect, which eminently marked the original.

Contemporaneous with Honeywood, and ultimately Bishop of what may be called the sister see, *Durham*, lived JOHN COSIN :* the most determined of bibliomaniacal prelates.

while, of a duodecimo form, and covered in the same manner, are to be found the *Statelie Tragedie of Guistard and Sismond*—the *Northern Mother's Blessing*, &c. 1597 : the *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598. *Virgedemiarum*, or Hall's Satires, both with, and without teeth, 1599 ; with a duplicate of each. The preceding may serve to shew that, in his pursuit after logic, and history, and belles-lettres, the worthy Dean Honeywood did not disdain to disport himself with the literature of the age of Elizabeth and James. Of some of the MSS. both in this, and in the libraries of Durham and York, we shall speak anon. Meanwhile gaze, curious reader, upon a fac-simile of the initials of the Dean's name—as usually inserted in the titles of his books.



* JOHN COSIN—*Bishop of Durham*.] Let me just suppose that the reader may not have forgotten the mention of the name and *bibliopegistic* oddities of this glorious episcopal Bibliomaniac, in the EIGHTH DAY of our Decameron : see vol. ii. p. 502-4. The mention, here alluded to, concluded thus : 'The reader perhaps longs to make further acquaintance with him . . . all in good time.' The 'time' however is come when such acquaintance should be mellowed into friendship : and here then let us press forward to shake hands with the BOOK-HERO under disquisition. First of all let it be allowed that a full and goodly notice is taken of Bishop Cosin in the *General Biographical Dictionary*, vol. x. p. 289-296 : but it is to Mr. Surtees's *History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham*, vol. i. p. cvi-cxiv—again, p. clxii-v—that we must all resort for a more detailed and satisfactory account of this very singular and admirable Bishop. A fine portrait of him, (the gift of the present venerable and munificent Bishop of Durham) from the burin of *Scriven*, adorns the latter pages of this volume. But our Bishop is here designated as 'singular'—and, in the pages before referred to, he has been called 'fidgetty'—appellatives, somewhat impertinent, methinks ! By no means : they mark the qualities which frequently are to be found in characters of the very noblest stamp. My commentary shall

In other respects, also, Cosin was a glorious fellow : for his firmness, his integrity, his benevolence, his simplicity of head and heart, his uniformly open and manly conduct, mark

prove the truth of my text. Let us begin then by observing that, like LAUD, Cosin had a passion for the respectability of external forms and appearances in the execution of religious duties : in other words, he had a right and proper taste in these matters—for he loved to see his bibles coated in morocco, and his altars covered with velvet. Nor did he think the Almighty would consider those hands the less pure which grasped a curiously-embossed sacramental cup, or those hearts the less susceptible of scriptural consolation which glowed during the performance of divine service according to the letter and spirit of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND!—Also, like Laud, he did not escape the imputation of *Popery* for such predilections.

Our Bishop lived, a contemporary with Honeywood, in very ticklish times : but ‘ Cosin’s conduct (says Mr. Surtees) during seventeen years of exile was the best refutation of the aspersions which had been cast upon him from a supposed attachment to the Church of Rome. Assailed by argument and by sophistry, with poverty on one hand and offers of splendid preferment on the other, an exile in a foreign land, he defended his own principles, confirmed those of his wavering brethren, and adhered, not only to the profession, but to the ceremonies and discipline of the English Church, with exemplary boldness and fidelity.’ See p. cviii-ix, and the interesting notes appended thereto. At length came the Restoration ; and with it Bishop Cosin was raised to the see of Durham. Hear Mr. Surtees, yet a few further minutes : ‘ Bishop Cosin was received in his diocese with respect and affection. Twenty years of poverty and privation had not taught him to forget the true use of riches ; and, amongst the very many liberal and high-minded prelates who had held the see of Durham, the name of COSIN stands eminently distinguished for munificence and public spirit.’... ‘ He restored the service of the Cathedral of Durham to its original splendour and purity, reforming the various irregularities which had been admitted into the church during the Usurpation, and anxiously pressing, at his several visitations, the repairs of the fabric, the restoration of the ancient discipline, and the completion of the full number of the Minor Canons and Choir of the Cathedral,—Yet once more : ‘ Towards the Gentry of the county he exercised a noble and unremitting hospitality ; and, whether he was present or absent, the gates of his castle stood always open as a place of rest or entertainment for the Royal Commissioners, and other great officers who passed betwixt England and Scotland.’ p. cx.

We must here pass slyly and quickly over the Bishop’s first entertainment given to the Judges in his castle—so amusingly set forth by Mr. Surtees—(in which we perceive ‘ Mr. Sober, of Newcastle,’ is paid ‘ 5*l.* 12*s.* for 3 dozen of botles with Canary, botles and cokes included, and 2*s.* cariage’—‘ Michall Oliver, for mutton, veale, and other butchers meate, 6*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*—and ‘ his man,

him, in the annals of *Durham Prelates*, as a character richly deserving of all the notice and all the eulogy which have been bestowed upon him. Mr. Surtees has indeed, in

for going to Auckland for the venison, 1s. 6d.' — also, ' Mr. Thomas, for Westfalia hams, neett's tongues, and 2 Holand cheses, 2l. 4s. 9d.' — ' Mr. Grene, of Newcastle, for sweete meats, wett and dry, 9l. 8s. and eke ' For 2 dozen botles of sacke from Franckes (13 quarts and a half) 1l. 7s.' ' for a tun of Franch wine, 20l. the carrige home with the porterig at Newcastle, and taking it out at Durham 1l. 2s. 6d. ' for rose-watter, three bottels from Newcastle, 7s. 6d.' ' for 16 geese, and bringing them home, 17s. . . . but cease — what are your *Roxburghe Club dinners* compared with such repasts?) and hasten at once to the account of his bibliomaniacal career: premising, that Mr. Surtees hath thought fit to bespeak ' a copious account of the contents of the Bishop's library, with several interesting extracts from his letters, in the [present] Bibliographical Decameron.' The truth is, that for whatever entertainment the reader may receive in the BIBLIOMANIACAL BANQUET about to be set before him, he is almost exclusively indebted to the said courteous and intelligent gentleman; who hath kindly rummaged the huge folio volumes of original MSS. of Cosin, for the information about to be conveyed. Mr. Surtees however has properly remarked in his History, p. cx, p. n, that ' the Bishop's great anxiety for THE COMPLETION OF HIS LIBRARY, as well as the storing it with books, appears in his private correspondence with his secretary, Miles Stapylton, Esq. of which four interesting volumes are preserved at Auckland. There is scarcely a letter of the Bishop's in which he does not urge the purchasing of books, the completion of the classical catalogue, or other arrangements. All small fees on institutions, &c. he repeatedly desires may be *paid in books* to the library, and he frequently enters, con amore, into all the minutiae of binding, lettering, and the disposition of the shelves and presses.' Thus far the printed pages of Mr. Surtees. Now for the correspondence alluded to—from which, I submit, that the ' singularity ' and ' fidgettiness ' of the said excellent Bishop—mingled with somewhat of testiness—are indisputably manifest. Lysander has properly called the attention of his audience to the Bishop's having set his heart upon a perfect copy of the *Tractatus Tractatum!*—that moderate and entertaining work, in 28 ponderous folio tomes, eclipsed only in extent by the *Acta Sanctorum*; see vol. i. p. 81.

' Sir, My Lord commands me to tell you what he paid Mr. Houser for ye chappell plate, which was 9s. an oz. for the gilt plate, which is a great price; but he may well deserve it if he makes the *booke covers* indifferent thinne; for if he makes them thicke and massie, he may afford them better for 5s. an oz. than he can thinne for 10s.; and if you do not look well to him he will make them as heavie as he can, that being paid by the oz. he may advance the price. Mr. Alderman Blackwell is a good judge—he (Houser) is a good workman but deere

Mr. Arden to Mr. Stapylton, from Auckland, Nov. 27, 1662.

his noble *County History of Durham*, done him ample justice—but his bibliomaniacal celebrity, as alluded to by Lisardo in the EIGHTH DAY, (and as expected to be enlarged

Mr. Arden to Mr. Stapylton, 25th July, 1663, frō Durhā Castle.

‘My Lord desires you to go to the Kings Armes near Holborne [this about another business] and to find out a little book of the description of the *Lowe Countries* not in mapps or bounders but of their customs and manners one yt mocks and makes bold to jest with them. It came out about twelve years since.’

Bp. Cosin to Myles Stapylton.

‘If you can get no more than 35*l.* for *Tractatus Tractatuum* I know no other way to be taken but to make yourselfe sure of so much money, and my owne purse or other provision to supply the rest. Jan. 27, 1669.

‘Mr. Wrench’s 10*l.* and all the rest of the money provided for the library was laid out and paid a good while since for books bought and lately sent or reserved here to be sent unto it. If you have got but 20*l.* for *Tractatus Tractatuum*, wee shall want 40*l.* more and it is well that you are about to do your diligence for the getting in of that sum, which if it be not done or undertaken the sooner the booke which is much sought after and rare to be had will be sold away to others.

Jan. 18, 1669-70.

‘I heare nothing from you of any hopes you give me to have my library furnished with *Tractatus Tractatuum* for which Scot the Bookseller here demands 60*l.* Dec. 18, 1669. [Concerning Scott, see *Bibliomania*, p. 409.]

‘Mr. Scott is now returned out of France and Holland with a great many good books among which is Albertus Magnus in 21 vols. the Bizantine Hist. in 11 or 12 vols. Scotus in 13 vols. Panormitan in 5 vols. and *Tractatus Tractatuum* in 28 vols. I wish wee could get money either by coutributions or disposing of patents and offices to purchase them. Dec. 23, 1669.’

‘I wish — the Parson of Sedgefield were moved to give some contribution to the Public Library so that — wee might get the *Tractatus Tractatuum* to be put into it, with some other good books of a lesser value to bear it company, Galen or Scotus or Atlas Major. Dec. 4, 1669.

‘—The specimen written of the intended Classical catalogue is here sent you for him (Tho. Blakiston) though he needs it not having skille enough to doe it without any such patterne; but hee figgs and wallows up and downe only to get time and be lazy. Jan. 21, 1670.’

Bishop Cosin to Mr. Stapylton.

‘I pray you set your minde upon my resolution for the additional roome to my library, and set John Langstaffe out of hand to prepare all things requisite and set on all his severall sorts of workmen—my minde is much set upon this roome to have it as usefull and as handsome as the other great library is. Aug. 27, 1670.

upon by myself) remains to be yet more thoroughly known. Cosin was a prelate who spared neither cost nor pains in the completion of a most admirable collection of books. He was

‘ If you can get nothing of Mr. Gordon for the library wee must be content to let alone ; but I would have you take all advantages for augmenting the stock of it and now we are at it

of *Tractatus Tractatum* and the common lawe bookes and that in winter the bookes should be all rubbed once a fortnight before the fire to prevent moulding, Oct. 18, 1670.

The Bp. to M. Stapylton, Esq.

‘ You give me an account of the new roome added to the library ; but an account so hard and obscure, that it is not possible for mee to understand it. I never heard before of two doores in that new roome to be set opposite one against another. The entrance out of the great library into that new roome I ordered and repeated it more than once ; and gave you strict charge to look to it, was to be made between the two presses of the Greek and Latin Fathers : at the backs of which two presses, the other two were to be placed in the new roome exactly, and if this be not done, nothing is done : I understand not a syllable of what you write concerning two dores in the new roome which you say are not directly opposite to one another, neither can I devise where that opposite door should stand or be made then in the new roome.’ May 25, 1671.

Two days afterwards, the Bishop writes thus : urging the completion of his catalogue. ‘ When you told me in your last letter that the new library room was finisht I expected also to heare somewhat from you of the promoting or finishing of the Catalogue of my Books by T. B. (Tho. Blakiston) but when you say nothing of it from weeke to weeke it troubles me not a little.’

‘ The inside of my library that is the top of it and the forme of a press was drawn by James Hull who had it left in his hands to worke by, I desired no more but that, and now it is no great matter whether any new draught be made or no. The windows and the doors were ready drawn in that modell which stands in my study and John Brasse is not well in his witts to aske 5*l.* for making a new draught. Dec. 11, 1669, to Stapylton.

I make no apology to the bibliomaniacal reader for the length and character of these extracts, which seem to have come from the worthy Bishop, ‘ warm from the heart and faithful to its fires.’ They are indeed singularly amusing, and clearly establish the points before contended for. Blakiston left the catalogue unfinished, when at the letter D, to run away with the Bishop’s daughter. The library of Cosin yet exists, and is preserved on the Castle Green of Durham. The printed books are not of any especial calibre, either for curiosity or extent ; and I cannot just now charge my memory whether the *Tractatus Tractatum* (which appears to have almost turned the Bishop’s wits !) be to be found therein. I remember a vastly estimable copy of a duodecimo *English Testament*, printed

also equally active and minute in all his arrangements: in the number and size of his shelves—the quality and colour of his bindings—the character and condition of his books—and a perfect copy of the *Tractatus Tractatum* seemed to be the summit of his bibliomaniacal ambition! When visiting, (for prelates yet visit—and with perfect propriety, let me add—for you know my aversion to puritanical seclusion) amidst the fashionable circles of the metropolis, Cosin never lost sight of (as prelates never should) the progress

abroad, without date, in the black letter, about the middle of the xvth century: and, among the MSS., some of a curious and important character: to wit, the original of *Simeon of Durham*—Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, apparently of the early part of the xvth century: the *Catonis Disticha*, like Caxton's impression of the *Catho Parvus*: the Latin distichs being in red, and the English in black ink: apparently more copious than Caxton's: at the end, there is a metrical life of *St. Margaret*, executed in the same gothic character, and also a prose life of *Mary Magdalene*. Could Caxton have ever executed these two latter? Besides these, there is a curious old French metrical romance, apparently of *Orgier Le Danois* (not known in such a character) and *Charlemagne*: ending 'Explicit danscynde cartaigne.' A small duodecimo MS. of the *Philobiblon*, apparently of Richard Bury's time, bound with other tracts, and *Lidgate's Metrical History of Thebes*, &c. And now, reader, methinks it is high time to say 'Farewell' to BISHOP COSIN. Let us however just attend him in his latter moments. 'He had been long afflicted with the stone and strangury; and even as long before his death [he died on the 15th of January, 1671] as 1667, when he persisted in visiting his diocese, though under the pressure of severe illness, he was obliged, during the whole journey, to leave his coach, and be carried through every paved town in a sedan chair. To these complaints was at last added a pectoral dropsy, which proved fatal in his 78th year.'

'His chaplain, Basire, gives a circumstantial account of his last hours. After receiving the sacrament from William Flower, his domestic chaplain, and "being so near unto death that he could not kneel, he then devoutly repeated often that part of the penitent prayer of King Menasses, "Lord, I bow the knee of my heart." Having often reiterated his invitation of Christ in the words of the Spirit and of the Church, *Lord Jesus come quickly*, his last act was the elevation of his hand, with this his last ejaculation, "Lord."—wherewith he expired without pain, according to his frequent prayer, that he might not dye of a suddain or painful death. Such was his *Εὐθανασία*, and I pray God for every one of us, that from heart and mouth our last breath may prove like that of our late Bishop." Basire, 89. Surtees, p. cxiii.

and well doing of the *Diocesan Library* — if I may so designate it. A cruel stroke however awaited him. While the worthy Bishop kept up a pretty warm correspondence with his secretary, Stapylton, and was reproaching Blakiston, his librarian, for the slow progress made with the *Catalogue of his Books*, lo and behold, the said librarian was winning the heart of the Bishop's daughter! — and instead of completing the *letter D*, in the said catalogue, (as the Bishop was urging him to do) he thought of completing only the love-schemes which he had laid — and of setting off, at a tangent, with Miss Burton Cosin! Yet Blakiston proved in the end to be an unprincipled rogue.

ALMANSA. Did the *Bibliomania* necessarily lead to this romantic result?

LISARDO. No, indeed: for if the librarian had minded his catalogue he would not have 'bethought him' of enacting the part of Jason——

LYSANDER. In other words, you suppose that he preferred chronicling the charms of his *Medea* to registering the pieces in the *Tractatus Tractatum*!?

LORENZO. Perhaps the gentleman would not be singular in such a preference; but the Bishop was doubtless a little lax or short-sighted. Proceed, however . . .

LYSANDER. Well, what would you have? We have dispatched, on a former occasion, another episcopal bibliomaniac of the name of MORE,* of a yet possibly greater

* *episcopal bibliomaniac of the name of MORE.*] Consult the *Bibliomania*, p. 419. Through the book-ardour and kindness of Earl Spencer, I am enabled to add a piquant second course to the banquet already spread before the reader, touching the said 'bibliomaniacal Bishop.' It is nothing more or less than a

LIST OF CAXTONS IN BISHOP MORE'S CLOSET

in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge. Such a 'set out' of

book-appetite than Bishop Cosin; and we might indeed here add the names of LAUD and TENISON* as appertaining

CAXTONIAN DISHES hath been rarely exhibited to the sparkling eye and voracious appetite of a devourer of black-letter ancient English lore. Les voilà!

<i>Game of Chess</i> , 1474.	<i>Catho Parvus</i> .
<i>The Royal Book</i> , 1484.	<i>Mirroure of the World</i> , 1480.
(Three copies—!!!)	(Caxton me fieri fecit.)
<i>Boke of Goode Maners</i> , 1487.	<i>Mirroure of the World</i> , 1480.
<i>Dictes, &c. of the Philosophres</i> , 1477.	(Without colophon.)
(Imperfect.)	<i>Cordiale</i> , 1480.
<i>Doctrinal of Sapience</i> , 1489.	<i>Æneid of Virgil</i> , 1490.
(Two copies: one perfect, the other imperfect.)	<i>Faytes of Armes and Chivalrye</i> , 1489.
<i>Recueil of the Histories of Troye</i> .	<i>Chastising of Goddes Children</i> .
(Two copies, imperfect.)	<i>Book of Fame</i> .
<i>Confessio Amantis</i> , 1483, (bad copy.)	<i>Polychronicon</i> , 1482.
<i>Knight of the Tower</i> , 1484.	<i>Chorle and the Birde</i> .
<i>Chronicles and Description of Englonde</i> , 1480.	<i>Horse, Goose, and Shepe</i> .
<i>Godfrey of Boulonge</i> , (two copies.)	(Two copies: one imperfect.)
<i>Speculum Vitæ Christi</i> , (three copies.)	<i>Temple of Glass</i> .
<i>Catho Magnus</i> , 1483.	<i>Temple of Bras</i> .
	<i>Treatyse of John Skogan, &c.</i>
	<i>Orologium Sapientie</i> .

The 'Temple of Bras' has been wholly overlooked in my edition of Herbert, vol. i. p. 306.

* LAUD and TENISON.] I consider ARCHBISHOP LAUD to have been a bibliomaniac of the very first calibre. The Bodleian Library owes a very great portion of her choicest treasures of Oriental literature to the munificence of this Archbishop, and my own college ranks him among her greatest Benefactors. Of his printed books we know less than of his MSS.: see some account of him in the *Bibliomania*, p. 391. There is a pleasing anecdote of his perch-like spirit in biting at any brilliant hint or proposition, relating to the promotion of literature, told in the *Letters by Eminent Persons, &c.* 1813, 8vo. Sir Kenelm Digby writes thus to Dr. Gerard Langbaine.* 'As I was one day waiting on the late

* I have great pleasure in subjoining the note attached to the name of LANGBAINE, in the work above quoted: not unmixed, however, with a justifiable portion of self-satisfaction, I trust, from the similarity of language held at page 421 of the *Bibliomania*. 'GERARD LANGBAINE "beloved of Usher, Selden, and the great Goliahs of Literature," was Fellow and afterwards Provost of Queen's College, and Keeper of the University Archives. It is said to have been his intention not only to make a perfect CATALOGUE OF THE BOOKS IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, and to class them according to their subjects, but to incorporate into it all those in the PRIVATE LIBRARIES of the different Colleges, which were wanting in the public, so that it might be seen, at one view, what

to characters not a little infected with the passion of which we are discoursing; and as, in many other respects, entitled to particular admiration; while, descending among the Laity,

King, my master, I told him of a collection of choice Arabic Manuscripts I was sending after my Latin ones to the University. My Lord of Canterbury, (Laud) that was present, wished that they might go along with a parcel that he was sending to St. John's College: whereupon I sent them to his Grace, as Chancellor of the University, beseeching him to present them in my name to the same place where he sent his . . . The troubles of the times soon followed my sending these trunks of books to Lambeth-house, and I was banished out of the land, and returned not till my Lord was dead; so that I never more heard of them.' Nov. 7, 1654, vol. i. p. 3. I cannot believe the story told in vol. iii. p. 540 of the same work—respecting Laud's suppressing the printing of the second part of Spelman's Glossary, 'which began at M. where there were three M's that scandalised the Archbishop—*Magna Charta*, *Magnum Consilium Regis*, and . . .' This requires better authority than the loose dictum of Ashmole.*

Of TENISON, another bibliomaniacal Archbishop, and of Canterbury also, one is never tired of speaking in commendation. 'Take him for all in all,' his like will rarely be looked upon again. He conciliated all parties and all sects; and, with the purity of Secker, had perhaps greater munificence of soul. He lived also in times more calculated to ruffle the equanimity of a Christian. His patronage of Kennet shews that he was made 'of the right stuff.' The distribution of his property, when living and when dead, was such as to reflect eternal credit upon the memory of the owner. The reader shall see that he was not unmindful of

books there were in Oxford on any subject. The design, however, was never carried into execution,' p. 1. Will 'this design' be carried into execution in the Catalogue of the Bodleian Library which is now *actually* in hand? Listen, Messrs. Gaisford, Bandinell, and Cotton—listen, and lend a gracious ear!

* Nicols, in his *Libri VI. De Literis Inventis*, 8vo. 1711, p. 231, thus chaunts the praises of our bibliomaniacal Archbishop, in hexameter and pentameter metre:

Nec tu carminibus nostris reticeberis unquam
Ingens Oxoniæ, LAUDE diserte, decus.
Namque fidem veterem scriptis defendere libris,
Et signare tuo sanguine visus eras:
Alter eras toto Cyprianus in orbe Britanno,
Schismata dum velles tollere, martyr obis.

In his note (2) he calls him: 'Vir in omni doctrinæ genere, in primis Theologia, versatissimus, ut ejus adversus Fischerum Jesuitam liber abundè testatur, literarum summus, dum vixit, Patronus, Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ IMMORTALE DECUS.' The well-known, and book-loving, William Cole, had the same notion. Mr. H. Ellis informs me, from an examination of Cole's papers, that he (Cole) considered our ecclesiastical establishment to be under greater obligations to ARCHBISHOP LAUD than to any prelate who had 'filled the Metropolitan Chair since St. Austin.' Let me add—qu. tamen?

we may devote a minute's further attention to the bibliomaniacal reputation of RICHARD SMITH, and Sir SAMUEL PEPYS : * for their whole lives seem to have been consumed

Notes. From Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes* I copy the following pithy and pertinent sentence. ' Archbishop Tenison's charities were very extensive, exclusive of his public foundations, and the uncommon number of legacies and benefactions at his death : for he yearly expended large sums in alms for the relief of the poor. He founded, whilst vicar of St. Martin's in 1685, a free school in that parish, now called *Castle-Street School*, and a SPACIOUS LIBRARY over it with convenient lodgings, contiguous, for the librarian ; and in 1697, being then Archbishop, he gave 1000*l.* towards a fund for the support of it ; and some time after, by the consent of Dr. Patrick, Bishop of Ely, another sum of five hundred pounds, which had been left them jointly in trust, to dispose of in charitable uses : which two sums, together, with two leasehold messuages he vested in trustees for the support of his *School Library*. Out of the profits of these benefactions, the librarian has an allowance of 10*l.* per annum ; the school-master, besides a dwelling-house, has a salary of 30*l.* per annum, and the usher the same salary, without an apartment, for which they teach thirty boys, the sons of the inhabitants of St. Martin's parish. The library consists of upwards of 4000 volumes.' ' The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' meets monthly within the said TENISONIAN LIBRARY—and inhale, I trust, at each meeting, the true and genuine miasmata of bibliomaniacal virtue.

* RICHARD SMITH and SIR SAMUEL PEPYS.] ' What!—this bibliomaniacal duo again? For shame—they have had their ample share of notice in a certain *Bibliographical Romance!*' Yet hear me : for two seconds only . . . I see forbearance and good humour in thy countenance, generous-bosomed reader, and I am resolved to try the issue of a little more gossiping connected with the old fashioned ' duo ' now dancing a minuet in full-bottomed peruques, and high-heeled shoes, before us ! There they go, with gold-headed cane suspended by a silken tassel to the little finger—there they go, now rising, now sinking, now swimming, now floating, and now gliding in velvet majesty along ! ' I'll have a frisk with you : ' and first for thee, brave RICHARD SMITH. Mr. Robert Watts, the amiable and obliging librarian of Sion College Library, informs me that some account of Smith may be found in Davies's ' *Critical History of Pamphlets*, ' p. 15. Since writing the ' *Bibliographical Romance*, ' above alluded to, I have been so fortunate as to possess a copy of a priced catalogue, with the names of many of the purchasers, of the Library of our Richard ; which copy had successively belonged to R. Rawlinson, Ames, and Lort : see *Bibl. Lort.* no. 1354. In the fly-leaf of this said copy Ames had written as follows : ' This Mr. Richard Smith was originally of Abington in Com. Berks (and his great grand-father was said to have been Gentleman Usher to Queen Elizabeth) being placed a clerk to an attorney, became at last Secondary of the Poultry-Compter in the city of London, which

in the acquisition of literary treasures. The latter, you know, was secretary to the Admiralty—the especial good friend of John Evelyn—and, withal, a man of the most ‘incomparable felicity of temper’ and unextinguishable ardour in

was then supposed to be worth about 700*l.* per annum; sometime after he sold it, and led a private life, mostly amongst books; and collected abundance of Pamphlets, published at and before the time of the Reformation of Religion, relating to ecclesiastical affairs, whereof the copies of some of them were supposed not then extant in the world, and therefore esteemed as choice as manuscripts. He translated out of French into English, Bosquire’s Sermon preached before the company of Shoemakers in France, Anno Dom. 1614, on the *Festival of Crispin and Crispiana, &c.* whereby he fully demonstrated the dangerous and designing superstition of the Romish Church in imposing upon the vulgar the groundless worship of their chymical and fabulous saints, &c. Mr. Smith’s curious library came into the hands of *Richard Chiswell, Bookseller in St. Paul’s Church-Yard*, and was sold by auction in May and June, 1682. He died March 26, 1675, and was buried in St. Giles’s Church near Cripplegate, London.’ Thus far Ames.

A subsequent ms. note (I think in the hand-writing of Lort) informs us that ‘the chief buyers were Dr. Clutterbuck, Mr. Pullein, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Dryden, Dr. Vossius, Mr. Patrick, Mr. Lake, Dr. Sampson, Mr. Sloane, Lord Peterborough, Sir William Boothby, Dr. Newton, Dr. More, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Lock, and Mr. Nisbet.’ Here are names, sensitive reader, which will cause thee to prick up thine ears! The venerable Mr. Bindley possesses the ORIGINAL SALE CATALOGUE as it came from the hands of the auctioneer. The first morning sale ended at no. 134; the afternoon sale at no. 283. In the whole, 23 day’s sale: total produce, 1414*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.*!—being a stiff and striking evidence of a very extraordinary collection of books! Consult p. 399 of the work twice before mentioned by name: and acquit me, generous-bosomed reader, of having excited a curiosity without gratifying it—in regard to the *first* named of this bibliomaniacal DUO.

Next comes SIR SAMUEL PEPYS: and let us preface, for the second time, our account of him, by shewing how proudly his memory claims our respect on the score of CAXTONIAN and other EARLY PRINTED BOOK-GEMS. Fortunately for the comfort of well-introduced, and enthusiastic, early-printed book-gem seekers, the present head of Magdalen College (where these gems are deposited) the Honourable G. Nevill, hath a right sharp and goodly taste in matters of auncient book-lore; and it is from the readiness of access afforded by him to Earl Spencer, his relative, that the reader is presented with the following heart-comforting list of Caxtons, and of a few other black-letter treasures—from the communicaion of the Noble Lord—contained in the *Pepysian Repository*. ’Tis a pretty ‘addendum’ to the list presented at page 272, ante.

the collection of Books and Prints. He affixed scarcely any bounds to his bibliomaniacal appetites, and may possibly be called the *Father of Black Letter-lore* among philological

EARLY PRINTED BOOKS IN THE PEPYSIAN LIBRARY.

GAME OF CHESS, second edition : very clean, but part of the last page supplied by MS. Epistle dedicatory from first edition added in MS.

REYNARD THE FOX ; Caxton's device, W. C. in first page. Conclusion supplied in MS. not tallying with the account of the King's copy.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES ; MS. as described by me, *Typog. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 83.

MIRROR OF THE WORLD ; second edition, perfect, according to the description in the *Typog. Antiq.*

FAYT OF ARMS AND CHIVALRY ; quite perfect, very clean, and the type of a glossy and fresh appearance.

POLYCHRONICON ; quite perfect, beautiful copy, without a stain.

CAXTON'S CHRONICLES ; imperfect.

BOKE OF ST. ALBANS ; 1486, large and clean, perfect, except the last leaf with the device.

THE SAME, 1496, clean and large, but a yellow stain, all through, at top.

RECUEIL OF THE SIEGE-HISTORIES OF TROY ; W. de Word, 1502, quite perfect, clean, and exactly as described in the *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 115.

SIEGE OF TROYE ; translated by Lydgate, Pynson, 1513, folio, UPON VELLUM, perfect and clean.

FROISSART'S CHRONICLE BY LORD BERNER, 1525, quite perfect and very clean.

To this list (and see also *Percy's Reliques*, &c. vol. i. p. xv) let me subjoin something of a *personal* nature : now published for the first time from the original letters of Sir Samuel Pepys in the library of Lord Anson. The ensuing were written to the famous JOHN EVELYN : concerning whose correspondence a copious and interesting quarto tome is forthwith about to be made public. I am indebted to Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, for the use of the originals : which, altogether perhaps, are not *quite* so bibliomaniacal as might be wished. Yet, perdie, they may be thought to be of a generally interesting character.

(To Evelyn.)

Portsmouth, Aug. 7th, 1683.

' Sir, Your kinde summons of ye 2d instant has overtaken mee here, where it cannot bee more surprising to you to finde mee, than 'tis to mee to finde my selfe. Ye King's command (without any account of the reason of it) requireing my repayre hither at lesse than eight and forty houris warning. Not but that I now, not only know, but am well pleased with the errand, it being to accompany My Lord of Dartmouth (and therewith to have some service assigned mee for his Majesty) in his preasent expedition with a very fayre squadron of shipps to Tangier.

What our worke neverthelesse is, I am not sollicitous to learne, nor forward to make guesses at, it being handled by our Maisters as a secret. This only I

English antiquaries;—although, upon second thoughts, Honeywood and More may dispute that high honour with him. At any rate, as long as the walls of Magdalen College endure at Cambridge, so long will the treasures (for there

am sure of, that over and above the satisfaction of being thought fitt for some use or other ('tis noe matter what) I shall goe in a good shipp, with a good fleete, under a very worthy leader, in a conversation as delightfull as companions of the first forme in Divinity, Law, Physique, and ye usefulest parts of mathe-
matiques can render it, namely, Dr. Ken, Dr. Trumballs, Dr. Lawrence, and Mr. Shere, with the additionall pleasure of concerts (much above the ordinary) of voices, flutes, and violins; and to fille up all (if any thing can do't, where Mrs. EVELIN is wanting, good humour, good cheere, *some good Bookes*, the company of my nearest friend Mrs. Hewer, and a reasonable prospect of being at home againe in lesse than two months. But after all, Mr. Evelin is not here, who alone would have beene all this, and without whom all this would bee much lesse than it is, were it not that leaveing him behinde, I have something in reserve (and safe) to returne to, wherewith to make up what ever my best enquirys and gatherings from abroad without his guidance shall (as I am sure they must) prove defective in. With which committing my selfe to your good wishes, as I doe you and your excellent family to God All-mighty's protection, I rest,

Deare Sir, Your most faythefull and most obedjent servant,
S. PEPYS.

(To Evelyn.) *Thursday Morning, 13th Nov. 1690.*

' Sir, I was very unfortunate in being abroad at your being here last night, and more soe, in comeing home soe close after your goeing, that I had mighty hopes my man (whom I sent to try) would have ouertaken and brought you back. I was gone but to *Covent garden* by chaire, to try whether I could have layd out a little mony well, at an AUCTION OF PRINTS upon the enclosed list thereof; but fayled, there comeing NOE HEADS in Play dureing my stay, which was not above half an houre. This was my errand and the only one I remember I have beene out of Doores upon these 14 days, but to dinner the last weeke to Mr. Houblon's, where both hee and I dranke your health, and earnestly wished you there, as believing the meale would have pleas'd you noe lesse than it did mee, as hardly consisting of one dish or glasse (besides bread and beare) of nearer growth then China, Persia, and ye Cape of Good Hope..' &c.

Aug. 14th, 1694.

' Deare Sir, - - - - -
- - - - - I earlily did your comands to my Lord Clarendon, and since have had the honor of a visitt from him, when your name wanted not the mention due to it, from all that know it, and themselves.

Dr. Gale acknowledges himselfe your debtor as I am his, for all the ease I have had a great while; the greatest ingredient of which is, the frequent remembrance in his conversation starts occasion for, betweene us, of our distant friend

they repose) of Sir Samuel Pepys be sought after with avidity, and acknowledged with thankfulness.

We are now at the end of the *Seventeenth*, and have just

Mr. Evelin. Mr. Bentley is still, I believe, at Worcester, and a great man where ere hee is. But 'tis winter only that will help us to any tideings (I doubt) either of his *Library*, or Lectures.

You have great reason to joy your selfe, as you doe, in such a neighbourhood as that of Mr. Wotton's, whose incomparable discourse I read betimes, and was to blame I did not first doe right to it to you. Hee is indeed to bee reckond among the Leaders of the Age for Learning, through all the Dimensions of it, Length, Breadth, and Depth; and if hee lives a little longer (as I hope hee will a great deale) hee will haue nothing left him to doe, but what Noe body but himselfe was, or possibly will euer bee, soe fitted to doe as hee; I meane, the reduceing into lesse Roome what poore mankinde is now to turne-ouer soe many cumbersome, jejune, and not seldom unintelligible volumes for; and when that's done, not haue 5, perhaps not one, yeare to reckon upon of his whole Life, for the sedate applying and enjoying those sorry pittances of seemeing Knowledge, that hee possibly has been 50 in collecting. What a debt were this to lay upon mankinde? and from what hand euer to bee hoped for, but that of such an universallist as Mr. Wotton, and one soe soone arriued at the being soe? I shall hope for the honor and pleasure of wayteing on him, when euer the Season or Businesse shall bring you to Towne together. I enclose you a paper, new to mee, and soe (it may bee) to you; the inscription on the late venerable Bp of Oxford's monument, which has something very awfull in it, and answering his character.

The virtuosi there are (you know) gathering and printing a generall *Catalogue of what Manuscripts publique or private our Country is possessed of!* It is indeed a Worke that I have long wished. Not that I haue ought of my owne to contribute to it. But I well remember how much I have beene obliged to them that haue, I meane, your selfe; and believe there are a great many other valuable things in ingenuous mens hands, that (like you) would bee glad to communicate them, where they thought the Publique might be served by it; and this in all Facultys. I send you the freshest account I haue had from Oxford of their advance herein; and with it must give you the postscript of a letter I lately had on this subject from our learned and most sollicitous friend in this and all like virtuous undertakeings, Dr. CHARLETT (Maister of University-College) in his owne few words—"Wee must not forget MR. EVELIN's MSS. and what became of Sir Richard Brown's." This hee meant but for a text for mee to enlarge on to you. But it needs not the doctrine and Application of it being selfe-evident. Lett mee only adde my instance to his, that you would further this worke with the credit of what your stocks will give it."

The work alluded to by Pepys was published in 1697 under the title of *Catalogus Libror. MSS. Angliae et Hiberniae*:* See *Bibliomania*, p. 98. And now methinks, as Richard Smith and Sir Samuel Pepys have quite *finished their minuet*, it is time to rise and turn our attention to some other object.

entered the arena (if I may so speak) of the *Eighteenth Century*—Ha!—it is as I expected. The eyes of LISARDO glisten with rapturous anticipation. But he will be disappointed, I fear.

LISARDO. What mean you?

LYSANDER. I can read your thoughts, and proclaim your wishes. You want me to dwell upon the HEARNES, BAGFORDS, MURRAYS, BRITTONS, and WANLEYS* of the day!..

* HEARNES, BAGFORDS, MURRAYS, BRITTONS, and WANLEYS!] What a cluster of 'rum geniuses' have we here!—and how prettily (perhaps the reader may think shabbily) does Lysander march away, and leave these 'geniuses' to be 'dispatched' by the humble annotator who aspires to trot along by the side of the Decameron Monarch of the Day! But what must be really said about these 'black-letter pioneers'—after the copious notices of them in the pages of the *Bibliomania*—and, again, in the thumping octavo tomes of the worthy Mr. John Nichols?! Truly we must study brevity. As to TOM HEARNE, the less here said of him the better; as my friend Mr. Bliss is zealously devoting himself to the publication of two volumes of REMAINS of HEARNE—in which we shall receive the 'very marrow and cream' of his '*Diaries*' or '*MS. Collections*'—with a judicious omission of much that spoils and pollutes that interminable collection: for Tommy, I find, was a scrupulous recorder of every thing that occurred wherever he went! Whether a Bishop or a Prebendary committed a venial offence, Tom rejoiced to put it down—and withal had himself a marvellous disposition to what, methinks, was not strictly decorous in a grave personage of diminutive stature, with a formally-combed and curled head of hair, and addicted to the pursuit of antiquities! Alderman Fletcher, the worthy father of the city of Oxford, shewed me Tom's portrait, on his stair-case, with a jessamine in his button-hole (as he never failed carrying such an ornament) and added, that his

* This catalogue is severely criticised in the *Life and Correspondence of Conrad ab Uffenbach*, published by Schelhorn in 1753, 8vo. 4 vol. Thus speaks Uffenbach, in a letter to the editor. 'Talis quoque est Index manuscriptorum, qui non solum hujus, sed et totius Angliæ Bibliothecarum codices complectitur. Quantos lapsus in hoc, dum Oxonii, Cantabrigiæ, Londini ipsos codices perquirerem, invenerim, diarium meum monstrare poterit. Integros duos chartæ scapos errorum notationibus complevi indignabundus. Non est hujus loci exaggerare errores; ast ipse nosti, quam supinè confectus sit Catalogus. Tribus saltem verbis codices enarrantur, nulla addita mentione, cujusnam sint notæ, cujus ætatis, sintne membranacei, vel chartacei, ne quidem additum, cujus formæ. Hæc omnia de potioribus codicibus diligenter in meos usus annotavi, quantum quidem temporis angustia permisit. Interim optandum esset, ut reliquæ Europæ gentes Anglos sequerentur, talesque indices conscriberent, Quanta Cimelia ex Galliæ, Hispaniæ, Italiæ et nostræ denique Germaniæ Bibliothecis proditura essent! quantum id eruditorum studia promoveret! Sed hoc piis desideriis adscribendum est.'

LISARDO. I will frankly confess that I have a sort of vehement attachment to the literary chit-chat connected with the lives and pursuits of the whimsical knot of Biblio-

father remembered him well, and that not a day passed but he must needs come into his book-shop in the Turl. Mr. Bliss, some three or four years ago, furnished me with the two following scraps, which I trust have not been unprofitably preserved for the present occasion. 'Yesterday [July 6, 1719] Dr. Foulkes told me yt Sir Thomas Sebright hath got *Durandus de Ritibus Ecclesiæ*, printed A°. 1459, upon vellum, I think, and it is worth a 100 lbs.' *Hearne MS. Collection*, vol. lxxxiii. p. 82.

'The MSS. in Dr. Rawlinson's last auction of his brother Thomas's books, went extraordinary cheap, and those that bought had great penny worth's. The Dr. purchas'd many himself, at which here and there one were disgusted, tho' all the company supported the Dr. in it, that as a creditor he had a right equal to any other. My friend Mr. Wm. Brome, that honest gentleman of Ewithington in Herefordshire, in a letter to the Dr. says, that he canuot but wonder at the low rates of most of the MSS. and adds, had I been in place I should have been tempted to have laid out a pretty deal of money, without thinking myself at all touched with bibliomania.' *HEARNE, MS. 1734, 101.*

I will conclude with a pungent criticism from a quarter well meriting attention. It is that of a learned foreigner of the name of Conrad ab Uffenbach—exhibiting proofs of the insufficiency of Hudson, as a principal librarian—of the promising talents of Hearne, then an assistant—the scanty number of students who used formerly to attend the Bodleian library, and the *peculiar* propensities of a 'thirsty soul' of a sub-librarian, of the name of Crab. Listen then to some account of HUDSON, CRAB, and HEARNE, from the *Commerc. Epist. et Vit. Conrad. ab Uffenbach. 1753, 8vo. vol. i. p. 181, &c.* 'O quam multæ, etiam egregiæ lectiones veterum tam sacrorum quam profanorum autorum ob hoc institutum, consiliumve neglectum premuntur, dum bibliothecarum Præfecti, vel alii etiam privati possessores præstantissimos Codices suos vel negligentia, vel inscitia, vel etiam præpostero in hoc studium fastu sibi aliisque inutiles jacere patiuntur. Perpende quæso mecum, vir eruditiss. quantus thesaurus ex solius Bodlejanæ Bibliothecæ codicibus elici possit, nisi Proto-Bibliothecarii HUDSON negligentia ac pertinacia obstarent. Is enim muneri abunde satisfacisse, imo eximie ornasse spartam videri vult, dum tot annis unico scriptori, Thucydidem ejus puto, omni Bibliothecæ cura plane abjecta insudavit, cum hoc quod supra dixi, potius agendum fuisset. Nefandam hujus insignis Bibliothecæ sortem (ignosce justæ indignationi) satis deplorare nequeo. Inculta plane jacet, nemo ferme tanto thesauro uti frui gestit. Singulis sane diebus per trium mensium spatium illam frequentavi, sed ita me dii ament, nunquam tot una vice homines in illa vidi, quot numero sunt musæ, vel saltem artes liberales! De librorum studiosis loquor, nam puerorum, muliercularum, rusticorum hinc inde cursitantium, voluminumque multitudinem per transennas, spectantium, mirantiumque, cætum excipio. Quid



John Bagford.



John Murray.

maniacs whom you have just tied together: yet I place Hearne and Wanley very much above those with whom you have united them.

dicam de Præfectis? De Proto-Bibliothecarii incuria jam dixi, ejusque stupendam in Historia litteraria, librariaque, imprimis extra Insulam, ultraque maria, ignorantiam taceo. Alteri, nomine CRAB, caput vacuum cerebro est, lepidum alias, dignusque homo, quem ridiculo illo encomio, quo tamen multi serio egregios Viros onerarunt; ornetur, vociteturque Helluo, non librorum tamen, sed præmiorum, quæ ab exteris Bibliothecam hanc invisentibus avide excipit, statimque cauponibus reddit pro liquore, ad guttur colluendum, purgandumque a pulvisculo, qui librorum tractationem velut umbra aut nebula comitari solet. Quamvis non ejus, sed tertii infimique Bibliothecarii hoc sit muneris, ut libros in loculos reponat, quævis in ordinem redigat, atque emundet. Hic scholaris, ut hic loqui amant, esse solet, atque etiamnum est, nomine HEARNE, qui præ reliquis, diligentiam suam non modo scriptis, sed in novo etiam Bibliothecæ catalogo confitendo, typis proxime excubendo probavit: ast, quod dolendum, ad exemplum prioris, qui satis jejunus, inconcinnus, erroribusque innumeris scatens est.

'And is this studying brevity in respect to Hearne'—rejoins the reader!? I plead guilty: yet consult *Letters written by Eminent Persons in the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries, &c.* vol. iii. p. 651—where you shall find references to numerous instances of Hearne's 'scholarship' exemplified in an account of his labours. But of all 'instances' of his downright bibliomaniacal or bibliographical ardour, I know of none which comes up to the ensuing; taken from the same work: vol. i. p. 118. It was found in Hearne's Diary—and describes his gratitude to the Deity on the discovery of certain old MSS. 'O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy providence, I return all possible thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy providence, and one act yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with THREE OLD MSS. for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue the same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ, his sake.'

Next comes JOHN BAGFORD; who, in chronological order, should have preceded Hearne. First of all, gentle reader, contemplate his homely and Dutch-moulded features in the OPPOSITE PLATE, above the portrait of his 'semblable,' John Murray! 'Tis taken from a half length engraving by Vertue, of the date of 1728; measuring about 6 inches by 5. Beneath we read: 'John Bagford Obijt v of May M.DCC.xvi.' The painter was Howard. Having treated so copiously of this faithful book-jackall of Lord Oxford in the *Bibliomania*, p. 430-7 (consult also Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 533) it remains here only to subjoin a delectable specimen of his union of wit, ingenuity, and cleverness, which has been rarely surpassed: placing our Bagford in a new point of view, and entitling him to a station at least among the POETÆ MINORES of Great Britain. My friend

LYSANDER. And justly so. Indeed Wanley is even superior to Hearne—not perhaps for scholarship, but for judgment, and that species of literature which we should strictly

Mr. Haslewood will not fail to enrich his edition of Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, with such a choice sample of hitherto unknown poetical merit. The following is taken from the *Harl. MSS.* no. 5936: being upon a broad-side, ornamented at top by angels supporting Gutenberg and Caxton, with the royal arms between them. Beneath the arms we read this empathic inscription:

DR. JOHN BAGFORD,

Patron of Printing,

January the 2d, 1715-16.

Printed at his Majesty's Printing Office Black Fryers.

Beneath, are St. Paul's and London bridge, with a cherub on each side. What here ensues must I think be considered the composition of Bagford, and was printed upon the Thames when frozen over. I have been religiously exact in the observance of capital letters.

The Noble Art and Mystery of PRINTING, being Invented and Practised by These prevailed on one *Frederick Corbellis* to leave the *Printing House*

1500 Marks, to procure one of the Workmen:
at Oxford the same year, 1459.

Mr. John Bagford.

All you that walk upon the THAMES,
Step in this Booth, and print your NAMES.
And lay it by, that Ages yet to come,
May see what things upon the ICE were done.

Printed upon the Frozen River THAMES,
January the 18th, 1715-16.*

John Gutterburg, a Soldier at Harlem in Holland,
in Disguise, who immediately came over

anno 1440. King Henry VI. anno 1459, sent two private Messengers, with them, and first instructed the English in this most Famous Art,

* As a rival to the above very ingenious piece of composition, I subjoin an *Advertisement* (not printed upon the ICE) concerning Prints cut in wood, supplied from MIST's *Weekly Journal* of the date of March 1718. I am indebted to my friend Mr. Haslewood for this rival morceau—who selected it during his

call *bibliographical*. Yet remember how largely we dwelt upon these BOOK-HEROES in Lorenzo's drawing room some few years ago . . and consider that this TENTH DAY is

Next for JOHN MURRAY of Sacomb. 'Who was this John Murray?' enquired the late Mr. Beloe (in his *Anecd.* vol. iii. p. 53.) Answer: see some particulars relating to him in the *Bibliomania*, p. 437: yet I own these particulars are but slight. Murray has immortalised himself, however, in the annals of book-purchasers, by having procured for Lord Oxford the first edition of *Tindal's New Testament*: see vol. i. p. 173: and I have cheerfully caused a copy of Vertue's engraved portrait of him to be appended to these pages, beneath that of his predecessor, and fellow delver into black-letter lore, John Bagford. Murray was born in 1670 and died in 1748; so that he had a 'fine spell of it' in his bibliomaniacal career. I suspect he was not overburdened with taste and understanding: which may account for the cruel omission of him in the *New General Biographical Dictionary*: his surname being only attached to one 'James,' a clergyman of Scotland, and the famous WILLIAM, EARL OF MANSFIELD!

In the fourth place, for THOMAS BRITTON: one who usually 'struck home' in the matter of *old MSS.*—the midnight flagon-companion of John Bagford, and equally the director of concerts and the vendor of small coals. In short, our Britton was emphatically designated as '*the Musical Small Coal Man*,' a character, I believe, which has haplessly expired with himself. Having before gossipped so long and so largely upon this very singular book-collector, (see *Bibliomania*, p. 438, &c.) I shall here only illustrate my former biographical sketch by subjoining a well engraved PORTRAIT OF THE MAN HIMSELF: executed by Worthington, from a drawing by the late William Alexander, from the original oil painting, as large as life, in the British Museum. Hearne (*Heming. Chart. Eccl. Wigorn.* vol. ii. p. 666-9) says, 'he appears by the print of him (done since his death) to have been a man of an ingenious countenance and of a sprightly temper. It also represents him as a comely person, as indeed he was; and withall there is a modesty expressed in it every way agreeable to him.' Eight verses

'painful travail' of examining 1001 newspapers, from that period downwards, in order to complete his elaborate History of our Earlier Theatres. 'At the Printing House in Bow Church Yard, London, by J. Cluer and Company, all dealers in black, and white, and coloured prints, may be now furnished with most sorts extant; and in a short time they may be supplyd with more sorts than the whole town can produce, better cut than others. And country chapmen are desired to take notice that as the abovesaid company are both the real cutters and printers of them, they may and shall be better served than by those who put out both the cutting and the print. At the same place may be had the Tunbridge and all the other *Hieroglyphical Love Letters*. The History of old Senior John the Smoker, son of Crabtree Hughs; the *Ephephephuphian*, son of old boat of Wasle Anakite, the son of old Gover of the Egg Market, whose mother fed ducks with blubber gurgeons; (qu. gudgeons?) and divers other diverting fancies."

wearing away apace, and that my reign expires in proportion to the departure of day-light.

LORENZO. Nay—we must here make an exception to the usually established rule: for if our Monarch have not finished the sketch, proposed to be executed, within the usual

(given in the *Bibliomania*) are subjoined to this mezzotinto print by Simon: but I have never been able to meet with an impression of it, nor do I know any friend who has. Whatever be its merits, I have no hesitation in ‘running’ the ensuing print against it, as a rival entitled to especial notice and respect. Observe, curious reader, our Britton is clothed in his coal-vending frock, and hath his small-coal measure to boot, in his left hand. The countenance is full of the expression of an amiable and unpretending character.



time of the monarchical harangue, let us order the *argands* to be lighted—and let us, in the language of the old catch,

— ‘ add the night unto the day.’

PHILEMON. }
LISARDO. } Bravo! Bravo!

Now then for HUMFREY WANLEY: a very bibliomaniacal *Life-Guard's Man* to bring up the rear. His boots are heavy, his sword is sharp and long, his look is determined, and there is death in his blow! Does the timid reader start back with apprehension? He need not. First, let him admire as he ought, Wanley's labours in the *Catalogue of the Northern MSS.* introduced in Hickes's incomparable Thesaurus. For some other particulars relating to him, consult the *Bibliomania*, p. 458: but I regret that two things cannot be here accomplished—one is, that my very shallow purse, ‘brought low’ by the embellishments with which this *third* (and originally *unanticipated*) volume is crowded, will not allow me to subjoin a PRINT of him, well executed from the admirable portrait in the Bodleian Library: the other is, that the limits of the work will not admit of a good sprinkling of extracts from Wanley's DIARY preserved in the British Museum—wherein he is scrupulously exact in stating when, where, and how, he bought and bound ‘books for My Lord’ (Oxford) and ‘at what price,’ &c. being in these matters a very Hearnite for minutiae. But I cannot possibly here resist the insertion of a letter, by Wanley, from Mr. Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. vi. p. 189, admirably illustrative of the testy and touchy disposition of our ‘bibliomaniacal Life-Guard's Man’—as aforesaid. It appertains also to a character, whom, (with all due deference to a distinguished typographical and bibliopolistic veteran) I have always had a disposition to consider as somewhat of an *Old Woman* in antiquities—notwithstanding he ‘set the bells a ringing’ when Hearne came to visit him at Whaddon Hall. Read this said letter, and ‘risum’—but let us not be rude, nor laugh in the very face of the leather-girdled ‘Worthy’ who is the object of its censure. ‘Mr. Browne Willis came, wanting to peruse one of *Holmes's MSS.* marked L, and did so; and also L 2 L 3 and L 4, without finding what he expected. He would have explained to me his design in his intended book about cathedrals; but I said I was “about my Lord's necessary business,” and had not leisure to spend upon any matter foreign to that. He wanted the liberty to look over *Holmes's MSS.* and indeed over all this library, that he might collect materials for amending his former books, and putting forth new ones. I signified to him that it would be too great a work; and that I, having business appointed me by my Lord, which required much dispatch, could not in such a case attend upon him. He would have teased me here this whole afternoon, but I would not suffer him. At length he departed in great anger, and I hope to be rid of him!” December, 13, 1725.

Thus have we dispatched HEARNE, BAGFORD, MURRAY, BRITTON, and

ALMANSA. The Ladies, less vociferous in their testimonies of approbation, assent most cordially to the proposition of the Host. Is't not so, BELINDA?

BELINDA. Assuredly; and so I pray ye, gentlemen, take what course ye please: and thou, illustrious Monarch—or Emperor—if that title delight thee better...

LYSANDER. 'Tush, tush:' order must be restored. But have ye no mercy on the lungs of your imperial orator? Remember, monarchs are but men. To resume.

We will therefore leave the black-letter pioneers just mentioned, as you must have already had a surfeit of them; and hasten to the notice of characters of more general

WANLEY; therein differing from the '*de haut en bas*' manner in which our friend Lysander is disposed to treat them. Yet another word respecting a bibliopolistic contemporary, like Crab (see p. 281 ante) not generally known, of the name of SUTTY. From whence do we glean the information? From the '*Commentatio de Studio B. Zach. Conradi ab Vffenbach Bibliothecario*,' vol. iii. p. LXX—in the work of Schelhorn recently mentioned in the preceding pages. The entire extract possesses no mean interest. 'Non deerunt, qui primis istis vett. Auctorum editionibus delectantur, quod non solum ad artis divinæ typographicæ, puta inventionem, progressum, ac incrementa cognoscenda, sed ad emendandos etiam priscos auctores, ipsos, adprime faciant. In his enim genuina ex ipsis vett. Codicibus bona fide deprompta lectio, intemerata plerumque deprehenditur, quæ temerariis ac insulsis criticorum nasutulorum correctionibus et interpolationibus, ac posteriorum etiam typographorum oscitantia, sphalmatibus, temporis progressu, turpissime adulterata fuit. Hinc tanta semper aviditate a Belgis, et ab ANGLIS majori adhuc cupiditate hodiernum expetuntur *veteres illæ auctorum priscorum editiones*. Peragravit ante aliquot annos universam fere Germaniam et Helvetiam Bibliopola quidam Anglus, nomine SVTTY, hoc unice agens, ut *veteres tales codices*, circa Artis Typographicæ primordia, typis exscriptos conquireret. Perreptavit non modo monasteria, ubi ingentam talium codicum, situ et squalore obsitorum, copiam latere novit, sed Bibliothecas etiam Bibliophilorum perquisivit, hosque magno satis pretio ad eorundem cessionem allicere studuit. Ille ipse me quoque adiit, ac maximam adparatus mei partem blanditiis suis ac oblata etiam summa pecuniæ satis magna elicere, *ast frustra*, tentavit. Haud parum equidem lucrari mihi licuisset, si tunc temporis vetustas meas editiones homini cedere voluissem, nec piaculum mihi visum fuisset, lucelli causa permittere, ut hæc Cimelia e Germania nostra in Angliam, ubi literaris thesauris sic satis abundant, asportentur.' Suttie is a new and 'crack fellow' for us!

splendour, and more universally admitted celebrity. Be present, spirits of the illustrious dead ! Patrons of literature ! Luminaries, that by your own lights, or by those which ye caused to burn brightly in others, shed, upon the circle here invoking ye, shed your soft and exhilarating influence ! 'Tis done. A mirror, of larger field than that of Banquo's, fills, in the mind's eye, the whole side-space of this richly furnished room. No murdered spirit, or tortured ghost, stains with its blood the surface of this expansive and crystalline mirror. See yonder ! 'Tis the EARL OF PEMBROKE* by the side of his beloved MAITTAIRE, who comes the nearest to our view. Anon, you observe the two other *rival Book-Lords* : SUNDERLAND and HARLEY — and (oh rare among rivals !) in the very act of embracing each other !

We may consider the *Pembroke Library* as the oldest now existing of those of Private Collectors ; and especially of Collectors of rank. It served as the store-house for the researches of Maittaire and Palmer ; two bibliographical

* *the EARL OF PEMBROKE.*] I presume Lysander to allude to the PEMBROKE LIBRARY as collected chiefly by Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke ; to whom Maittaire dedicated his invaluable *Annales Typographici*. The spirit of the great WILLIAM, his grand-father, (who, among his many excellent qualities, numbered that of the *bibliomania*—as the Baroccio MSS., now in the Bodleian Library, triumphantly attest !) animated our Thomas Herbert : for he collected such a library of printed books as entitled him to dispute the palm even with the Lords SUNDERLAND and OXFORD. There is a spicy anecdote or two extant, upon this nobleman's extreme passion for books, in the *Bibliomania*, p. 429 ; and he is here again introduced to the reader's notice, in order, first, that the same reader may view him tranquilly sitting among his book-treasures, in his magnificent library, (in which we observe the well-known inscription of $\Psiυχῆς \text{ } \text{Ἰατρειῶν}$) contemplating some choice, ample-margined, volume, as if fresh from the *Soubiaco Press* ! This diminutive portrait is copied from that in Gribelin's frontispiece (of the same dimensions) to Nicols's '*Libri Sex De Literis Inventis*,' 1711, 8vo.—dedicated to the same illustrious character : a little volume, by the bye, which the Oxford student may not unprofitably carry about him, either when he is floating upon 'the bosom of fair Isis' stream,' or when he lingers

writers of as opposite characters as learning and ignorance could make them. 'The present excellent and noble descendant of the celebrated bibliomaniacal Earl, of whom we are

'midst her willowy banks. But here is the Earl—for the said Oxford, and for every other bibliomaniacal, student, to make hearty acquaintance with!



J. Swaine Sc.

*animusque vicissim
Aut curam impendit populis. aut otia Musis.*

The back-ground, in Gribelin's cut, is occupied by a suite of rooms, in perspective, which form the library. 'And is it thus (replies the impatient, and book-thirsty reader) that we are to be dismissed? Not one word—not one syllable—not one specimen—of this said library, which ran the rival collections of Sunderland and Harley so hard!? Peace: stretch forward thine eyes, and confess that it is not often that thou hast been favoured with such a bibliomaniacal muster-roll. Know further, that this said 'muster-roll' is precisely copied from the *original ms.* of the late Dr. Dampier, Bishop of Ely: who wrote it in the year 1776, just as he was beginning to blossom into bibliomaniacism! It forms a portion of a memorandum-book of similar entries, of which the Bishop was so kind as to beg my acceptance—some few months before he was 'taken away.'

FIRST EDITIONS, &c. IN THE PEMBROKE LIBRARY.

(Editiones primariæ, quæ extant in Bibliotheca Honoratissimi Comitum de Pembroke, 1776.)

Rationale alias Codex Offic Div. Mo-	Catholicon, Mogunt. 1460, fol.
gunt, Fust. 1459, fol. In Memb.	Decor Puellarum, Jenson, (1460, 8vo.)

now speaking, respects, as it becomes him, a repository where the earlier productions of those typographical worthies, of

FIRST EDITIONS, &c. IN THE EARL OF PEMBROKE'S LIBRARY.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Josephus, Rom. Pannartz, 1475, fol. | Plinii Panegy. &c. Edit. prin. 4to. |
| Orosius, Aug. Vend. Schusler, 1471, fol. | Eusebius, Ven. Jenson, fol. 1470. |
| <i>Book of Arms</i> , &c. <i>St. Albans</i> , 1486, fol.* | Leo Mag. Episc. Aleriens. Rom, fol. |
| Crescentii Agricult. Flor. 1478. | A Gellius, Rom. Maxim. fol, 1469. |
| Lascaris Lexicon, Vicen. 1483, fol. | A Gellius, Ven. Jenson, fol. 1472. |
| Quintilian, Jenson, 1471, fol. | Lactantius, Sublaci, fol. 1465. |
| Priscianus, 1470, fol. | Summa Orator. &c. Rom. 1475, fol. |
| Manilius, 4to. sine anno. | Suetonius, Sweynh. Rom. 1470, fol. |
| Phalaridis. Epist. 4to. Gr. 1498. | Suetonius, Campan. Rom. 1470, fol. |
| Dictys Cret. Mediol. 1477, 4to. | Lucanus, Sweynh. Rom. 1469, fol. |
| Guido de Columna de Hist. Troj. Oxon. | Cæsar, id. Rom. 1469. fol. |
| 1480, 4to. | Cæsar. Com. Jul. Cels. 1473, fol. |
| Cato. cum Com. Par. 1487, 4to. | <i>Tullius de Sen. Caxton</i> , fol. 1481. |
| Synon. Ciceron. cum. al. de Met. Ven. | Politiani Miscell. Flor. 1489, fol. |
| 1491, 4to. | Cicero de Fin. Ven. John de Colonia, |
| Florus, Ulric, Sorbon, Ed. pr. 4to. | fol. 1471. |
| Callimachus, Lit. Quad. 1496, 4to. | Celsus. Flor. ap. Nicolaum, fol. 1478. |
| Ephemeris, sive Almanac. perpet. Ven. | Val. Flaccus. Bonon. 1474. fol. |
| 1498, 4to. | Non. Marcellus, Jenson, Ven. 1476, fol. |
| Auctoris V. de Gram. Rom. 1475, 4to. | Sallustius, Vind. Spira, Ven. 1471, fol. |
| Astrolabium a J. Angeli, Ven. 1494, 4to. | Eusebius per Rufinum, 1479, fol. |
| Horatius, Edit. prin. 4to. | Terentius. Monast. Sortens. fol. 1478. |
| Martialis, Edit. prin. 4to. | N. Marcellus, per G. Laurum, Ed. prin. |
| Schola Salern. Lovan. I. de Westfal. | fol. |
| 1496, 4to. | Terentius Mediol. Zarot (1470) fol.† |
| Gerardi Theoria Planet. 4to. Ven. 1478. | Ausonius, &c. Ven. 1472, fol. |
| <i>Caxton's Chess</i> , 2nd edit. fol. | Virgilius, Spira, Ven. 1470, fol. |
| Apollonius, Rhod. Lit. Quad. 1496, 4to. | Cicero de Oratore, Mon. Sublac. fol. |
| <i>Socrates Sayings</i> , <i>Caxton</i> , 1477, fol. | Ed. prin. |
| Censorinus, &c. Ven. 1495, fol. | <i>Chronic. per Caxton</i> , Lond. 1480, fol. |
| Æsopi Fab. 1497, 4to. | Omnibonus in Cic. Orat. Vicent. 1476, fol. |
| St. Hieron. in Symb. Apost. Oxon. | Juvenal et Persius. Mediol. Zarot. 1470, |
| (1468,) 4to. | fol. (qu?) |
| Aristot. Eth. per Aretin. Oxon. 1479, | Justinus per Ud. Gall. Ed. prin. fol. |
| 4to. | Plinii Epist. fol. 1471. |
| Boetius, Edit. prin. 4to. | Cicero Nat. Deor. &c. Vin. Spira, 1471, fol. |

* This was the book concerning which Lord Pembroke would 'never let Anstis rest till he got it from him.' See the *Bibliomania*, p. 429. Mr. Payne informs me that it is quite perfect and sound.

† A supposititious edition : consult the *Bibl. Spencer*. vol. ii. p. 402.

whom I spake in the FOURTH DAY, shine with a purity and splendour of no ordinary occurrence. I own, however, that

FIRST EDITIONS, &c. IN THE EARL OF PEMBROKE'S LIBRARY.

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|--|--|
| Statii Silvæ. Rom. Pannartz, 1475, fol. | tissime perlustraverat. Ipse tamen |
| Lucretius. Fridenberger. Veron. 1486, fol. | manibus meis pertractavi, notam Mscriptam ex initio libelli diligenter descripsi. Dampier. |
| Justinus. Ven. Jenson, 1470, fol. | Livius. Mogunt. Schoiffer. fol. 1518. |
| Quintilianus. Campan. 1470, fol. | Ovid, 1471, Rom. Max. 2 vol. fol. |
| Ovid per. Balth. Azoguid. Bonon. 1471.* | Donat. in Ter. Venet. Spira. |
| Dante. Landino, Fior. 1481, fol. | Lactantius, Romæ, Max. 1468. |
| Plinio Nat. Histor. Jenson. 1476, fol. | Am. Marcellin. Rom. 1474, Saschel & Goltz. |
| Campani. Op. Rom. 1495, fol. | Bessarion adv. Cal. Platon. Rom. Max. |
| Cicer. Orat. per Adam de Ambergau, 1472, fol. | Cicer. Ep. Fam. Ven. 1469, Spira. |
| Cicero. Ep. Fam. Spira, 1469, fol. | Sil. Ital. Rom. 1471. Max. &c. |
| Apuleius Rom. 1469, fol. | Aug. in Psalm. 1489. Bas. Amerbach. |
| Cicero Ep. Attic. &c. Ven. Jenson, 1470, fol. | Vet. Test. Sixti 5, Rom. 1589, fol. |
| Supplem. Chronic. Ven. 1483, Bern. Bonel. | Boccatius de montibus, 1473, fol. |
| Virgilius, sine anno. | Lucianus. Flor. 1496, Edit. prin. |
| Petrarca, 1473, Ven. fol. | Ciprian. Rom. Max. 1471. |
| Libri Gram. Ven. Ald. 1495. | Livio, Romæ, (1466.) 1476, 2 vol. |
| Augustin, Civ. Dei. Ven. Jenson, 1475. | Plinius, Rom. Max. 1470. |
| Biblia Joh. Herbolt. Ven. 1483. | Script. de Re Rust. Jenson. 1472. |
| Valerius Maximus, Spira, 1471, fol. | Seneca Mor. & Epist. Neap. 1475. |
| Cicero Epist. Brut. &c. Romæ, Max. 1470. | Hist. Aug. Script. Med. 1475. |
| Macrobius, Jenson, 1472. IN MEMBRANIS.† | Aristot. de Animal. Lat. Ven. 1496. |
| Quintilianus, Max. Rom. 1470, fol. | Tacitus Beroaldi, 1518, fol. |
| Auct. Astronom. Ald. 1499, fol.. | Ficinus de triplici. 4to. |
| Cicero. Epist. fam. Rom. Max. 1469. | Portius de Color. Flor. 1548, 4to. |
| Ovid. Op. omn. Ven. Rubeus, 1474. | Portius de Conflagr. Agri Puteol. Flor. 1551, 4to. et alii tract. |
| Ambrosius, 3 vol. Bas. Amerbach, 1492. | Fifteen joys of Marriage, 4to. |
| Gregorii Dialogi Argent. 1458. 'Librum hunc in Bibl. Pembrok. extare omnino negat Schoepflinus Vind. Typ. p. 40. qui cum Maittaire hanc Bibl. diligen- | Claudian, Vicen. 1482, fol. |
| | Fi. Ved. Renati de re Mil. Ed. prin. |
| | Eutropius, 1471, fol. |
| | Catullus, &c. Ven. 1475. |
| | Cicero de Orat. fol. |
| | Isocrates. Mediol. 1493, fol. |

* This exquisitely rare edition is not here in a perfect state, I learn.

† 'A grand and lovely book,' according to the κατ' ἐξοχήν phraseology of Pall-Mall.

I am very sceptical about the existence of those *Eleven Grammars*, executed (as it should seem from that rhodo-

FIRST EDITIONS, &c. IN THE EARL OF PEMBROKE'S LIBRARY.

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| Martianus Capella, Ven. 1499. | Quadrages. di Ruberto, Firenze, 1480. |
| Cæsar. 1471, Jenson. | Quintiliani Dialog. Parm. 1494. |
| Xenophon, Mediolan. Per Philelphum. | Pedianus, &c. in Ciceron. Ven. 1477. J. de, Col. |
| Ciceronis Orat. Om. Ed. prin. | F. de Platea, Op. Pad. 1473. |
| Cicero Op. Omn. Med. 1498, 4 vol. | Isodorus, Ven. 1483. |
| Plinius Portilla, Parma, 1481. | Calderin. in Ovid. Rom. 1474. |
| Hieron. Rom. Max. 1468. 2 tom. | Gram. Gr. Med. 1481, fol. |
| August. Civ. Dei. Rom. Max. 1468. | Boetius de Cons. 1486, fol. |
| Plinius, 1472, Jenson, fol. | Fest. Pompeius. Mediol. 1471. |
| Servius in Virg. Flor. 1472. | Venturinus in Rud. Gram. Flor. 1482. |
| Gregor. Moral. Rom. 1475. | Tacitus, Ven. Spira, Ed. prin. |
| Livius Rom. Campan. (1469.) | Corn. Nepos, Jenson, 1471, fol. |
| Plinius, I. de Spira, 1469. | <i>Liber Festivalis</i> , Carton, 4to. |
| Livius Rom. Max. | <i>Book of St. Albans</i> , 4to. |
| Boetius Consol. Nur. Koburg. 1473. | Plautus, Ven. 1472, Tarvis. 1482, Med. 1490, fol. |
| Dante, 1472. | Val. Flacc. Flor. Ed. prin. 4to. |
| Cicero Rhet. Ven. Jenson, 1470. | Lascaris Gram. Med. 1476. 4to. |
| Diomedes et Gram. Jenson, fol. | Silvii Hist. Bohem. Rom. 1475, 4to. |
| Solinus, Jenson, 1473. | Orpheus. Junt. 1500, 4to. |
| Sallustius, Ed. prin. | Varia Carmina Tiferni, &c. 1498, 4to. |
| <i>Caxton's Troy-Book</i> , 3 parts. | Testament, Gr. Ant. et Mod. 4to. |
| Vitruvius, Ed. prin. | Varro de Ling. Lat. Ed. 1a. |
| Lascaris, Gr. Lat. Med. 1480. fol. | C. de Siena, Vergine, Fer. 1477, 4to. |
| Cicero Offic. &c. Spira, 1470. | Anthologia, Flor. 1494, 4to. |
| Aretin de Bello Ital. 1471, Jenson. | Avienus, Aratus, &c. Ven. 1488, 4to. |
| Donatus, Edit. prin. | Dathe de fig. loquendi, Ferrar, 1471, 4to. |
| Q. Curtius, Spira. | Theorice Planet. Gerardi, 4to. 1478. |
| Senecæ Trag. Ed. prin. | Fontius in Persium, Suetonium, &c. Flor. 1478. |
| Cicero Philipp. Uld. Gall. Ed. prin. | Omnibonus de Oct. Part. Orat. Rom. 1475, 4to. |
| <i>Polychronicon</i> , Carton, 1482. | Manilius, Nuremberg, Ed. prin. |
| Virgilius, P. de Lavagna, Med. 1474. | Fab. Pictor, &c. Ven. 1498. |
| Varro de Ling. Lat. Ed. prin. | Narragonia, Lat. 1497, 4to. |
| <i>Caxton on Chesse</i> , 1474. | Regius in Plin. et Pers. Ven. 1490, 4to. |
| Canones Conc. Trident. Rom. 1564. | Hieron. Epit. Sapien. Ven. 1505. |
| Sallustius, 1470, fol. | Plinii Epist. Med. 1470, 4to. |
| Specul. Vit. Hum. Rom. Max. (1468.) | Horatius, Ferrara, 1474, 4to. |
| Cicero Tusc. Quæst. Jenson, 1472. | Gerson, al. Th. Kempis. Ed prin. |
| Pii Secund. Epist. Mediol. 1481. | |
| V. Maximus, Schoiffer, 1471. | |
| Biblia Espanol. Ferrar. 1553. | |

mantade-writer, Palmer) by Caxton ; or by an artist of whom no correct designation has yet reached us.

LISARDO. I dare wager a *Jenson* against a *Zarotus* that they will turn out to be *Wynkyn de Wordes* ?

LORENZO. Oh shame ! Is it thus you dispel the charm attached to these non-descripts ?

PHILEMON. I will also bet a trifle — a *Ketelaer* and *De Leempt* against a *Creussner*—that the blundering Palmer could not distinguish a *Wynkyn* from a *Caxton* ?

LYSANDER. You are getting exceedingly censorious. At any rate, not only these *Grammars*, but very many other curious and precious tomes, with which that magnificent collection abounds, will, I trust, one day be fully and faithfully made known—if not to the eyes of the public at large, at least to complete the happiness of some *two hundred and fifty Cognoscenti*.

LISARDO. I catch your allusion. You would have a *limited impression* of the BIBLIOTHECA PEMBROKEIANA executed ?—

LYSANDER. Even so ; but to wish is one thing, and to execute another. Remember, however, what a noble descriptive catalogue of COINS, in the same collection, yet graces our numismatic annals ! Farewell now to Wilton's worthy Possessor. Let us hold a minute's converse with the EARLS of SUNDERLAND and OXFORD* who are yet, you

The reader will remember that the order above observed is precisely that of the authority from whence it has been copied. Several curious ENGLISH BOOKS might have been added ; but they appeared to me to want more accurate examination. My friend Mr. Heber pants for the verification of the '*Eleven Grammars by W. de Worde*;' (rather than by Caxton) imagining, in the very '*pride and naughtiness of his heart*,' that he already possesses a *duplicate* of each of them ! Presumptuous man !

* *the Earls of SUNDERLAND and of OXFORD.*] What a PAIR have we here ? What a field for occupation as well as observation ? But we must study brevity ;



CHARLES EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

Founder of the Blenheim Library.

*Engraved by Worthington from an original Painting
in the possession of Earl Spencer.*

PRINTED BY LAKE.

London, Published for the Rev. T. F. Diddin. April 1817.

observe, as our 'crystalline mirror' indicates, in earnest discourse with each other. Are they bewailing, think you, the evil genius which instigated them *not* to purchase the

as a recapitulation of the membranaceous gems which glitter in the BLENHEIM LIBRARY has already appeared in the work so frequently here referred to: but 'pardon on my knees' is now solicited for the error therein committed of having assigned the foundation of that library to JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH instead of to CHARLES SPENCER, third EARL OF SUNDERLAND. To make reparation for such injury, I have caused to be engraved, from the original whole-length painting, as large as life, at Althorp, the PORTRAIT which faces this page: premising that Houbraken has already engraved the same head, and that two mezzotints are also mentioned by Noble in his *Continuation of Granger*. Yet the portrait of the bibliomaniacal Earl here in question has never before appeared of the present size. To Birch and to Noble must the reader be referred for the character of the nobleman himself: for I will have nothing here to do with Lord Sunderland's politics, whether they were faithful or faithless to the government which he so ably supported. 'It is to his honour (says Noble) that, with all his opportunities, he never increased his patrimonial alliance. His Lordship loved and cherished learning, and his extensive library was selected with great judgment,' vol. ii. p. 46. Speaking of the very rare *Editio Princeps* of the *Erotemata* of Demetrius Chalcondylas (see *Bibl. Spencer*. vol. iii. p. 42) Maittaire adds—'unum hujus rarissimæ editionis exemplar vidi in præsignissimâ nobilissimi Comitum de Sunderland bibliothecâ, quam (quod contigit paucissimis) Librorum ingens numerus simul et singularis bonitas commendat.' *Annal. Typog.* vol. i. p. 753, note 7. It is in the same page where Maittaire also mentions the curtesy and kindness of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE in the 'facilities afforded him of examining rare books in his very choice library.'

Our Earl had three wives; of whom it is only necessary to mention the second—Ann, daughter of John, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. From this second marriage descended the EARLS SPENCER: a name, which in the ANNALS OF BIBLIOMANIA has eclipsed every thing, in the same family, that has preceded it. But we must not here forestall our visit to the book-regions of Althorp. A future page will give a sketchy view of the treasures of that fascinating spot. Meanwhile it was right and fitting that a portrait of the collector of the BLENHEIM LIBRARY should accompany these pages; especially as no respectable engraving of the present size has ever come to the author's knowledge.

The next BOOK-HERO upon the canvas of our discussion is ROBERT HARLEY, Earl of Oxford. But no!—not another word relating to his *Library* shall be here disclosed. Wherefore? Examine, I beseech you, pp. 461-8, of the *Bibliomania*; and then, placing your hand upon your heart, can you conscientiously require a syllable further upon the subject? 'But why put his name into the mouth of the Decameron Monarch of the Day?' Apparently thou hast caught me, 'cuninge

Valdarfer Boccaccio of 1471? They need not; for their own libraries contained book-gems of equal lustre with the

reder.' Yet suppose we substitute the name of EDWARD HARLEY, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, HIS SON? With all my heart, master Rosicrusius, if thou hast any thing thereunto appertaining connected with the BOOK-MANIA! Oh no!—not a jot: not an iota;* yet as a farce to the tragedy, or supplement to the narrative, in the work just referred to, may we not discourse somewhat of the said Edward Earl of Oxford's ENGLISH COINS? especially as, within this present year of our Lord 1817, the *Anglo-numismatic mania* hath raged in a manner at once unprecedented and uncontrolled. Thus our tastes and passions shift and vary. All for WYNKYN DE WORDE to-day—for SIMON to-morrow!

I possess the late Bishop of Ely's priced catalogue of the sale of the Bronzes, Pictures, and Coins, of the nobleman under discussion. They were all sold by Mr. Cock, 'at his house in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden,' in the month of March 1741-2: each sale comprising six days. The Pictures and Bronzes produced 3866*l.* 3*s.*—but the sum total of the Coins (much less, I conceive) has not been cast up by the Bishop. I shall, however, from the priced catalogue (apparently executed at the time) present the curious reader and lover of *numismatic virtù*, with some of the prices for which a few of the more precious articles from this collection were disposed of. And first for

ENGLISH SILVER COINS.†

EDWARD I.

16 His Groat, exceeding scarce and fine preserved, weight 3 *pwt.* 9 *gr.* 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

* Just let me mention however, that a notice of Lord Oxford's books appeared not only in the title-page of a catalogue, but really in a collection sold by Mr. Robins of Covent Garden, in the winter of 1815: and more especially the *large paper Hearnes* which once adorned that library. They were fine, sound, crackling copies—bound in sombre calf. Messrs. Payne and Foss, I believe, yet possess a few of them. But even as late as the month of May, in this present year, a choice rarity or two from the same HARLEIAN LIBRARY was sold by auction, by Mr. Evans—as the library of the Hon. Auditor Harley—in which appeared (no. 1135) the *Richarde Cuer du Lyon* of 1528, printed by W. de Worde: wanting two leaves; but bringing, nevertheless, the sum of 40*l.* save one!

† By way of illustrating what is above intended to be conveyed respecting the *present rage* for OLD ENGLISH COINS, let me subjoin, at the foot of these extracts from the catalogue of Lord Oxford's Coins, a few specimens from 'A Catalogue of the very valuable and extensive Collection of Ancient and Modern Coins and Medals, collected by Thomas Hollis Esq. and Thomas Brand Hollis, Esq. Sold by auction by Mr. Sotheby. May, 14, 1817.' (Six days sale, 727 articles. Total amount 3223*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*) First, as above observed, for

English Silver Coins.

302 A Groat, supposed to have been coined by the Dutchess of Burgundy for Perkin Warbeck, when he invaded England, 1474.
Folkes Supplement, p. 3, no. 33, fine and extremely rare, 10*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*
444 ELIZABETH, with broad cross, 1575, p. 6, no. 6, extremely fine
and rare, - - - - - 10 10 0

keimelion to which we are now alluding. The Sunderland Collection which ennobles *Blenheim*, will, from recent

RICHARD II.

- 20 Groat, in fine preservation, weight 69 gr. Penny, reverse, CIVITAS LONDON. Ditto, reverse, CIVITAS EBORACI. Halfpenny, reverse, CIVITAS LONDON, very scarce and in fine preservation, - 3 3 0

- 446 Shillings, HENRY VIIth. Folkes, p. 6, no. 18, fine and extremely rare, - 23 2 0
(At Lord Oxford's sale it produced 13l. 2s. 6d.: a much higher price, considering the difference of the value of specie.)

- 459 The Oxford pound piece of CHARLES I. The King trampling on armour, reverse, inscription in a compartment, 1644, Ox. fine work, p. 12, no. 18, well preserved and very rare, - 15 0 0

Let us, in the second place, adhering to the order above observed, notice the prices which were given for some of the rarer

English Gold Coins.

- 229 EDWARD III. his quarter florin: for a particular account of this very curious, and we believe, unique piece, see *Snelling's Gold Coinage*, plate 1, no. 1, weighing 27 grains. It is in the highest possible preservation, - 105 0 0
- 230 EDWARD III. the Noble of his 20th year, weighing 130 grains, fine and extremely rare, - 16 5 0
- 236 HENRY VII. his double Royal or Sovereign, p. 2, no. 4, fine and rare, - 10 10 0
- 237 HENRY VIII. his Sovereign, no. 19, very fine, - 6 15 0
- 240 HENRY VIII. called the George Noble: from the figure of St. George on horseback, piercing the Dragon, p. 2, no. 8, well preserved and very rare, - 15 0 0
- 241 HENRY VIII. a Pound Sovereign of his 34th year, no. 15, very fine, 6 10 0
- 336 EDWARD VI. the Double Sovereign of his 4th year. The King in a chair of state, Mint mark. The dragon's head, reverse, the arms of England and France inscribed '*Jhesu autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*,' weighing 476 grains: engraved in Folkes, pl. 8, from this coin: highly preserved and extremely rare, 99 0 0
- 337 EDWARD VI. his Angel, Mint mark, the dragon's head. *Snelling*, plate 3, no. 14, fine and rare, - 9 19 6
- 338 MARY, her Royal: the Queen in a ship, and a sword in her right hand, a shield, with the royal arms, in her left hand: date, 1553, reverse, the radiated rose in the centre, surrounded with lions and crowns, inscribed '*a Dno. Factu. est istud et est mirabi. in oculis nris*,' weighing 120 grains. Sn. p. 4, no. 3, well preserved and of extreme rarity, - 21 0 0
- 340 ELIZABETH's Royal, inscribed, *Elizab. D. G. Ang. Fr. et M. P. R. C. A. Regina*, weight, 119 grains. See Folkes, p. 10, no. 1, engraved from this piece, extremely rare, - 19 15 0
- 342 ELIZABETH, the quarter and eighth of a Sovereign, milled, no. 17 and 18, very fine and rare, - 14 14 0
- 344 ELIZABETH, her quarter Sovereign, milled and edged, Mint mark, a fleur-de-lis, fine and rare, - 9 9 0
- 349 CHARLES I. his Three Pound piece, struck at Oxford, 1644, Oxon. no. 10, very fine, - 12 1 6

events, I make no doubt, be fully developed to the longing eyes of the book-world ; and, peradventure, a rival publication to that describing the magnificent collection of a Noble

HENRY VII.

26 Shilling: Epigraphe, HENRIC ⁹ SEPTIM ⁹ DI GRA. &c. exceeding scarce, and finely preserved,	-	-	-	13	2	6
27 Ditto, Epig. HENRIC DI GRA.	-	-	-	4	4	0

EDWARD VI.

31 An exceeding fine Crown Piece. Epig. EDWARD ⁹ VI REX. ANGL. FRANC. HIBER. ZC. The King's profile-face crowned, somewhat like his base shillings. Reverse, arms of <i>France</i> and <i>England</i> in an escutcheon ; in the top of the ornaments the letter B, denoting it was coined by <i>Sir Martin Bowes</i> at <i>Durham-House</i> in the <i>Strand</i> , of which see <i>Burleigh's Letters</i> , published by <i>Mr. Haines</i> , pages 97, 89. Epig. TIMOR. DOMINI. FONS VITÆ. MDXLVII. It is fine sterling, weighs 1 oz. 2 gr. A draught of it was engraved for the <i>Society of Antiquaries</i> . It is an unique,	-	-	-	7	7	0
33 Shilling, or Testoon Base, King's head in profile. Inscription as the crown. Reverse, TIMOR DOMINI. &c.	-	-	-	2	17	0

This piece is exceedingly remarkable, in that it has a counter-mark of a portcullis close to the head, which was ordered by a Proclamation of Queen *Elizabeth*, when she cried them down to six-pence. *Vide Stowe* in the year 1560. This is the only one known that has the mark.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

101 Sovereign of her first year, 9 pwt. 18 gr.	-	-	-	2	8	0
102 Ryal of the same year, 4 pwt. 22 gr.	-	-	-	8	8	0
103 Sovereign; Mint mark, a Key, 1588, 7 pwt. 6 gr. Ditto, Mint mark a Ton, 1592, 7 pwt. 3 gr.	-	-	-	3	4	0
104 Ditto, Mint mark an Anchor, 7 pwt. 4 gr. Half Sovereign milled, 3 pwt. 14 gr.	-	-	-	2	4	0
105 Three Half Sovereigns milled, Mint mark a Flower de Lys, 1567, 3 pwt. 14 gr. not milled, Mint mark a Crown, 1567, 3 pwt. 12 gr. Mint mark a cross Croslet, 1578, 3 pwt. 5 gr.	-	-	-	2	3	0
106 Two ditto, of 1592, 3 pwt. 14 gr. Mint mark a Wool-pack, 1594, 3 pwt. 15 gr.	-	-	-	1	13	0
107 Angel, Mint mark a Cross, 1578, 3 pwt. 6 gr. Angelet, ditto, 1578, 1 pwt. 16 gr.	-	-	-	1	3	0
108 Another Angel, Mint mark a Ton, 1592, 3 pwt. 6 gr. A Quarter Angel, 20 gr.	-	-	-	1	2	0
109 A Half Crown, 20 gr. A Piece of one of her last Sovereigns, on which her face is most admirably expressed, 1 pwt. 15 gr.	-	-	-	4	4	0

Relative of the Possessor of the Blenheim Library, may come forth in due season, and with a due guerdon of praise.

- 150 A medallion of *Henry VIII.* with a *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew* inscription, in *Evelyn*, p. 89, 1 oz. 9 pwt. 12 gr. - - 8 18 6
 151 A like medallion of *Edward VI.* not in *Evelyn*, 2 oz. 7 pwt. 22 gr. 12 15 0

ENGLISH GOLD MEDALS.

- 152 A medal of *Queen Elizabeth*, her head, inscription, *Quid nos sine Te*, reverse, a castle, *QVID HOC SINE TE*, not in *Evelyn*, 2 pwt. 17 gr.
 A medal of *Prince Henry*, *Evelyn*, p. 103, 7 pwt. 1 gr. 5 7 6
 153 A medal of *King Charles I.* the King's head, and usual titles, reverse, arms of *Great Britain*, *FLORENT. CONCORDIA REGNA.* not in *Evelyn*. Inauguration medal of *King Charles I.* *Evelyn*, p. 104, 14 pwt. 6 gr. - - - 3 4 0
 154 Another medal of this King, reverse, city of *London*, *SOL ORBEM REDIENS, SIC REX ILLUMINAT URBEM.* *Evelyn*, p. 109. A small medal of this King. His head, and no inscription, 1 oz. 5 pwt. 2 gr. 6 16 0
 155 Medal of *Lord Fairfax*, reverse, *POST HÆC MELIORA. 1645. MERVISTI.* *Evelyn*, p. 116, 6 pwt. 6 gr. - - - 1 10 0
 156 Another of the same Lord: his face, but no inscription, reverse, as the last. It has a loop, 3 pwt. A thin plate, with a head, 19 gr. 1 6 0
 157 A medal of *Oliver* on the victory at *Dunbar.* *Evelyn*, p. 117, 4 pwt. 9 gr. - - - 9 0 0
 158 A medallion on *Oliver's* death, struck by his son. *Evelyn*, p. 119, 2 oz. 4 pwt. 4 gr. - - - 11 5 0
 159 A medal on the same occasion, the face-side struck from the shilling dye, reverse, as the last, 11 pwt. 3 gr. - 3 14 0
 160 A smaller on the same occasion, like the first, 4 pwt. 3 gr. 7 0 0

CHARLES II.

- 161 His inauguration medal at *Scoon*, not in *Evelyn*, 7 pwt. 22 gr. Ditto in *England*, by *Simon.* *Evelyn*, p. 129, 7 pwt. 8 gr. - 3 11 0
 162 A medallion by *Simon.* King's head laureated, with his titles, reverse, the *Royal Oak* and sun over it, *JAM. FLORESCIT. 23 Ap. 1661*, with a loop, 1 oz. 16 pwt. 20 gr. - - - 7 7 0
 Q. Whether not designed for the Order of the *Royal Oak?* Not in *Evelyn.*
 163 A fine medallion on the *Dutch War*, *PRO. TALIBUS AVSIS.* *Evelyn*, p. 137, 4 oz. 19 pwt. 18 gr. - - - 21 0 0
 164 A medal of *King Charles* and *Queen Catharine.* *Ev.* 1 oz. 12 pwt. 19 gr. - - - 6 17 6
 165 The *Lucas's* Farthing, as commonly called, *QVATVOR MARIA. VINDICO.* struck in gold, 6 pwt. 2 gr. A small medal with the Prince's feathers, reverse, *SI VIS OMNIA SVBJICERE, SVBJICE RATIONI*, 2 pwt. 20 gr. - - - 2 1 0

At any rate, there is no harm in the indulgence of this pleasing bibliomaniacal hope—or dream !

MEDALS OF KING JAMES II.

- 166 His Coronation medal. *Evelyn*, p. 148, 10 pwt. 23 gr. - 2 8 0
 167 JACOBVS WALLIÆ PRINCEPS, reverse, a ship in a storm, JACTATVR.
 NON. MERGITVR UNDIS, 1 oz. 16 pwt. 14 gr. - - 8 10 0

KING WILLIAM.

- 168 Coronation medal of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, 11 pwt. 21 gr. 2 8 0
 169 A medallion of King *William* on taking *Namur*, 3 oz. 2 pwt. 12 18 0

QUEEN ANNE.

- 170 A medal of taking *Vigo*, 1 oz. 14 pwt. 4 gr. - - 7 2 6
 171 Ditto on the Peace, 15 pwt. 14 gr. - - 3 6 0
 172 Her Farthing, struck in gold, 6 pwt. 4 gr. - - 2 5 0

KING GEORGE I.

- 173 A fine medallion on his being made Elector, 5 oz. 11 pwt. 13 gr. 23 15 0
 174 His Coronation medal, 14 pwt. 14 gr. - - 3 4 0
 175 Coronation medal of King *George II.* 15 pwt. 2 gr. Ditto of Queen
Caroline, 14 pwt. 15 gr. - - 6 6 0
 176 A gold seal of *Edmund* King of *Sicily*, brother of King *Henry III.*
of England, 8 pwt. 11 gr. - - 4 0 0

I will conclude this supplement to the HARLEIAN ENTERTAINMENT which appears in the *Bibliomania*, by subjoining a specimen of the bibliographical gossiping of the owner of these coins, &c. in a letter to Tom Hearne.

EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD, TO T. HEARNE.

'SIR, I assure you I am very sorry I have not answered your letters which you was so kind as to send me. I tell you truly it proceeded not from any neglect of you, or any unwillingness to communicate to you any thing in my power; for whenever I have an opportunity to pleasure you with any thing I have, it is a very great satisfaction to me. As to your letter in relation to *Durandus*, I could not for some time come at the book to answer your question fully: at least to go as far as I could [wish]. There is a "*Durandus's Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*" in All Souls' library, very imperfect. I believe it was discovered to be that book by Dr. Tanner. I have been so told. I have some reason to think that this was the only copy in England* of that book till the year 1715, when the copy came over which I have; it is printed in folio upon vellum, and very fair. It contains 319 pages. At the end is printed in red ink, what I have here inclosed.† I have had it done for you in as exact a way as any one I have could do it here in the country. I will take notice to you of a great mistake of Mentelius, in his book "*De vera Typographiæ origine*," in quarto. I think it is plain he did not see the book page 68. If you have not the book

* There are now probably a dozen copies.

† The colophon: see it in every bibliographical work.

Welcome, renowned HARLEY ! a thousand and a thousand times be thou welcome. Thy treasures, filtered through

I will have the place transcribed for you. The next book that I have is the *Catholicon Joan Januensis*, "UPON VELLUM,"* in two vol. in folio, illuminated, printed in 1460. I have had transcribed what is printed at the beginning of the first volume of the vellum, as also what is printed at the end of the work. I have this printed also upon paper, the same year : this is only bound in 1 vol. I will take notice to you that greater care was taken in illuminating the vellum books than the paper ones, as appears from this work, both printed in one year. I have a great number of old printed books, which I think if they were considered, something [more] would come out as to printing, and the history of it, than has yet been taken notice of, though perhaps I may be mistaken.

I have a great number of books printed by CAXTON, and in very good condition, except a very few. I think the number is *forty-two*.† Have you any notes relating to that good honest man? I think he deserves those titles, and I may add, industrious too. I have several very curious books printed by those that succeeded him in that work, I mean that business. Pray what is your opinion of that book said to be printed at Oxford in 1468? The signatures stare one in the face. I do not know how to get off of that affair as yet.‡ I hope you will help me; that only sticks with me. The register of Abp. Bouchier is I think not in being.

As to what you desire in your letter of Nov. 17, that I would send you Mr. Wanley's transcript of "*Benedictus Abbas Petroburgensis de Vita et Gestis Henrici II. di.*" This brings into my mind the terrible calamity that has befallen the *Cottonian Library* through the villainy of that monster in nature, Bentley. He must be detested by all human creatures, I mean the civilized part of them. I think the man that stole the books at Cambridge by much the honestest man. I beg pardon for this; but I have not yet been able to bring myself either to write or speak on this subject with any sort of temper or patience. I believe I never shall. All my MSS. are in London : as soon as I go to town I will send you the MS. of Benedict the Abbot, and also that other MS. the *Annales Dunstapliæ*. You shall have them both together, if you do not contradict me in your next. There are those that set a very great value upon *Benedict*, and give him the preference to any of his cotemporaries. Of this you will be the best judge when you come to look into him. This, I know, was Mr. Wanley's opinion, which was one reason of transcribing him for the press.

I have had the pleasure, when I went to Cambridge, of waiting upon Mr.

* This copy came into the collection of Count Mac-Carthy, and was purchased by the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville, of Messrs. Payne and Foss, who had obtained it at the sale of that library : see p. 171, ante.

† Lord Spencer has *fifty* Caxtons : but see post.

‡ See *Bibl. Spencer*, vol. iv. p. 351.

the base ingredients of Tom Osborne's warehouse,* yet occasionally rejoice our eyes and gladden our hearts. The disper-

BAKER of St. John's, that reverend and most worthy man. I saw him about a fortnight since. He told me he had heard from you, and mentioned you, as he always does, with great respect. I had the pleasure to see him look very well. He is an example to the whole University, but I fear few will follow him. At his age [75] he is up by four o'clock in the morning, goes constantly to chapel at five; and this he does without any regard to the season.

I am happy at home with the company of Mr. George Harbin, and Dr. Middleton. Both desire you will accept of their hearty service. My Lord Dupplin desires you will not forget him, nor think he has forgot you. He is your servant. My Lord has given me all the books printed at Constantinople. Mr. William Thomas desires to be remembered to you.

I have been very busy in furnishing a new room I built last year for books, and it is quite full; it is in length 47 feet, in breadth 21 feet.

I am now to make my retreat, for it is not reasonable to take up so much of your time, that know so well how to employ it. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and many of them. I am, with true respect, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

OXFORD.

Letters written by Eminent Persons, &c. 1813, 8vo. vol. ii. pp. 82-8. It is observed in a note that 'In the collection from which these letters are taken, there are many others from the Earl of Oxford to Hearne, on literary subjects. They all express the greatest kindness, but contain no important anecdotes or information.

* *filtered through the base ingredients of Tom Osborne's warehouse,*] The duodecimo regiment of *ms. memoranda-books*, once belonging to the late William Herbert, and now in my possession, furnishes me with a 'right merrie and conceited iest,' or 'interlude,' (which ever the reader pleases) connected with the 'warehouse of Tom Osborne.' Herbert has copied this 'merry jest' (worth all the 'merry gestys of the Wydow Edyth' put together) from the 'hand-writing of B. Ibbot:' who was keeper of the Archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, and who died (according to *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 289) in 1725. 'This was Dr. Rawlinson's catalogue: the prices marked by his own hand. N. B. It is said they were sold for Mr. Osborne to *clear his shop* to make room for other books, as also to raise some money towards the payment for LORD OXFORD'S LIBRARY. I was there myself several evenings, more out of curiosity than as a purchaser: buying not more than two or three books which I then

* Lord Dupplin was a great purchaser at the sale of the pictures of Lord Oxford, on his decease. Among other pieces, he bought (6th day no. 43) 'A sea-storm, with a sun-set, an octagon, by Claude Lorraine' for 52*l.* 10*l.* and (no. 47) 'Sir Kenelm Digby, his Lady and two Sons, a most capital picture by Vandyke,' for 173*l.* 5*s.* This latter was the highest price article sold.

sion of them was as reproachful as their loss was irremediable. Where the carcase lies, the eagles will be gathered together: and a luscious feast, I warrant you, the bibliomaniacal

fancied. Here, Lord Coleraine attended every night, and he very seldom exceeded 1s. for an octavo, 1s. 6d. for a quarto, and 2s. for a folio: and I believe he bought above a cart load full, if not more. Dr. Rawlinson and other book-mongers were there, almost constantly. They were sold in the coffee room, and many were drinking wine, punch, coffee, &c. that attended to purchase! Tom Osborne, however, was doomed to receive this 'cart-load full' of books in return, when he purchased the whole of Lord Coleraine's library, upon the death of that Nobleman in 1749. But 'Tom' was guilty of detaining 'some of the family papers, which were with difficulty recovered from him.' *General. Biogr. Dict.* vol. xvii. p. 147. *Edit. Chalmers.*

I have not yet done with Tom Osborne. That renowned bibliopolist must have been a very extraordinary fellow: full of business, bustle, and chicanery—as the ensuing curious morceau demonstrates. It is Browne Willis who narrates—speaking of his work upon the Cathedrals. 'The title-page, dated 1742, is a bookseller's trick, to give a new title to an old book, in order to get rid of unsold copies. The *Surveys* were printed for R. Gosling, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street, in 1727. "My bookseller, Mr. Francis Gosling (now, anno 1757, a banker) having left off that trade he sold the copies of my Cathedrals to Mr. OSBOURNE, who, to dispose of them, very knavishly advertised that I had given the histories of all the 26 Cathedrals. On which account, in my own vindication, I printed the under-written advertisement, in the London Evening Post, March 5-8, 1743. 'Whereas it hath been lately advertised in several public papers, and particularly at the end of the proposals for printing by subscription the two first volumes of *Bibliotheca Harleiana*, that there is now re-published in three volumes. 4to. 'A survey of the Cathedrals of Durham, &c. by Browne Willis, Esq.: this is to inform the publick that the said Browne Willis has not published any account of the members, or given any description, history, or draughts whatsoever of these following Cathedrals; viz. Canterbury, Norwich, Salisbury, Wells, and Exeter; and that, what he has published in relation to the history of the four Welsh Cathedrals; viz. St. David's, Landaff, Bangor, and St. Asaph, is in four separate 8vo. volumes, printed about 20 year ago. *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. vi. p. 198. Osborne's shop, however, seems to have been something like the modern repository in *Pall Mall*, for the seduction of bibliomaniacal youth in the purchase of BOOK-RARITIES. Thus writes the famous Lord Chesterfield thereupon, in one of his letters to his son. 'When you return here, I am apt to think that you will find something better to do than to run to Mr. Osborne's, at Gray's Inn, to pick up SCARCE BOOKS. Buy good books, and read them. The best books are the commonest, [Oh, heresy unprecedented!] and the last editions are always the best if the editors

eagles of that period partook of! There they hovered collected, in TOM OSBORNE'S front or back shop, pouncing upon their prey, and carrying home, as they listed, and almost at their own prices, whatever tickled their palates or was supposed to strengthen their constitutions!

LISARDO. I wish I had lived in that fattening period!

LYSANDER. Cease such heresy. Look to the left of you.. Would you have been then blest with the Lady ALMANSA, who has twined so completely round your heart? . . .

The lovely — sits beside thee
Take the good the gods provide thee!

LORENZO. Excellent, illustrious monarch! Let us 'rend the sky with loud applause!'

LISARDO. I readily confess my heresy

ALMANSA. And as readily receive pardon. But you have not yet done with your account of the *Ruins of the Harleian Library*?

LYSANDER. Completely. I have nothing further of novelty to advance upon the subject. Yet I should be ashamed of myself if I omitted to seize every opportunity of encouraging you to become masters of the treasure of bibliographical lore contained in the *Typographical Annals* of MAITTAIRE, and the disquisitions upon the *Origin of Printing* by MEEBMAN:* works, which are nearly master-pieces of their

are not blockheads; for they may profit of the former. But take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. [More and more frightfully heretical!] It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning. Beware of the *Bibliomanie*.? vol. ii. p. 354. 'O most lame and impotent conclusion!'

* MAITTAIRE and MEERMAN.] There they are OPPOSITE to you, courteous reader! A 'par nobile fratrum' in the bibliographical department: but Maittaire was a scholar, critic, and philologist. Lysander is perfectly right in the eulogy bestowed upon his *Typographical Annals*. It was not till lately that I made myself a tolerable master of the 2nd and 3rd volumes of that work; which are



Michael Maittaire.



Gerard Meerman.

London. Published for the Rev. T. F. D. in April 1817.

PRINTED BY

kind—especially the former. Indeed I have little hesitation in admitting that no country, not excepting Germany, contains such scholar-like and philological information as runs along, like a fruitful stream at the base of a gigantic mountain, the text of Maittaire.

PHILEMON. Remember PANZER. . .

LYSANDER. I do : and cannot, like many other bibliomaniacs, even *exist* without him ! His work is more full, more lucid, and more accurate. Indeed it is a perfectly astonishing performance—especially the first four volumes : and perhaps we cannot reasonably expect any thing to go beyond it. But the work of Maittaire is of a different, and somewhat higher cast of character.

Now then for a brief review only of some few literary productions, or rather of *Collectors of Libraries of the middle and latter end of the Eighteenth Century*, which had either escaped me in my exertions on a former occasion, or of which the notice was too limited or imperfect. These characters occupy the farthest distance in our bibliomaniacal

indeed of a most entertaining and instructive character ; as the FIFTH and SIXTH DAYS of this Decameron may, till better evidence be adduced, sufficiently attest. The notes, almost as elaborate as those of the present work, are the result of curious research and much reading ; and those err strangely who suppose that the pages of Maittaire exhibit only a dry list of books in the chronological order in which they were printed. The labours of Panzer have *almost* superseded the necessity of consulting the *first* volume of Maittaire : yet the notes of the latter, as usual, are oftentimes instructive.

Next to Maittaire, in chronological order, MEERMAN was the most learned of bibliographers. He left behind him a noble library of books, coins, and antiquities ; enriched by the additions made to it by his son, recently deceased—who had been a Senator of Bonaparte. The *Meerman Museum* is the property of the widow of the son, during her life : afterwards it goes, according to testamentary disposition, for the benefit of the public—as a NATIONAL BEQUEST ! Let the names of Maittaire and Meerman be always held in the profound respect to which they are unquestionably entitled.

mirror. Leaving you to wonder at the first publication of an *Edinburgh Review* some three-score years ago,* let me

* *an Edinburgh Review some three-score years ago.*] I am not without the hope that the public may be somewhat amused in consequence of this digression (for digression it is) on the part of Lysander : since it is in my power to corroborate, circumstantially, the position above advanced. The wonderful library at Althorp contains a copy of the scarce and curious publication (and of what 'scarce and curious publication' does it *not* 'contain a copy?') under description : of which, in fact, *only two numbers* were published. I subjoin the title, and a few interesting extracts from this *original* EDINBURGH REVIEW :—from which the reader cannot but admire the wonderful *coincidence* of the sentiments therein contained with those of the *modern* review under the same title.

'The Edinburgh Review. Numb. I. [To be published every six months] Containing an account of all the books and pamphlets that have been published in Scotland from the first of January to the first of July 1755. To each number will be added an Appendix, giving an account of the books published in England and other countries, that are most worthy of notice. Edinburgh. Printed for G. Hamilton, and J. Balfour, 1755, Pr. 1s. The preface, which was written by the late Lord Roslyn, says—'it is proposed to give a full account of all books published in Scotland within the compass of half a year; and to take some notice of such books published elsewhere, as are most read in this country, or seem to have any title to draw the public attention.—One may judge of other men's writings with talents much inferior to those of the author; and to criticise is known to be easier than to compose. They are only to exercise over every book, that right which the author confers upon the meanest of his readers : They are to judge with candour, but with freedom : Opinions they are only to relate, not to combat : Falshood they will upon all occasions endeavour to detect : Immoralities they would rather choose to bury in oblivion : Principles of irreligion or disaffection they will always endeavour to expose; as a zeal for the religion and constitution of their country, can never be inconsistent with the greatest candor. It will be always more agreeable to them to find occasion for praise, than for censure.'

The first article is *Gordon's Hist. of Peter the Great*, reviewed by Dr. ROBERTSON. The second, *Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy*, which was reviewed by Dr. BLAIR, thus concludes : 'On the whole; whatever objections may be made to some few particularities of Hutcheson's scheme, yet, as a system of morals, his work deserves, in our judgment, considerable praise : he shews a thorough acquaintance with the subject of which he treats. His philosophy tends to inspire generous sentiments and amiable views of human nature. It is particularly calculated to promote the social and friendly affections; and we cannot but agree with the author of the preface, that it has the air of being dictated by the heart, no less than the head. As to the style and manner; no system can be expected to be very entertaining, and allowances are always due to a post-

point to you the pensive and modest cast of character which occupies our attention in the form and figure of JAMES JOYE. His books are a commentary upon his name: for more joy-creating copies are no where to be seen. What a

humorous work, which may be supposed not to have received the author's last hand. Elegance has not been studied in the composition; but the style, though careless and neglected, cannot justly be taxed as either mean or obscure.' p. 23.

Dr. JARDINE reviewed the theological subjects: and the late Lord Rosslyn reviewed *Barclay's Rudiments of the Greek Tongue*. Dr. ADAM SMITH was the reviewer of *Johnson's Dictionary*. He thus concludes: 'In this country, the usefulness of it [*Mr. Johnson's Dictionary*] will be soon felt, as there is no standard of correct language in conversation; if our recommendation could in any degree incite to the perusal of it, we would earnestly recommend it to all those who are desirous to improve and correct their language, frequently to consult the dictionary. Its merit must be determined by the frequent resort that is had to it. This is the most unerring test of its value: criticisms may be false, private judgments ill founded; but if a work of this nature be much in use, it has received the sanction of the public approbation.' p. 73.

The first Number, with the Appendix, contains 17 articles; which are reviewed in 77 pages; *Johnson's Dictionary*, which is the longest, is reviewed in 12 pages. In the second Number, which contains 13 articles, Jortin's Six Dissertations are reviewed by Dr. Blair: A Letter 'To the Authors of the *Edinburgh Review*,' from p. 63 to p. 79, concludes the second number. A ms. note in Lord Spencer's copy, which has supplied the foregoing names of the authors of the several reviews, informs me that 'this work was never continued beyond these two numbers.' It was however, as all the world well knows, revived in the year 1802; and *fifty-five* numbers of this second series, already published (two of which numbers make a substantial octavo volume) attest both the popularity of the work and the wealth which consequently accrues to the proprietor of it. Of *some* of these numbers (and I believe of the 26th or 27th in particular) not fewer than 12,000 copies were sold. The modern *Edinburgh Review* has, however, a tough and doughty rival in the *Quarterly*: which latter, report whispers, now 'whips out a rapier' as long as that of its antagonist: in other words, Mr. Murray, the publisher of the latter, circulates as many numbers as Mr. Constable the vendor of the former. It is pleasant however to learn that the utmost good humour and harmony prevail between these rival bibliopolists. They meet (when Mr. C. makes his annual visit to the metropolis) at the same catch-club, of which they are members; take parts in the same glee; ('Glorious Apollo') and like the contending editors of a certain morning and evening newspaper, walk arm in arm in the same Bond-street promenade!—'the walk in Poules' being now utterly discarded.

hand too, this bibliomaniac wrote ! Large, legible, and well-proportioned. Let me see . . . no :— I had imagined that a fac-simile of it had accompanied me from home, but it is not so. Remember only that when you see a copy of a favourite work announced in a bookseller's catalogue as having formerly belonged to the library of James Joye,* that you miss not a post, if absent—or lose not a minute, if present—in endeavouring to secure such a treasure.

LISARDO. Thanks for the hint. James Joye is already down in my book-tablet. Proceed.

LYSANDER. I will now mention a name which shall thrill your bibliomaniacal nerves—BRYAN FAIRFAX!† You will

* *the library of JAMES JOYE.*] All that I have been enabled to collect of this once eminent and tasteful collector, is confined to the following brief memorial ; kindly supplied me, from enquiries made of the descendants of the deceased, by Mr. John Payne. ' James Joye was born about the year 1680, and went to Baliol College, Oxford. He was originally intended for the Church ; but his elder brother dying, he came into the possession of the large family estate in Northamptonshire. He departed this life in 1740, and the following year his library, which he kept in town, was sold to some bookseller, whose name is now unknown : but quære Tom Osborne ? The book-mania seized on him while at Oxford. His collection consisted of *fine* rather than *rare* books, which in general are in beautiful preservation. Lysander is right in designating the joyful emotions which a sight of Joye's long-tailed autograph is sure to create in the bosom of the ' thorough-bred ! ' In Joye's time there did not prevail so very refined a general taste ; and our bibliomaniac may be considered as the prototype of CRACHERODE.

† BRYAN FAIRFAX.] The name of this distinguished book-collector, of whom indeed little is known, and who, in all probability, was a pretty constant visitor (as intimated by Lysander) of Tom Osborne—especially when the latter had just got possession of the *Harleian Library*—cannot fail to be acceptable to the reader. What here ensueth, therefore, ought to be considered as a very bibliomaniacal *bonne-bouche* : it being nothing more or less than a transcript from the copy of the Catalogue of the Fairfax Library in which the ' taxation prices ' (as they are called) are introduced : that is to say, in which each article was valued for the express purpose of the purchase of the whole by Mr. Child. The title to the Catalogue is thus : from which it will be evident that the Library was intended for sale by public auction. ' A Catalogue of the Entire and Valuable Library of the Honourable Bryan Fairfax, Esq. one of the Commissioners of his

immediately annex the names of CHILD and *Osterley Park* with the foregoing. Yes—yonder velvet-coated figure, once a Commissioner of his Majesty's Customs, was, I make no

Majesty's Customs, Deceased ; which will be sold by Auction, by Mr. Prestage, at his great room the end of Savile-Row, next Conduit-Street, Hanover-Square. To begin selling on Monday, April 26, 1756, and to continue for seventeen days successively (Sundays excepted.) Catalogues to be had at the Place of Sale, and at W. Bathoe's, Bookseller in Exeter Exchange in the Strand. Price Sixpence, pp. 68, 8vo. It is hardly necessary to add that this copy (in Mr. Heber's possession) is *unique*.

Now then, curious reader, for specimens of some of the rarer bijoux contained in this very estimable collection. The *prices* annexed, by the valuer of the library, will occasionally cause a pricking, shooting, or twinge—as violent (but productive of different results) as that which has been described, at pages 152-3, as molesting the very worthy Mr. Payne upon the disposal of his imagined editio princeps of Boccaccio !

24	Life of Brown the Cut Purse, b. l. 1592, 8vo.	-	-	0l. 1s.0d.
25	Gesta Romanorum, b. l. 8vo.	-	-	0 0 6
26	The Flower of Friendship, b. l. 8vo.	-	-	0 1 3
27	Account of the Murder of the P. of Orange, b. l. 1582, 8vo.	-	-	0 6 6
62	The Chirche of the evyll Men and Women, whereof Lucyfer is the Heed, and the Members is all the Players, Dyssolute and Synners reprov'd, b. l. and the parlyment of devylles, b. l. 1509, 4to.	2	8	0
66	Three to One, being an English Spanish Combat, by Pyke, 4to. 1626,	0	7	0
67	Lindsey's Works, b. l. 4to. 1581,	0	3	3
68	Fenton's Tragical Discourses, b. l. 4to. 1567,	0	1	0
69	Horace's Satyres, by Drant, b. l. 4to. 1566,	0	2	6
70	The ordynary of Crystyens, b. l. 4to. 1506,	0	4	0
72	New Testament, Lat. and Eng. by Hollybushe, b. l. 1538, 4to.	1	10	0
73	————— by Tyndale, 1536, 4to.	1	5	0
83	La Puce de Madame des Roches, 4to. Par. 1582,	0	16	0
85	Q. Elizabeth's Closet of Physical Secrets, and a Treatise on the Plague and the Pox, 4to. 1656,	0	10	0
86	The Book called the Festivals, b. l. by Winkyn de Worde, 4to. 1532,	1	18	0
126	Lucanus, C. M. C. T. folio, editio princeps,	10	0	0
127	Philocolo di Boccacio, C. T. editio princeps, Venet. 1472,	6	6	0
148	Bibliotheca Marchiana, cum Pretiis H. Com. 1712,	0	10	6
168	———— Bernardiana, with prices, 1711,	0	7	6
199	Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gab. Harvey's Hunt is up, 1596,	0	18	0
200	A Poore Knight, his Pallace of private Pleasure, b. l. 4to. 1579,	0	10	6
204	The Christmasse exercise of sundrie well-courted Gentlemen, b. l. 4to. 1582,	0	1	6

doubt, a most determined and constant visitor of the fore-mentioned warehouse of Tom Osborne; especially when the latter had just purchased the *Harleian Library* . . .

205	E. K.'s Shepheardes Calender, b. l. 4to. 1586,	-	-	0l. 6s. 0d.
206	Gascoign's Droomme of Domesday, b. l. 4to. 1576,	-	-	0 17 0
207	The Castel of Helth, by Elyot, b. l. 4to. 1541,	-	-	0 3 9
208	Greene's Tritameron of Love, 4to. 1584, [Papæ !]	-	-	0 1 6
220	Gibson's Chronicon Saxonicum, 4to. Oxon. 1692,	-	-	1 0 0
245	A large and curious Collection of very Old Ballads, 2 vol. b. l. folio. (See a similar collection at p. , ante)	-	-	2 0 0
291	Debate betweene the Heraldes of England and France, b. l. (See <i>Bibliomania</i> , p. 13.)	-	-	0 7 0
337	A Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure, b. l. 4to.	-	-	0 8 0
338	Stanbrigi Vocabula, b. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 4to.	-	-	1 6 0
339	Churchyarde's Account of the Queen's entertainment in Suffolk and Norfolk, b. l. 4to.	-	-	1 10 0
343	Lindesey's Satyre of the three Estates, Edinb. 1602,	-	-	0 1 6
363	Fisher on the Penitential Psalms, b. l. by Wynkyn de Worde, 4to. 1508,	-	-	1 8 0
364	Book of Festivals, b. l. 4to. 1499,	-	-	2 0 0
389	Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, Lond. folio, 1656,	-	-	3 0 0
390	Thoroton's Antiquities of Nottinghamshire, folio, 1677,	-	-	1 6 0
454	The Castle of Love by Bowrchier, b. l. 8vo.	-	-	0 1 6
475	Dickison's Arisbas, Euphues Slumbering or Cupid's Journey to Hell, b. l. 4to. 1594,	-	-	1 0 0
476	Bush's Travels in a Pynace by Air, Land, and Water, b. l. 4to. 1608,	0	5 6	
477	Historie of Chinon of England, b. l. 4to. 1597,	-	-	1 4 0
491	Ortus Vocabulorum & Medulla Grammaticæ, de Worde, 4to. by Wynkyn de Worde, 1518,	-	-	1 1 0
498	Collection of Catalogues with the Prices, folio,	-	-	1 6 0
542	Ovidii Opera, 3 Tom. Editio Princeps [Sic !] folio, 1480,	15	15 0	
578	Tragicall Historie of two English Lovers, b. l. 8vo. 1568,	-	0 7 0	
579	Floures for Latine Spekyng, by Udall, b. l. 8vo. 1533,	-	0 5 6	
677	K. Edward VI. Com. Prayer Book, b. l. folio, 1549,	-	0 13 0	
679	Coverdale' Bible, folio, 1536,	-	2 0 0	
772	Martialis Epigrammata, editio perantiq. 4to.	-	1 1 0	
775	Scogin's Jests and other Tracts, b. l. 4to.	-	0 5 0	
776	History of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, b. l. 4to. 1634,	-	0 12 0	
778	History of Palladine of England, b. l. 4to. 1664,	-	0 1 9	
817	Strabonis Geographia, Lat. C. M. C. R. 1477,	-	18 0 0	
819	Idem Liber, edit. princeps, C. M. C. T. Lit. init. decorat.	3	3 0	

PHILEMON. Why do you draw this inference?

LYSANDER. Do you ask me? Look yonder! The said velvet-coated Bryan Fairfax absolutely raises his arm from

833	Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, Oxf. 1714, 8vo.	0	6	0
839	Maundevile's Voiage and Travaille, l. p. 1725, 8vo.	-	0	1 9
890	Il Mercurio di Siri, 17 tom. Casale, 1647, 4to.	-	-	32 0 0
891	Diario di Biagio Buonaccorsi, e Vita di Lorenzo de Medici, Fior. 1568, 4to.	-	-	0 6 0
954	Sir Francis Vere's Commentaries, Camb. 1657, folio,	-	0	7 0
1003	The Prymer, Lat. and Eng. by K. Hen. VIII. b. l. 1537, 8vo.	0	12	0
1075	Thuani Historia, a Buckley, 7 tom. C. M. Lond. 1733,	-	12	0 0
1094	Ælfredi Res Gesta, Walsingham Hist. Regum. Angliæ, Lond. 1574,	-	-	1 10 0
1159	Jeffery of Monmouth's British History, l. p. 8vo. 1718,	-	0	6 6
1191	Gentlemen's Academie, or Booke of St. Alban's, b. l. 1595, 4to.	1	0	0
1192	Book of Christian Prayers, b. l. 1578, 4to.	-	0	9 0
1197	Scriptores Vetustiores Rerum Britan. Lugd. 1587, folio,	-	0	16 0
1200	Hollingshed's Chronicles, 2 vols. 1587, folio,	-	4	4 0
1208	Froissart's Chronicle, M. G. L. 1525, folio, 2 vols.	-	1	6 0
1209	Hall's Chronicle, M. G. L. 1548, folio,	-	0	19 0
1210	Fabyan's Chronicle, 1542, folio,	-	0	7 6
1211	Polychronicon, M. G. L. by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495, folio,	3	13	6
1212	Grafton's Chronicle, 1569, folio,	-	2	16 0
1220	Fructus Temporum, an old chronicle, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1498, folio,	-	4	10 0
1228	Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, 1666, folio,	-	-	} 3 0 0
1229	——— Hist. of Draining Fenns, 1662, folio,	-	-	
1231	Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum, 3 tom. C. M. Lond. 1655, folio,	-	-	10 10 0
1279	Turberville's Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets, 1570, 8vo.	0	10	0
1284	Howard's Poems, black letter, 1585, 8vo.	-	0	3 0
1335	Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores a Camdeno, Franc. 1602, folio,	0	9	0
1338	Historiæ Anglicanæ decem Scriptores, a Twysden, Lond. 1652, fo.	0	8	0
1342	Horsley's Britannia Romana, l. p. 1732, folio,	-	7	7 0
1349	Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, 2 vol. 1730, folio,	-	5	8 0
1350	Chauncey's Antiquities of Hertfordshire, 1700, folio,	-	1	16 0
1371	Taylor, the Water Poet's Works, 1630, folio,	-	0	6 0
1373	Boccace's Fall of Princes, by Lidgate, 1527, folio,	-	0	16 0
1376	Orlando Inamorato di Boiardo, 1527, 8vo.	-	0	7 0
1377	Il Filocopo di Boccaccio, Venice, 1551, 8vo.	-	0	10 0
1412	Radcliffe's Ramble, a Poem, 1682, 8vo.	-	-	} 0 1 6
1413	Brathwayt's Wildeman's Measures, 1621, 8vo.	-	-	

out the mirror, holding within his hand the *Harleian* copy of Caxton's impression of the *Morte d'Arthur*—in pre-

1436	Ariosto's Satyres, by Markham, 1609, 8vo.	-	-	0l. 5s.0d.
1438	Shelton's Don Quixote, complete, 1620, 4to.	-	-	0 7 6
1439	Lylie's Euphues, and his England, 1630, 4to.	-	-	0 2 0
1444	The Arte of English Poesie, 1589, 4to. [Eheu!]	-	-	0 1 6
1446	The Vision of Pierce Plowman, 1561, 4to.	-	-	0 1 6
1447	The same book, 1550, 4to.	-	-	0 1 0
1450	Gascoigne's Whole Works, 1575, 4to.	-	-	0 1 6
1451	Churchyard's Poems, 4to. [mirabile!]	-	-	0 3 6
1460	Il Decamerone di Boccacci, C. T. F. D. Firen. 1587, 4to.	-	-	1 6 0
1469	Novelle de Bandello, 4 tom. Ven. 1556, 4to.	-	-	2 2 0
1494	Purchas's Pilgrimis, 5 vol. 1625, folio,	-	-	5 0 0
1495	Hakluyt's Voyages, 2 vol. 1599, folio,	-	-	3 16 0
1501	Dugdale's History of Saint Paul's, M. G. L. 1658, folio,	-	-	0 3 0
1504	Poliphili Hypnerotomachia, Ven. 1499, folio,	-	-	0 7 0
1516	Contes d'Eutrapel, Paris, 1548, 8vo.	-	-	0 3 0
1583	Orlando Innamorato di Boiardo, C. T. F. D. Ven. 1545, 4to.	-	-	3 0 0
1586	Il Decamerone di Boccaccio, C. M. C. T. Firen ap. Giunta, 1527, 4to.	-	-	16 16 0
1602	The Images of the Old Testament, Lyons, 1549, 4to.	-	-	0 3 6
1603	Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum, Lond. 1652, 4to.	-	-	0 1 6
1683	Propos Memorables des Nobles Hommes par Corozet. <i>This was</i> <i>Q. Elizabeth's book</i> , Par. 1567, 8vo.	-	-	0 7 6
1835	T. Rawlinson's Catalogue, with prices, 1721, 8vo.	-	-	0 16 0
1951	Bibliotheca Uriesiana, cum pretiis, H. Com. 1719,	-	-	0 10 0
1952	———— Exquisitissima, cum pretiis, H. Com. 1714,	-	-	0 10 0
2011	Cronica Ranulphi Cistrensis Monachi, English, folio,	-	-	0 8 0
2012	Histoire de Sainct Greall, ou Livre de la Table Ronde, Par. 1523, folio,	-	-	1 11 6
2013	Faictz Merveilleux du Huon de Bourdeaulx, 1545, fol.	-	-	4 4 0
2014	Histoire de Valentin et Orson, Lyon, 1495, folio,	-	-	1 10 0
2015	Gower de Confessione Amantis, by Caxton, 1483, folio,	-	-	3 0 0
2016	Stultifera Navis, b. l.	-	-	0 10 6
2017	Book of the Faytes of Armes, by Caxton, folio,	-	-	1 11 6
2018	Historie of the four Sonnes of Aimon by Wynkyn de Worde [Coplande], 1554, folio,	-	-	1 0 0
2019	Caxton's Chronicle, Imperf. 1480,	-	-	2 2 0
2020	The same book, 1480,	-	-	5 0 0
2021	Virgil's Eneydos, by Caxton, 1490, folio,	-	-	1 10 0
2022	Historie of King Arthur, M.* by Caxton, 1485, folio,	-	-	2 12 6

* See the *Typog. Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 241: where this copy is fully de-

cisely the same binding and condition which distinguished it in its previous place of destination. But do not imagine

2023	Cicero of old age, M. by Caxton, 1481, folio,	-	-	2l. 2s. 0d.
2024	Mirroure of the Worlde, by Caxton, 1480, folio,	-	-	3 0 0
2025	Sayngs of Philosophers, by Caxton, 1477, folio,	-	-	6 0 0
2026	Recueyll of the Histories of Troy, by Caxton, 1471, folio,	-	-	8 8 0
2027	Salustius, C. T. F. D. Ven. 1514,	-	-	0 6 0
2147	Tenores Novelli, C. T. F. D. Lond. printed by Will. de Mach- linia, folio,	-	-	2 6 0
2156	Ciceronis Opera, Victorii, 2 tom. ap. R. Steph. 1539, folio,	-	-	1 11 6
2157	——— Opera, Victorii, 5 tom. C. M. C. T. F. D. Ven. ap. Junt. 1537, folio,	-	-	6 6 0
2158	Ciceronis de Officiis, in Memb. Lit. Init. depict. L. R. C. T. Editio Princeps, Mogunt. ap. Fust. 1466,	-	-	18 18 0
2159	Ciceronis de Oratore, C. M. C. T. Edit. Princeps. Rom. 1469,	-	-	8 8 0
2160	Cæsar's Commentarii, C. M. C. R. Edit. Princeps. Rom. 1469,	-	-	16 0 0
2161	Quintiliani Opera, C. M. C. T. F. D. Edit. princ. ibid. 1470,	-	-	10 10 0
2162	Aulus Gellius, C. M. 1472,	-	-	12 0 0
2169	Homeri Ilias, Gr. C. M. L. R. C. T. F. D. Editio Princeps. Florent. 1488,	-	-	10 10 0
MSS.				
2309	Combat between Archdeacon and Moubay before King James VI. in the year 1599,	-	-	1 1 0
2310	Rules, Orders, and Revenues of France, while under King Edw. IV. and his Agents,	-	-	0 16 0
2315	Catalogue of Books and Manuscripts in the Library of the College of Arms,	-	-	2 2 0
2319	Clarendon's State of Ireland; 1640, no doubt by concert with the Marquess of Ormond, whom he would excuse,	-	-	4 0 0
2320	Consuetudines Cisterciensium, a Richardo de Hertford, in Mem- branis,	-	-	6 0 0
2321	Liturgicon Copticum,	-	-	10 10 0
2325	The Book which is called Brute the Cronyclis of Englonde, on vellum,	-	-	6 0 0
2334	Terentii Comœdiæ, in Membranis, et Lit. initiales Ornatae,	-	-	36 0 0
2338	Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, with MSS. Additions and Alterations, wants cuts,	-	-	16 0 0
2343	Bochas's Fall of Princes, on Vellum, and the Initial Letter finely illuminated,	-	-	6 6 0

scribed. It has Lord Oxford's autograph, and is in sound and perfect condition. But Lord Spencer's recent acquisition of another copy, of ampler dimensions, yet imperfect (see p. 142 ante) has destroyed the charm of its *uniquity*.

that this was the *only* treasure of his library. On the contrary, let us laud the prompt spirit and well-directed judgment of Mr. Child, the purchaser of the Fairfax collection, that he secured, en masse, those book-gems which were destined to have been disposed of by public auction: and if the *Osterley Library* be not the fourth or even fifth collection, for costliness and curiosity, within the environs of the metropolis, it may nevertheless be considered as a glorious appendage to any mansion however magnificent, or to any domains however vast.

All hail to thee, TOPHAM BEAUCLERK! * for thou dost stand within some few yards of Fairfax. You smile, as if con-

Such then are among the principal book-treasures at OSTERLEY PARK: and 'pleasaut' it must be, when the rains or snows descend, or the tempest howls, or fog, or damp, or darkness prevails, and forbids 'the stroll abroad,' to recreate oneself amidst such tomes of 'the olden time'—once opened and perused, perdie, by diamond-ring decorated hauds and sharp penetrating eyes. The books remain: but those hands and those eyes have long ceased to be exercised. 'Eheu Posthume, Posthume!'

* TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.] Lysander seems quite peevishly querulous about the non-existence of an engraved portrait of the gallant and honourable Topham Beauclerk. Perhaps the reader sympathises in this 'hiatus valdè deflendus' in the graphic annals of his country. To compensate—or rather with the hope of compensating—for such omission, I lay before him some interesting particulars from an authentic source, now first given to the public, relating both to the library and portrait of Beauclerk. They are supplied by the obliging kindness of Mr. J. Dalby, of the Superior Board of the Military College at Farnham. 'My concern (says Mr. D.) with the library was accidental, because I was engaged to make astronomical observations and philosophical experiments, &c. &c. for Mr. Beauclerk had a regular observatory at Muswell-Hill; besides a very complete philosophical and optical apparatus; a laboratory for chemical experiments, &c. But from 1774 to 1779, I did little (except writing the Catalogue) but rummage *old book-stalls*, and *booksellers' shops*, and attend *book auctions*.' Such a prelude prepares us for the treat which follows. 'I think a Mr Topham of Windsor bequeathed his library to Mr. Beauclerk: but he had been enlarging his collection some years before I knew him. Elmsly was his principal bookseller. He sometimes advertised in the news papers for a book—thus he paid 10*l.* for *Lord Berner's Froissart*. *Clarke's Cæsar* he bought of some lady, for about 20*l.*; it was a presentation copy to one of the lady's ancestors, from John

tented with the former notice of your book-treasures—and indeed I scarcely know why, Manfred-like, I have conjured

Duke of Marlborough. This sold for 44*l.* to the Duke of Grafton.* Mr. B. paid 10 louis d'ors for the *Delphin Statius* to some Abbé in Paris, who stole it from a public library. This sold for 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* He was particularly anxious to complete his collections of Voyages and Travels, and English Plays. The price was no object. And he felt extremely disappointed when he found that Mr. Garrick's Library† did not come to the hammer. About two years before his death he began collecting old French Plays; and some of the early printed ones, which brought next to nothing at his sale, but which cost him half a guinea a piece. He made it a rule never to lend a book to any person whatever. Mr. Gibbon was the only exception; who, I remember, when he was writing the Roman History, had the Byzantine authors a volume at a time.'

In reply to a quære, which a common friend between us submitted, respecting a PORTRAIT OF BEAUCLERK, (that desideratum, for which Lysander appears so vehemently to hanker after,) Mr. Dalby was pleased to write as follows:

'I never heard of any *portrait* or *drawing* of Mr. Beauclerk, except a miniature which I happened to see just after his death. I forget, however, whether it belonged to his lady, or to one of the domestics. But I have heard it remarked a hundred times, how much Mr. Beauclerk resembled his ancestor Charles II. In fact, there is a small engraving by Vertue, from a painting by Sir P. Lely of that monarch, which (subducting the wig and whiskers) is a very good likeness of Mr. B. In person, he was tall and thin; with a dark complexion. I believe he inherited a feeble constitution; but during several years before his death he was grievously afflicted with a species of gouty rheumatism, and, by way of alleviation, took large quantities of laudanum. He did not, however, endeavour to restore his health by keeping what are called *good hours*, for he was a constant attendant at White's, and usually turned day into night: yet he found time for much reading, and had accumulated very considerable knowledge of various kinds. He excelled in conversation; and Dr. Johnson some where has remarked that he did it *without effort*. There is a short copy of verses by one of the Literary Club, in which the author, Dr. Barnard, I think, selects Mr. Beauclerk as the member who should teach him 'how to converse.'

* At the sale of the Duke of Grafton's Library (see page 133, ante) this very copy produced the sum of 64*l.* 1*s.*

† What a tale might be told about 'MR. GARRICK'S LIBRARY!' Alas, poor Edward Allen! And hadst thou, honest Ben, (*Jonson's Works*, edit. 1816, vol. viii, p. 199) foreseen the pillage of those dramatic treasures of which THE LIBRARY of the 'skilful Roscius' was composed, what indignation would have marked the numbers of thy Muse! In few words, Garrick had free access to the library of Dulwich College ('of which Allen was the munificent and pious founder') and pillaged without scruple or remorse. He did pretty nearly the same thing with Sir Thomas Haumer's Library. No wonder, therefore, that the GARRICK COLLECTION, now deposited in the British Museum, presents at once an object of vexation, envy, and despair, to the K.'s and H.'s of the day!

thee from thy quiet resting place: but wherefore hadst thou not left thy portrait behind?

BELINDA. Was he so handsome?

LYSANDER. His countenance was rather expressive than beautiful; but it is a little extraordinary that, of all the knowing and fashionable *Literati* of his day—the friends and familiars of Johnson—we should not have possessed a portrait, from the pencil of Reynolds, or of some other artist, of the well known and well connected Topham Beauclerk?

You observe the figure of a lean and shrewdly-looking old gentleman, with a coin in one hand, a book in another, and specimens of mineralogy and of comparative anatomy picturesquely grouped upon a table against which he leans! ? 'Tis that of the late Dr. WILLIAM HUNTER: * a name never

'I had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. Beauclerk was also a collector of natural curiosities, as minerals, fossils, &c. &c. Botany was another of his pursuits. He built a very large conservatory, a hot-house, pinery, &c. &c. and he had all, or most of, the curious and scarce exotics. His pleasure ground and garden were also laid out in very superior style. In short, his seat at *Muswell-Hill* (about 2 miles north-east of Highgate) became famous, and attracted so many troublesome visitors, that, towards the last, no person was admitted without a ticket.'

Let us therefore, in conclusion, return our best thanks and make our best bow to Mr. J. Dalby for this very acceptable morceau of Beauclerkian biography. The pages of *Boswell's Life of Johnson* will shew what a figure our book-hero cut in the LITERARY CLUB, of famous memory.

* DR. WILLIAM HUNTER.] The pages of the new *General Biographical Dictionary*, vol. xviii. pp. 317-329, will supply a sufficient account of the rise and progress of the good fortune and great reputation of this truly eminent physician and collector. Our object here must be purely bibliomaniacal; yet we may just observe that Dr. Hunter was born in 1718 and died in 1783. His death exhibited a sort of 'Addisonus-Redivivus' scene. 'Turning to his friend Dr. Combe, "if I had strength enough to hold a pen," said he, "I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."' *Ibid.* Eager therefore must thou be, Christian reader, to peruse something—if it be only connected with the *editiones principes* of such an enviable bibliomaniac! Let us begin by observing that the LIBRARY and MUSEUM, to which such strong allusion is above made by Lysander, was built in Windmill-Street, (a spot, more picturesque in name than

to be pronounced without emotions of regret and respect. He was really a fine fellow, that said Doctor—and 'tis difficult just now to determine whether his fame as a physician,

in absolute locality, but extremely central for the purpose of being visited) at the back of a very respectable dwelling house which the Doctor also built, and inhabited. Some nine or ten years ago, when I was 'beating up' for materials for a new edition of our *Typog. Antiq.* I had free access (through the intercession of a friend and relative of Dr. Baillie, Mr. Hunter's nephew, and one of the then Trustees of the Museum) to the magnificent library deposited in the spot just described; and busied myself pretty briskly in making fac-similes from some of the woodcuts in the Caxtonian volumes. The keeper of the Museum was the old servant of Dr. Hunter; and he would often tell me that he remembered well the 'huge cargoes of books' which used to come from the sales of libraries at Paris, to be unpacked, and placed upon the shelves of his master. But this 'old servant,' 'from the north countrie,' was in the habit of eying me, at my 'fac-simile' labours, pretty sedulously: and 'thought he to himself' what *can* that short and busy gentleman be about? In those days we were in the very thick, heat, and bustle of a war with Bonaparte—and 'a set of cyphers, hieroglyphics, secret signals, or suspicious intelligence, might, by such means, be imparted to the enemy?' So appeared to think the sapient auld servant from the 'north countrie.' In consequence, my attendance was not only interdicted, but I was summoned to shew of what nature my 'proceedings had been.'

How impenetrably, and at the same time how easily and becomingly, does that panoply sit upon us, which is manufactured by the simple process of 'mens sibi conscia recti!' I obeyed with alacrity the summons. My transparent tracing papers were shewn; and the 'suspicious intelligence,' imputed to me, consisted in those unique and lovely ornaments, representing '*Grammayre, Logyke, Arismetrique, Geometrie, Musyke, and Astronomie,*' (from Caxton's *Mirror of the Word*) which are to be seen in vol. i. p. 110, &c. of the work before alluded to: and one of which ('*Musyke*') Mr. Evans was seditious enough to prefix to the new edition of his father's *Old Ballads*! Need I add, that, on the examination of these 'documents,' the 'short and busy gentleman' was not only honourably acquitted, but requested to pursue his hieroglyphical labours as often and as long as he pleased. Both judges and judgee have often since joined in the same laugh which accompanied the denouement! However, as we have got free and full permission to go on with our book-examinations, the reader may as well be informed that, generally speaking, the HUNTERIAN COLLECTION OF BOOKS (as he will presently learn more particularly) forms a noble and estimable library. Many choice, scarce, and magnificent tomes repose therein: but they have been injudiciously kept in pent-up situations, without exposure to air: from the windows, which were in the upper part of the room, having been rarely opened. The books were also placed against outer-walls; and in

a pathologist, or bibliomaniac, be entitled to the greater distinction . . .

LORENZO. You spoke of his *Coins* . . .

consequence very many of them are *foxy* and *damp*. They flanked, however, a room of no ordinary character or dimensions. In the centre were the minerals and shells, and the lock-up mahogany cases of precious coins, 'of which those, struck by the Greek free cities, were published by the Doctor's learned friend, the late Dr. Combe, in 1783, in Latin: with a classical dedication to the Queen, in which the Doctor acknowledges his obligations to her Majesty.' Above, along a gallery which went entirely round the room, were the invaluable anatomical preparations—arranged systematically—and acquired, through a long series of years, with unrelenting diligence, unbounded liberality, and perhaps unparalleled sagacity.

The Doctor, however, was a better pathologist and physician than bibliographer. Mr. Beloe, in his *Anecdotes*, &c. vol. iii. p. 226,* is pleased to notice his 'usual sagacity' in this latter respect: but he never possessed any—simply because he wanted leisure, rather than capacity, for the study. His book feelings and taste—his *bibliomania*, if you please—were of the highest order: and such a successful union of fine pursuits, in one person, was never before exhibited in this country. When he set about his elephantine folio publication of '*The Anatomy of the Human Gravid Uterus*,' which cost him upwards of twenty years toil, expense, and anxiety—he employed BASKERVILLE, the Jenson of his day, to introduce it to public notice with every possible degree of typographical advantage; and as far as type, (yet too slender!) paper, printing, and engravings go, (some of the latter indeed are thrillingly impressive!) we may no longer bewail the falling off, in these matters, from the times of our own Cowper, or of Bidloo. But his solicitude about his Museum was carried beyond the grave, for 'the sum of 8000*l.* sterling was left as a fund for its support and augmentation.'

It remains to say some five or fifteen words about the 'government transaction' so strongly alluded to by Lysander, and condemned with equal violence by his auditory. Thus runs the passage in the *General Biographical Dict.* 'After he had obtained a competency, as his wealth continued to accumulate, he formed a laudable design of engaging in some scheme of public utility; and at first had it in contemplation to found an anatomical school in the metropolis. For this purpose, about 1765, during the administration of Mr. Grenville, he presented a memorial to that minister, in which he requested the grant of a piece of ground in the Mews for the site of an anatomical theatre. Dr. Hunter undertook to expend 7000*l.* on the building, and to endow a professorship of

* The ms. note of Dr. Hunter, prefixed to the second Roman edition of Virgil, by Sweynheym and Pannartz, which appears transcribed by Mr. Beloe in the above place, had been copied by myself some few years before—but was not deemed of sufficient importance to lay before the public in the third edition of the *Introduction to the Classics*.

LYSANDER. Ay, and well I might—for his series of *Gold Greek Coins* are, I believe, unrivalled in this country. But it is of *Books* that we are more especially bound to speak. And yet I never think or talk of the *Hunterian Museum* without absolute agony of heart! . . .

anatomy in perpetuity. This scheme did *not meet with* THE RECEPTION IT DESERVED. In a conversation on this subject soon afterwards with the Earl of Shelburne, [father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne] his Lordship expressed a wish that the plan might be carried into execution by *subscription*; and very generously requested to have his name set down for 1000 guineas. Dr. Hunter's delicacy would not allow him to adopt this proposal. He chose rather to execute it at his own expense; and accordingly purchased a spot of ground in *Great Windmill Street*, where he erected a spacious house,* to which he removed from Jermyn-street in 1770. In this building, besides a handsome amphitheatre and other convenient apartments for his lectures, and dissections, there was ONE MAGNIFICENT ROOM, fitted up with great elegance and propriety as a Museum.' Such a transaction needs no comment. Sighs have been breathed and tears have been shed in abundance since the event, and we will not now tear open wounds which manifest a disposition to heal. Suffice it to add, that Dr. Hunter's Museum is transported to Glasgow: and with it, necessarily, the LIBRARY. In the summer of 1816 Lord Spencer made a tour in Scotland; partly picturesque, and partly for the sake of sporting with *books* as well as with *guns*. Of course a visit to Glasgow could not be paid without inspection of the *Hunterian tomes*: and to a particular request with which I troubled his Lordship, of favouring me with a few details concerning the library, he was so obliging as to gratify me with a descriptive account of some of the rarer and more estimable volumes—which a sojourning of four hours only, in the said library, enabled him to complete. Captain Laskey had previously published a sort of Guide or Analysis of the Museum, in which, however, nothing more than the titles of the early printed books are given.

'The ms. catalogue of the library (according to his Lordship's account) consists of two folio volumes; and the books are described in it 'neither alphabetically, nor according to classes, but as they stand upon the shelves; where they are placed only with reference to their sizes, without the smallest attention to subject, dates, or languages. By the kind attention and politeness of Dr. Cowper, the keeper of the Museum, his lordship contrived to see all those books which, from their titles in the catalogue, appeared likely to be interesting.' Here followeth, then, a rich gleanings of bibliographical intelligence, gathered (with many other memoranda not necessary to be mentioned) within the precincts of the said library during the forementioned 'short sojourning' therein.

* Now, a stereotype printing-office. It might have been converted to worse purposes.

LISARDO. Wherefore, I pray?

LYSANDER. Know then, my friends, that the *whole* of the Hunterian treasures—*Books, Coins, Anatomical Prepara-*

BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY OF DR. HUNTER AT GLASGOW.

- 1 *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 1526: *Troilus and Cressida*, without date: *Book of Fame*, without date: all by Pynson, in one volume. A tolerably fair copy; and a curious collection of Chaucer's Works, from the press of Pynson.
- 2 *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, without date, folio. Pynson's first edition. Ratcliffe's copy: rather fine. Probably what Mr. Laskey call's 'Caxton's Chaucer.'
- 3 *St. Alban's Chronicle*; wanting last leaf of the text, and the last leaf of the book, with the device, being ill copied. The table is complete. Sound copy, but rather dingy.
- 4 *Trevisa's Polychronicon*, by Caxton; imperfect.
- 5 *Dives and Pauper*, 1493, folio, by Pynson. Fine copy, but rather cropt.
- 6 *Lyfe of Christ*, by Caxton: imperfect.
- 7 *Gesta Romanorum*, litt. goth. sine anno, folio: 2 columns. Note in Dr. Hunter's hand-writing: This book I met with in a sale, bound up with I. de Therarnio's "Consolatio Peccatorum," printed at Colonia in 1474. The type and paper the same; and therefore no doubt the printer was Joh. Veldener.' This (observes his Lordship) is probably the same edition of the work as that which I possess; which would therefore (if the Doctor be right in his conjecture) be attributable to Veldener's press. For the sake of comparison I have noted the catchword at the bottom of the 1st page; which is 'cōfirmabatur.'
- 8 *Stus. Ambrosius de Officiis*: Valdarfer, 1474, 4to.
- 9 *Comayero Vita della Donna*. Sine anno, folio. Char. Phillipi de Lignamine. Fine. B. R. at the end.
- 10 ————— 1472, 4to. Charact. Florentii de Argentina. Fine copy.
- 11 *Chronicle of England*: by Caxton: imperfect. Bad copy.
- 12 *Rastell's Pastime of People*: perfect, with the exception of the first leaf—for which another, with Day's device, is substituted.
- 13 *Sti. Johannis Apocalypsis*: 42 plates.
14. *Golden Legend*, by Julian Notary, 1503, folio. Very fine copy; and desirable specimen of the press of the printer.
- 15 *Æneid*, by Caxton. Fine copy, but imperfect at the end.
- 16 *Mirroure of the World*, by Caxton. 'Caxton me fieri fecit.' Perfect, but cropt. Ratcliffe's copy.
- 17 *Xenophon de Venatione*, &c. folio, 1467: with signatures. An evident counterfeit. Probably of the date of 1500.

tions, *Minerals, Shells*, and I know not what—were destined by their collector for a *National Gift* . . . upon condition only that some two hundred square feet might be allotted by

BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY OF DR. HUNTER AT GLASGOW.

- 18 *Hylton's Scale of Perfection*, 1494, by Wynkyn de Worde. (Lettered Caxton.)
- 19 *Roderici Santii Historia Hispanica*, folio : by Ulric Han. Sine anno. 2 leaves printed upon vellum. Colophon remarkable.
- 20 *Tewrdanckhs*, 1517, upon vellum. Very fine. Lord Oxford's copy ; and quite a treasure in its way. Binding defective at the back.
- 21 *Servius in Virgilium* : sine anno. 'Anser Tarpeii,' &c. Very fine copy ; and among my greatest book-desiderata.
- 22 *Biblia Græcè*, 1518. By Aldus. Thick paper. Beautiful copy. Superior to the Duke of Devonshire's and my own.
- 23 *Biblia Sacra Italicè*. Venet. 1471, folio, 2 volumes. 'Mense Augusto.' Beautiful copy ; and to me, without excepting even the Vellum Aldine Plato, and the Servius, (as above) the most desirable article in the whole collection. It is as fine a specimen of an old book as any in my own library : in fine old French red-morocco binding.
- 24 *Boece en Francois*, Bruges, Colard Mansion, 1476. Fine copy.
- 25 *Golden Legend*, by Caxton, 1483, folio. Perfect, and very fine. Ratcliffe's copy.*
- 26 *Brunetto Latini Il Tesoro*, Trivisio, 1474. litt. goth. Perfect and sound ; but much cropt.
- 27 *Cicero, de Officiis*, 1465. On paper : very fine copy.
- 28 *Cicero. Tuscul. Quæst.* Sine anno. Character. Cæsar's et Stol.
- 29 *Godefrey of Boulogne*, by Caxton, 1485. Good copy. Ratcliffe's.
- 30 *Ausonius*, 1472. With Calphurnius, and nothing else.
- 31 *Plinius*, 1469. Very fine indeed.†
- 32 *Cordiale*, by Caxton. Pretty good copy.
- 33 *S. Augustinus De Civitate Dei*, folio, sine anno, 2 cols. In Mentelin's larger character, and a fine specimen of his press.
- 34 *Speculum Conscientiæ ; Bruexellæ*, 1476, large folio, double columns. A beautiful book in its way, and very early for Brussels.
- 35 *Promptorium Parvulorum*. Pynson : seems to want something at the end. Fine copy.

* I well remember the handling of this fine volume, some ten years ago. It is in russia binding.

† Of this grand copy some notice is taken in the *Introd. to the Classics*, vol. ii. p. 132 : but it is not free from a foxy tint ; and is yet inferior in size to his Lordship's own copy.

government for a spot upon which to build a museum. But government, with a parsimony and purblindness equally

BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY OF DR. HUNTER AT GLASGOW.

36 *Seneca De Quatuor Virtutibus*, 4to. in the character of Cæsar's and Stoll, but with the following colophon :

A . D . Mccccclxiii

Per Iohannē fust civē Magūtines

et petrū Gernszheym

With an imitation of the arms beneath. The whole in ms. and evidently spurious. What is remarkable, both this and no. 17, are bound in the very same manner as my copy of Pliny the Younger, with the fabricated date of 1469 (see B. S. vol. ii. p. 271) and I think clearly came from the shop of the same book-falsifier in Holland.

37 *Dante*, Mantua, 1472. Good copy.

38 *Virgilii Opera*, Vindelin de Spira, 1470. Fine copy ; but tawdrily and ill bound.

39 *Isocrates*, Gr. 1493. In old binding : very beautiful. Quite in Cracherodian condition, but not very large.

40 *Galeomyomachia*, Gr. by Aldus. Bad copy.

41 *Lactantius*, 1471, Adam. Very fine, UPON VELLUM.

42 *Lucianus*, Gr. 1496. Tolerably good copy. First leaf of contents supplied in MS.

43 *Virgilii Opera*, Sweynheym and Pannartz. SECOND ROMAN EDITION. Fully collated and described by his Lordship ; who, however, thinks it ' certainly defective at the end—namely, in the *Incerti Auctoris Elegia*, ' though this defect be of little consequence, as the text of the poet is complete.'

44 *Libro de Atila in Italiam*, 1472, 4to. In the character of the *Decor Puellarum*.

45 *Priscianus*, 1470. Very fine.

46 *Plato*, Aldus, 1513, 2 vol. PRINTED UPON VELLUM. One of my first objects, and a most brilliant specimen it is of the Aldine Press ! The first and last leaves of each volume are however a little spotted.* (See no. 23.)

47 *Æsopus*, Gr. sine anno, 4to. the Greek portion only. Good copy.

48 *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum*. One of the finest copies in small paper I ever saw : with the plate of the Hospital in the 2nd volume.

49 *Scrutinium Scripturarum*, by Ulric Han. The text in his large Roman character, and the titles of his chapters in his large Gothic ; with the verses ' Anser Tarpeii,' &c. at the end. Very fine copy. A very curious and beautiful specimen of Ulric Han's character, and probably one of his earliest productions in the large Roman letter.

* I have a perfect remembrance of these enchanting volumes : certainly the finest of vellum Alduses : but remember Claymond's Aristotle, at p. 235, ante.

contemptible and unaccountable, thought fit to — decline complying with a request, as gallant as it was glorious, on the part of the owner of such treasures.

LORENZO. You amaze me!

PHILEMON. Can it be so?

LISARDO. Oh miserable and narrow-minded policy! Our Ministers, and Parliamentary Leaders of every description, would now-a-days be equally prompt to shew a very different feeling upon the occasion.

LYSANDER. They would so: for think you that, in France, in ancient times, the spirit of Richelieu, or of Mazarin, or of Colbert, or of Fleury, would not have dictated a very different line of policy? Assuredly it would. The consequence was, the Doctor, piqued and indignant as he might well be, directed all his physical and bibliomaniacal treasures to be concentrated at Glasgow, his native place—after a certain number of years; which ‘number of years,’ having expired, the HUNTERIAN MUSEUM now exists at the distance of some five hundred miles from the spot of its original destination.

But we must proceed in our mirror-review of deceased bibliomaniacs. Who have we yonder, apart, thoughtful, or rather in the act of writing and transcribing, as if his hand would never tire and his pen never wear out?! 'Tis the modest and diligent HERBERT.*

It remains only to observe that there is a very beautiful, and by no means uncommon, portrait of Dr. Hunter, engraved by Bartolozzi, which the reader may, or may not, as he chooses, purchase, and place in the front of this description of some of the Doctor's choicer book-treasures. I make no doubt that the industry and love of learning which characterise the Scottish genius at Glasgow, will speedily cause to be published a catalogue of the whole of the HUNTER LIBRARY which shall be worthy of its high character.

* *the modest and diligent HERBERT.*] After the copious chit-chat relating to William Herbert in the *Bibliomania*, pp. 87-587, what can possess the author of

LORENZO. Can you have any reason for noticing this plodding bibliographer a second time?

the *Bibliographical Decameron* again to bring forward this prosing old gentleman? Be not hasty, or scandalous, courteous reader: for what if I were about to produce a sort of farce in the *Herbertiana* which ensue? What if I cause thee to say—‘man is a queer creature, whether with, or without, a full-bottomed wig—bibliographical or anti-bibliographical—young or old, rich or poor.’ Thus then it turns out to be. Our Herbert, I find, was a marvellously stingy genius. ‘*Stingy!*’—‘rather (rejoins the said courteous reader) enthusiastic, diligent, and laborious.’ Be that as it may: yet I have lately learnt that Master William Herbert was a very curious preserver of pack-thread and brown-paper, and that when the coach brought a proof of his work down to Cheshunt, from his printer in town, he, the said William Herbert, would studiously have his little boy, or Mercury, at the coach office, to bring the proof home, and thus save the enormous expense of portage—namely, *two-pence* each turn! The cream of this ‘*save-penny*’ is to come—call it, however, enthusiasm if you please.

Our first ‘farcical’ document is of a somewhat ancient date: just two years ensuing that of the birth of the recorder of it. Herbert, it is quite evident, was not his own *Shaver* . . . but cease further ‘prologue’—and now for the ‘swelling act.’ Hereafter followeth a *Barber’s bill*: the larger letters denoting the unique style of composition of Master James Lambole (who also, peradventure,

Cut hair for three half-pence, for three-pence he bled,
And would draw for a groat every tooth in your head)

and the smaller, the bibliographical memoranda of Master William Herbert; when preparing the first volume of his edition of Ames.

Mr. Herbert Dr. to James Lambole

but it seems not to have been executed, or if it was, others had patents also to ye same purport, excluding only such as had none, for Jno. Day, Jno. Walley, Tho. to a Quarters Shaveing Due 21 July 1778 - 0 . 5 . 3 Marshe, &c. were licensed by ye Stat. Co. to print Alm. and Prog. by various authors, both before and after ye supposed date of this patent.

July 31 1778 N.B. The words in the extracts from both parts of 0 . 5 . 3 this Breviary printed here in Italic, are distinguished by red ink in the original.

Recd the Contints full

I have throughout this article followed the orthography of the extracts as they were sent to Mr. Ames, but am pretty confident from constant observation the *j* was not used at that time by the printers of any nation as a

Recd in Part 0 4 0 by me James Lambole

letter, only as a numeral; nor *v* in the middle of words, unless they were in cap.

Remains Due 0 1 3

LYSANDER. Methinks Lorenzo doth not here evince his usual urbanity and liberality of judgment. Herbert was

On the back of this precious document * is another bibliographical scrap, thus :
 ' These patents don't appear to have had any exclusive power or efficacy, seeing other persons had licenses also from ye Stationers Comp. to print Alm. &c. at ye same time, viz. Jno. Walley, Tho. Marshe, &c. who probably had patents also of ye same purport wch excluded such persons only from printing them as had no patent.'

About six years later, upon a scrap of starch-tinted paper, enclosing '*Carttar and Smith's best Virginia tobacco, Greenwich*—printed at 11 Wharton's Ct. Holborn Bars,' are the following entries made :

' I : : H.

A Coment. on Ephesians. By Lan. Ridley - - Retd.

A. Dent's Sermon on Repent. & Charton's 2d Sermon, - 1 0

P. Viret's Christian Instruction - - 2 0

Ino. Veron's Predestination - - - 2 6'

One more 'farcical' specimen only, and we proceed to graver particulars. The following is from his tailor.

' Sir,

Am very sorry I have kept yr Cloaths so long, but have been so lame and poorly, that have hindred me much, or should have come with them last week—and now am very busy with making of mourning. I rem. yr much oblig'd humble Servt.

July 30th, 1790.

I. WEALD.'

On the back of this tailor's bill is a different strain—being in fact the rudiments of Herbert's description of the title of the famous *Hawking, Hunting, and Angling Book*, published by W. de Worde in 1496 : (see *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 56.) Thus :

' This title is under a wood-cut of a group of noblemen and gentlemen, attended by servants uncover'd, waiting and receiving directions ; one holding a brace of greyhounds coupled, another with a bugle horn, bow & arrows, others with pike and halberd : a hawk flying over their heads. On ye other page of this first leaf, is a cut representing fowls of various kinds, on ye land, and in ye water. Although this cut appears on ye front page as this copy is bound up, i am inclined to believe it was design'd to be ye back, & yt with the title for the front.' These are comical incidents—and if similar ones could be picked up relating to our SHAKESPEARE?! What would such a 'Barber's bill' now produce? But to fall into a more sober train. Let me conclude these *Herbertiana* by subjoining specimens of a portion of the correspondence between GOUGH and HERBERT—not altogether divested of interest : especially, too, as such kind of composition has of late become rather popular. Witness the ten elaborate tomes of *Anecdotes* put forth by the septuagenarian, ycleped Mr. John Nichols!

* It may be essential to mention that this 'precious document' measures eight inches by four and a half.

plodding, I grant: but he was honest, accurate, and of a most meek and Christian-like spirit. No man ever begun and went through life with 'cleaner hands,' and I will add, with such diversity of incidents: the close of it being so

'Dear Sir, If you can spare *Pynson's Directoriū Sacerdotum*, and any other books printed by him, the loan thereof, when and how it may be most convenient to you, will be esteemed an additional favour conferred on Your most obliged
Cheshunt, 19th Mar. 82. humble servant, Wm. Herbert.'

Cheshunt, 17th June, 82.

'Dear Sir, I have received a very obliging letter from Mr. Essex, dated 10th instant, in which he acquaints me that he called on Mr. Nichols on Friday, the last of May, expecting to see or hear of you; however he found 2 letters from you, in the former of which you desired him to direct an answer to me, which he accordingly did the first opportunity he had of going to the Publ. Libr. though he returned to Cambridge very ill the day after he was at Mr. Nichols's. He desires his compliments to yourself and family, and to remind Mr. Nichols of sending the prints which he has for him. I was in great hopes of seeing you 'ere this, but as i have not, am afraid you have been ill, as every body indeed seems to have been, more or less. If you have *Hearne's Otterbourne and Wethamstede* shall be obliged to you to send them by the postman, and i will return them with your other books soon. I shall be glad to see you before i thank Mr. Essex for his kind favour, as indeed i know not his address. I have had a touch of the general disorder, thank God, very favourably. Mrs. H. had it severely, but is much better. With best respects to you and yours, i am in sincerity,
your's, Wm. Herbert.'

'Dear Sir, I thank you very kindly for consulting Mr. Tilly concerning Etherington's affair; as also for the books you sent me, together with ye catalogue of Mr. Gulston's books. I purpose going to town on Monday, and will then wait on Mr. Tilly. I suppose you forgot to send my copy; however, as i do not immediately want it, wish you not to send again on purpose. Shall be glad to see you when opportunity serves, and am your's sincerely,

Cheshunt, 7 May, 1783.

Wm. Herbert.'

Enfield, May 6, 83.

'Dear Sir, I have had no opportunity of calling on you. But I am so much concerned at the Treatment you have met with from the Commissioners respecting yr paper at Etherington's, yt I cannot help informing you yt if it suits you to call on Mr. Tilly, No. 15, Poultry, he will, on the Representation I was able to give him of the Case, recover the loss for you. If you shd not see him, inquire for Mr. Allen.

'I send you some of ye Articles from Croft's sale, and am your's truly,

R. Gough.'

diametrically opposite to its commencement. I am afraid, however, our William Herbert was rather penurious—at least in the use of *paper, pen, and postage*: or rather, pos-

Cheshunt, 18 May.

‘Dear Sir, I return you many Thanks for your Care and Trouble in sending me Dr. Goddard’s and Mr. Martin’s Catalogues: the former contain’d nothing for my purpose, but wish i had receiv’d ye latter time enough to have desired you to bid for a few lots of this Day; however, can now only beg ye favour of you to learn who were the Purchasers of Lots 88, 100, 119, 178, 186;* also whether the date of lot 89 is not misprinted for 1562.

‘If this reaches you time enough, i shall be obliged to you to buy for me Lot 203. As i have never seen the Books, shall leave the price to your Discretion: i do not stand for a shil. or two in such an Article. For Lot 214, i wou’d give 5 or 6s. and no more, as i have all Seneca’s Tragedies compt. in 4to. I shd. like a Lot or 2 of ye Orig. Deeds, if not too Dear, and especially Lot 326.

‘I have not hear’d of any other House, as yet, than what i told you of; but there are one or two in expectation. Hope you will excuse this Trouble from,

Sir, your very humble and obedient Servant, Wm. Herbert.’

‘Dear Sir, On Sunday morning i had ye favour of a line from Mr. Price, dated Dunkirk, Herts, 6 Jan. informing me that as i had not been at Bulstrode, Her Grace of Portland had brought *ye noble boke of cokery*† to town for my perusal, and wishing me to apply there for a sight of it; i go therefore to London t’morrow morning for yt purpose. I shou’d have waited on you on D but thought you wou’d be at ye vestry, or this day, but as i was in hopes of ye pleasure of seeing you at Cheshunt, & so might miss one another. As i have not seen you, send you this notice yt you may not lose yr labour t’morrow (Wednesday.) I have not hear’d from Spilsbury, tho’ i wrote to him by post, ye evening i saw you last: Cannot devise ye meaning of it. Shou’d be glad to see you in town on 24 if i knew where; but as the dedication cannot now be printed in time for presentation on yt day, if conveniently i can, intend to return home on 8 Even. Your’s sincerely,

Chesht. 11 Jan. 85.

Wm. Herbert.’

‘Dear Sir, I thank you for ye perusal of your cargo of catal. and *ye Roll of Cookery*, which is really very curious: wish her grace wou’d permit her “*Noble boke*” to be printed also,‡ as they wou’d illucidate each other. I am obliged to you, & Mr. Nichols for inserting my advertisemt. on his covers, & did not expect it for less. Have sent you title pages & dedications for Mr. Ord and Mr.

* ‘88, 5s. 6d. Major Pearson; 100, 2s. Chapman; 119, 1s. 6d. Collins; 178, 4s. 6d. Chappelow; 186, 1l. 3s. Dr. Hunter; 203, 15s. Major Pearson; 214, 12s. Ditto.’ W. Herbert.

† See page 234, ante.

‡ What a *bonne-bouche* for the ROXBURGHERS

sibly, he had certain habits, which though natural and indeed harmless in themselves, were somewhat repulsive to a stranger. He was, you must know, a prodigious economist in *string*, and *white* and *brown paper*. His black-letter entries were made upon every scrap which could receive ink ; and among these Sibylline leaves of bibliographical inspiration, his *Barber's bill* was even rendered instrumental to some important memorandum !

BELINDA. Wonderous man. He must have died possessed of the wealth of Cræsus ?

LYSANDER. He died in good circumstances ; but his reputation, as the compiler of our TYPOGRAPHICAL ANTIQUITIES, is the richest legacy which he has bequeathed to his country. Had Herbert's taste and spirit been equal to his diligence and accuracy, we should have witnessed a series of volumes as interesting from their beauty as they would have been valuable from their contents.

BELINDA. What amiably-looking elderly gentleman is that I see, in your magical mirror, who reposes within his chair, with an air of such complacency and intelligence ?

LYSANDER. 'Tis the figure of the late Reverend CLAYTON MORDAUNT CRACHERODE.* . . .

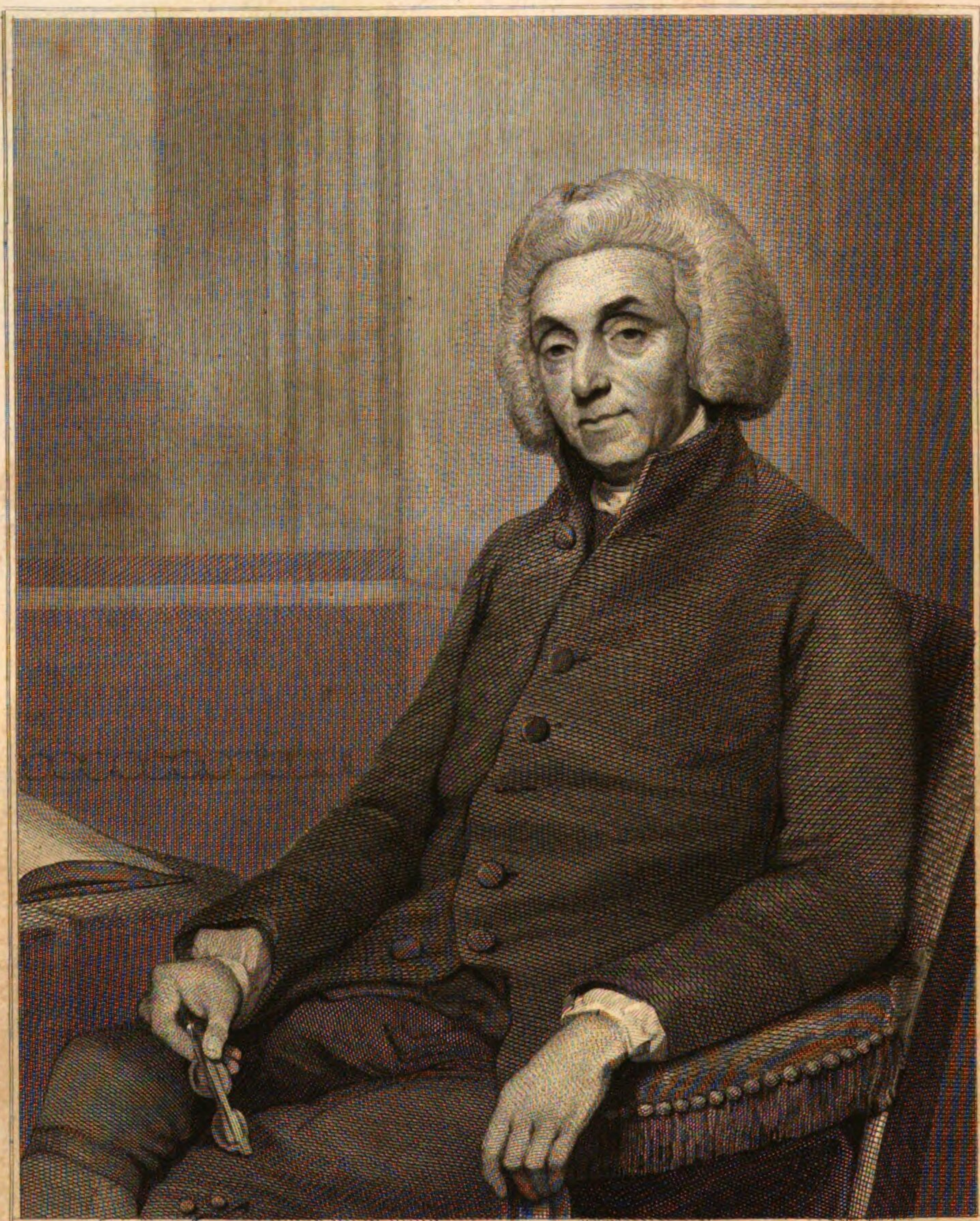
Douce : am not certain whether they had ye cuts, therefore have sent them also. Shall be glad to know how to forward a set to Mr. Fenn. A dedication for yr. self.

Your's sincerely,

Chesht. 29 Jan. 85.

WH.

* *the late Rev. CLAYTON MORDAUNT CRACHERODE.*] There are few names pronounced with more unfeigned respect than that of the bibliomaniacal HERCULES whose book-career we are about briefly to notice. The reader will, in the first place, be pleased to consider—that in designating Mr. Cracherode as a *Hercules*, it is by no means intended to convey any extraordinary ideas of the gigantic or muscular construction of his *figure*: although there was no deficiency of size or height in this latter respect: but simply to impress upon him a notion of the Herculean powers of his head, heart, and purse—in matters of *Alduses*,



Worthington sc

The Reverend
CLAYTON MORDAUNT CRACHERODE.

*From a Drawing, by Edridge, in the Collection
of Earl Spencer K. G. &c. &c. &c.*

London, Published for the Rev.^d T. F. Dobbins April. 1817.

PRINTED BY LARKE

LISARDO. I have heard much of him. A 'crack Collector' in his day!

and Giunti, and Jenson, and Schoiffhers. His character as a clergyman, a gentleman, and citizen of the world, is easily dispatched: nor is it necessary to repeat at length what his friends know so well, and what the public at large may in three seconds be made acquainted with from the pages of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, vol. x. p. 444. Mr. Cracherode both inherited and preserved a very considerable fortune. He was a bachelor, and a prudent man to boot; and with 5000*l.* per annum, some twenty or thirty years ago, he maintained such an intercourse with booksellers and book-auctioneers, as rendered him a rival of no ordinary powers of competition. Add to this, his habits were retired and frugal: no 'table-ronde' dinners at the 'Clarendon Hotels' of the day, for him!—but simple diet, upon a silk-damask table cloth, (see some 'merrie conceited' strictures upon the virtues of table-cloths at p. 28, 33, 42, ante) wax lights upon bronze candlesticks which might vie, in the art of alto relievo, with the best efforts of *Benvenuto Cellini*; some three glasses of mellow old Port, and, in the end, the like number of

cups

Which cheer but not inebriate;

So would he welcome peaceful evening in!

Notwithstanding Mr. Cracherode is said to have had a dash of the primitiveness of the old school about him, his manners were easy, polished, and engaging. He was a thorough gentleman, and no mean scholar. Cumberland, who was at school with him at Westminster, says he was, when a boy, 'as grave, studious, and reserved, as he was through life.' This turn of character might be inherited or constitutional. His countenance was particularly expressive of benevolence of disposition, and elegance of mind: indeed, kindness, curtesy, and christian charity were the qualities which seemed to be always 'playing round his heart.' The ACCOMPANYING PORTRAIT, taken from a whole length pencil-drawing of him by Edridge,* in his latter years—and when his flesh was

* It is said in the *Gen. Biog. Dict.* (vol. x. p. 446) that this was the only likeness of him 'made by order, and in the possession of Lady Spencer, but by himself expressly forbidden to be engraved.' There is truth in the latter part of this remark; nor would the ABOVE ENGRAVING have been here submitted to the reader (with the consent of Earl Spencer) had it not been that another drawing, or rather sketch of Mr. Cracherode, obtained by the late W. Alexander from Mr. Edridge, as a mere outline, and for his own port-folio, had been purchased at the sale of Mr. Alexander's drawings, &c. by Mr. Clarke, with a view of making an engraving from it for his forthcoming *Repertorium Bibliographicum*. That print is a stippled outline engraving, of a small size, and comparatively unfinished execution, as was the original: and certainly much unlike the one upon which the reader may be now looking—which however is faithfully and skilfully engraved from the drawing above mentioned. The drawing was executed for Lord Spencer: who begged a duplicate, of the head only, by the same artist, for his illustrated *Variorum Shakspeare* of 1793: concerning which see the *Bibliomania*, p. 668.

LYSANDER. Truly he was entitled to something beyond such a doubtful appellative. Mr. Cracherode had a thoroughly classical taste, and not less perseverance and spirit, in his

somewhat shrunken—is clearly indicative of the virtues here mentioned. The friends and acquaintances of Mr. Cracherode were of first-rate character for talent and rank. Having obtained *the blue ribbon of literature*—a Trusteeship of the British Museum—our hero sat down, at the same board, with many of those who possessed his fullest confidence and highest respect both within and without the walls of the British Museum. The late Mr. Tyrwhitt, Earl Spencer, the Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Cyril Jackson, are among those here expressly alluded to. Lysander is apparently jocose or romantic upon the frequent meeting of Mr. Cracherode, and the second of this illustrious quartetto, in the *Bowers of Wimbledon*—but there can be no doubt that Wimbledon is a residence which often reminds the present noble owners of it of the generosity and kind-heartedness of their deceased friend. The portrait, above mentioned, adorns the walls of Earl Spencer's private apartment in that mansion. What is not generally known, the venerable character of whom we are discoursing, was sitting in the back-shop of Elmsly the bookseller, when his Lordship gave the *first book-order*, on coming to his title, to the same biblioplist: an order, restricted to merely useful and popular works, without any express directions as to bindings or large paper copies. At that time, these subsequently distinguished book-rivals were unknown to each other: 'but (said Mr. Cracherode to Mr. Elmsly, on being informed who it was that gave the order) I'll almost venture a wager of my *Tyndale upon vellum* (see vol. ii. p. 370) against any book in the Royal collection, that this same young nobleman becomes, in due time, a first-rate collector.' What prophetic sagacity! What sharp, clear, unerring fore-sightedness was here! The result of this nobleman's life has exhibited a glorious confirmation of the accuracy of the prediction.

But where are the MUSEUM and the LIBRARY of the late Revd. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode?—exclaims the impatient reader; and why are we left to linger so long about the borders of this promised paradise? Another moment's patience, I entreat. Mr. Cracherode's locomotive propensities were sufficiently singular. His migrations were almost exclusively confined to the metropolis; and, within these limits, his usual walk was—not in Bond-Street, or Pall-Mall, or in the Park—but from Queen Square to Elmsly's in the Strand, and from Elmsly's to Tom Payne's, at the Mews Gate. The grave has now equally set at rest all the motions of this book-loving triumvirate! But we must not stop to moralise:—one thing, at least, may be mentioned: which is, a reflection upon the extreme diversities of tastes among eminent book-collectors!! *Here* you shall see a man, like the family of the Vicar of Wakefield, confining his 'migrations from the blue bed to the brown!'—and *there*, spurring on his coursers, or borrowing almost 'the wings of the winds,' to transport him in the twinkling of an eye,

book-purchases. He was a splendid star in the old school of bibliography—from the time of the sale of Askew's

from the North to the South—from London to ——— or even to ———! Yet the book-passion of each shall be equally ardent and unabating: 'for (says Mr. Chalmers) the passion of Mr. Cracherode for collecting "was strong in death," and while he was at the last extremity, his agents were buying prints for him. In his farewell visit to Payne's shop, he put an *Edinburgh Terence* in one pocket, and a large paper *Oxford Cebes* in another; and expressed an earnest desire to carry away *Triveti Annales*, and *Henry Stephen's Pindar*, in old binding, both beautiful copies; and, as he thought, finer than his own; but which Mr. Payne had destined for Lord Spencer.' Mr. Cracherode died in 1799, in his 70th year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Now then for some gossip respecting his Museum and Library.

First as to his MUSEUM. It consisted of early-drawings, engravings, coins, and gems: among the latter of which were some exquisitely precious treasures—such as a 'cameo of a lion on a sardonyx and an intaglio of the *discobolos*: an *obliopolis*, and *dichalcos*, 'the first and smallest coin, being the fourth part of an obolus.' It is of the ENGRAVINGS, however, that I would wish here more particularly to gossip; and of these, the REMBRANDTS! . . .

Oh name for ever sad, for ever dear,

Still breathed with sighs, still usher'd with a tear!

—exclaims the pensive ghost of the venerable and ever to be lamented Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode! Yes, reader: thou mayst start, wonder, distend thine eye, and elevate thy voice in heart-rending interrogatories—but again, I say, it is of these REMBRANDTS 'that I would wish here more particularly to gossip:' a collection, which I believe was second to none, including even that of the late Viscount Fitzwilliam!

'Was, Sir? Nay, it is. I know not *was*'—interrupts the impetuous, and somewhat indecorous, reader! Again, I reply—a minute's patience: 'and I'll tell thee all.' 'List, oh list'—but a truce to borrowed language, even though it be Shakspeare's. Mr. Cracherode, upon his decease, bequeathed both his natural and artificial curiosities, of every description, together with his Library,* to the British Museum. To the British Museum accordingly they went. A room was appropriated to them; which room is now distinctly known as the *Cracherode*

* The *Complutensian Polyglot*, and De Thou's copy of the *first Homer*, must be excepted: the former having been bequeathed to the present Bishop of Durham, and the latter to Dr. Cyril Jackson, late Dean of Christ Church. The Dean, however, has generously consigned the De Thou Homer to its former companions—among whom this delectable creature is now in the best possible spirits: delectable, from its having been subjected to the thumbs and fingers of both De Thou and Dr. Jackson—for in point of colour and size, I have seen four or five finer copies. Report says that the Bishop destines the Polyglot for the same situation. All this is in excellent good taste and proper feeling.

library, to the day of his death—which latter event took place about eight or nine years after the dispersion of the Pinelli collection. ‘Of manners gentle, and affections mild,’

Room or Library. There they were arranged, preserved, guarded, worshipped. In an evil-hour, however, some bipedical serpent insinuated himself

(his head

Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,)

among that portion of the artificial curiosities, called the REMBRANDT PRINTS! The fruit was tempting to the eye and the palate: ’twas pluckt, ’twas stolen. Day following day the same filthy serpent contrived to carry on the same work of destruction, unseen and unwatched by the keeper of the golden fruit. To drop metaphor. A caricaturist and print vendor, whose name need not pollute these pages, got admission to *copy* (so he carried on the cheat) some of the rarer prints belonging to the late Mr. Cracherode; among which the Rembrandts in particular were deemed indispensable objects. Instead of *copying*, however, he chose to *steal* these prints. He brought his portfolio beneath his arm filled with *blank paper*: he returned with it filled by *Rembrandt’s prints*; and this, successively, for a tolerable length of time. Among the invaluable graphic treasures, thus systematically and barefacedly stolen, there happened to be, not only THE GREAT and THE LITTLE COPPENOL, with the ADVOCATE TOL, the HUNDRED GUILDER PIECE, and the BURGOMASTER SIX (see *Bibliomania*, p. 680-2) but a landscape, small, quizzical, precious, and unique—called the COACH LANDSCAPE—and off went our ‘caricaturist and print-vendor’ with the said Coach Landscape under his arm!

A very respectable, well known and intelligent print-vendor—whose name begins with a letter just as near the *tail* of the alphabet as that of the print-stealer does at the *head* of it, chanced ‘per varios casus’ to have this very COACH-PRINT submitted to his inspection, by a gentleman who had bought it of the robber. Mr. ——— started back, almost aghast—‘but this, Sir, (added he with hurried speech and action) can only be *the copy*, as the *original* is in the *British Museum*. However let us go and make the comparison.’ ‘Willingly,’ rejoined the unsuspecting gentleman:

With an anxious look

Their hats they took,

And nimbly walk’d

And briskly talk’d;

And said, O dear,

What glorious cheer!

For I and You

Should this prove true

On closest view! *Grimault’s Poems*, 1693, 8vo. p. 56.

They reached the Museum: and began an instant and vigorous attack upon the

the late Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode moved in a circle of the most respectable and distinguished characters of the day. His migrations however were confined to the metropolis;

CRACHERODE REMBRANDTS: but—NO COACH LANDSCAPE WAS THERE! What shrieks were emitted, and what consternation was expressed, what doubt, terror, and dismay, naturally and quickly took possession of the whole *Corps Bibliographique* of the Museum, it is not possible for me to express: but the thief was caught, secured, and—dismissed! ‘How! dismissed?’ Yes; notwithstanding the Statute-laws of this realm fill 20 compactly-printed and hugely-girted quarto tomes, and that there are more ‘Law Reports’ than were heard reports of cannon at the battle of Waterloo, still, a case, similar to that of the Cracherode-print-Robber, was not found to be amenable to punishment, either in the aforesaid Statutes or aforesaid Reports: and ——— was sent loose among other print collections without a hair of his head being touched. All that sagacity, prudence, judgement, experience, and a proper respect for the memory of the dead could produce, was manifested on the part of the Trustees: but no punishment could legally ensue, for who could swear to the *identity* of property, when the *mark* of such identity had been *effaced*? Other obstacles, not necessary to be here noticed, also presented themselves: and the wretch was left to prow at large, without the brand of punishment on his forehead. The affair produced a great sensation, both among the unlearned and learned in Rembrandt matters. An indirect appeal was made to the purchasers of these stolen treasures; and to the credit of most of them, be it said, they were returned—with the *Coach Landscape* in the bargain—with a remuneration of what had been advanced. I choose to say nothing further upon this revolting and heart-rending subject—except it be to subjoin, from the pen of a facetious and classical writer, and well-known frequenter of literary and fashionable resorts, the following jeu-d’esprit: composed by him, ere he had well wiped away the tear which the recital of such an event had caused to ‘gush from either eye.’ The reader will observe that it is after the manner of the tragedy of Macbeth, when the news of the sacking of Macduff’s castle is announced to the owner of it.

Fragment of a Tragedy lately acted at the British Museum.

Scene. The Shades below.

Mr. Cracherode is reposing under a plane tree, surrounded by his friends arrived from above since his arrangement of his Books, Prints, and Gems in the British Museum; Mr. Towneley lies at his right hand, and Mr. Steevens and Mr. Quin at his left: talking with Roger and Thomas Payne.

Enter SIR RICHARD SULLIVAN.

(All rise to receive Sir Richard and welcome his arrival.)

All hail to our worthy friend and brother!

What brings you from the world above? how fares

for he seldom, if ever, visited beyond the railings of Hyde Park Corner—unless we except occasional excursions to *Wimbledon*, where he was wont to enjoy the society of an

The Thane? how goes Milesius? is your Tom
The second, still within his narrow street
Confined, or looks he proudly towards Pall-Mall?

Sir R. S. Alas! alas! I could for ever dwell
On answers to these questions: but I've words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air
Where hearing should not catch them.

Cracherode. What concern they?

The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Sir R. S. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Crach. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; but quickly let me have it.

Sir R. S. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
Which ever yet they heard.

Crach. Humph! I guess at it.

Sir R. S. Your Museum has been robb'd, and your Prints
Inhumanly exchange'd; your marks erased
By savage hands, and 'midst the mob dispersed
Of retail dealers, and in petty shops
Of Caricaturists vile: the manner
To relate, were, on the quarry of these
Stolen deer, to add the death of you,
In this immortal state.

Steevens. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er draw your forehead o'er your brows,
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Crach. My fourteen hundreds? what! my REMBRANDTS too!?

Sir R. S. Burgo-Master Six, COACH LANDSCAPE, Karil
Du Jardin, all in number fifty-nine,
By *unindicted* thieves, alas! purloin'd!

Crach. I'm glad I'm dead. I never could have stood
The shock, and now the horrors seize me in
This peaceful vale, for if my prints are stol'n,
My Books will go, and Sir John Thorold too,

intimate and noble friend; and where each was wont, in
some honey-suckle bower of retirement,

(‘ While summer-suns stole unperceived away ’)

In spite of me and Edwards, have at last
My *Aldus Virgil*, O Edwards! Edwards!
Where wert thou when this mishap was brewing?
For neither in the house of Montague,
Nor in thy Medicæan shop wert thou;
But in some lap uxorious didst thou lie
Unconscious of thy Cracherode’s ills.

Sir R. S. Comfort,

Sir, take comfort.

Crach. You cannot feel for me,
Who never had A PRINT. My pretty ones,
Did you say all? O hell-kite! all?
What TOLL and COPPINOL at one fell swoop!

Sir R. S. Forget it like a shade.

Crach. I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. What says THE TRUST?
Will it not take my part, and prosecute
The thief?

Sir R. S. It would most gladly prosecute,
But can’t convict; since none can swear to what
They’ve only seen, and *Thane* knows nothing
Of identity, where marks are razed.

All. O!

Horror, horror, loss irreparable!

Towneley. Were I to live again, and aught bequeath,
I ne’er would give to bodies corporate;
Or learned, medals, coins, or gems, or prints;
But marbles, busts, and ponderous statues
That cannot in portfolios be borne off.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

In the last place, for the LIBRARY of the late Reverend Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode. The author of the *Life* of ‘our’ Cracherode, in the *Gen. Biog. Dict.* (vol. x. p. 445) is pleased to say—and to say truly—that, the owner of this library ‘used modestly to call his books a specimen collection:’ it being, in fact, a collection precisely of this designation: that is to say, it contained choice and rare specimens of books in almost every department of literature. But when the said author of such biography says that Mr. Cracherode’s books, ‘particularly of the fifteenth century, form perhaps the most perfect series ever brought together by one man,’ he says what is ‘very wide of the truth!’ for had he forgotten what Harley had done at home, and the Duke de la Valliere

to discourse upon the respective conditions of their copies of *Alduses* and *Giunti*—of those of old *English Divines*—or of the marginal amplitude, or membranaceous condition, of their *Editiones Principes* of the Ancient Classics!

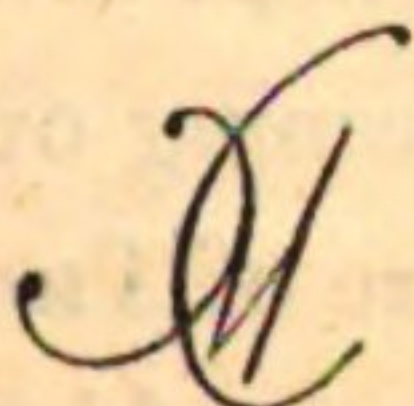
LORENZO. Do you forget his collection of *Prints*—of *Rembrandt's*, in particular?

abroad? Or rather, how comes it to pass that Lord Spencer's books, in the self-same department (and admitted by all who know any thing about book-collections of the xvth century *really to be* 'the most perfect series' of that character) have been forgotten? Indeed I will go further, and say that the Collections of his Majesty, and the Duke of Devonshire, are much before the Cracherode as *Fifteener-Libraries*! Not that I would wish to question the taste, doubt the spirit, deny the judgment, or depreciate the bibliographical reputation of the amiable character of whom we have been so long discoursing; but having seen and examined *all* the collections here expressly mentioned, I must, as an 'integer vitæ' man, fearlessly pronounce the Cracherode to rank at most as the *fourth* in the Metropolitan collections. His early *Ciceros*, his vellum bijoux (see vol. ii. p. 369) his *Fust's Bible* of 1462, and *Spira Pliny* of 1469, are, at this moment, as it were, before me: and fine, and beauteous, and desirable specimens most assuredly they are! But finer yet are the 'early *Ciceros* and vellum bijoux, *Fust's Bible* of 1462, and *Spira's Pliny* of 1469,' in my Lord Spencer's collection: while, in the biblical department, the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Mark Sykes possess choicer and more curious specimens—nor let the vellum *Mazarine Bible*, noticed in a preceding page, (169) be forgotten, as a *desiderated* treasure in the Cracherode collection.

In what then does the chief beauty, or concentrated lustre, of the CRACHERODE LIBRARY consist? In fine old copies of belles-lettres and divinity. His *Jeremy Taylors*, as alluded to by Lysander, are unrivalled. His *Grolier* and *De Thou* bindings are also frequent and choice. His more modern books were bound out of sheets by Payne, Hering, or Montague; and the general tone and texture of his volumes, especially of his 'dapper duodecimos,' are perfectly beautiful. Add to this, time has given them a mellowing tint; and well will it be, when time shall have given, not only a mellowing, but an *overwhelming* tint, to some of the outer coats of the volumes of which the late Mr. Ascough had the choice of the patterns: for more abhorrent and taste-subversive specimens in the bibliopegistic art have rarely been witnessed. Upon the whole, the collection of books, known under that of the BIBLIOTHECA CRACHERODIANA, in the British Museum, is an honour to the memory of the individual and of the country. A more splendid and valuable book-legacy has probably never been bequeathed to a public Repository. Along with the books, is a *Catalogue* of them, also by their owner: in a large folio volume, bound in russia. The ar-

LYSANDER. No: nor of his minerals, and other natural curiosities also. Indeed Cracherode had a finely-cultivated taste in most matters of virtù—but his LIBRARY was the

range is alphabetical; and on the fly leaf we observe the well-known monogram both of the author of the catalogue and of the owner of the collection, thus:



We will conclude with a transcript of some Latin verses, printed on a loose sheet, and contained within the said catalogue. The subjoined notes are necessarily explanatory.

AD

C. M. CRACHERODE,

DE IIS QUÆ SUNT NECESSARIA AD BIBLIOTHECAM EXQUISITIOREM.

Libros quæ faciant venustiores,
 Beatissime Cracherode, dicam.
 Non obscura domus, propinquiora *
 Urbis quæ loca prospicit superbæ,
 Atque hortos tibi Cæsaris virentes.
 Sit magnum specular, focus perennis,†
 Nec fumo, neque pulvere indecorus;
 Nidi, scriniaque omnibus reclusa,
 Cedrique arcula, levis et cupressi.
 Nusquam blatta, vel inquinata charta,
 Sed margo calami notæque purus,
 Margo latior, albus integerque,
 Nec non copia larga pergamenæ.
 Adsint Virgilius, ‡ paterque Homerus §
 Mundi pumice, purpuraque culti;
 Et quicquid magica quasi arte freti
 Faustusque Upilioque præstiterunt.
 Adsit Lascaris || aureus libellus,

* Mr. Cracherode's house was in Queen's Square, Westminster, overlooking St. James's Park.

† A convex mirror of remarkable size and beauty.

‡ Two Aldus Virgils (1st and 2nd edition) both printed on vellum. See vol. ii. p. 369.

§ De Thou's copy of the first edition of Homer (1488.)

|| The first edition (printed at Milan, 1476) of the Greek Grammar of Const. Lascaris; which was the first *entire* book printed in Greek characters. This book was bequeathed to Mr. Cracherode by Thomas Croft of bibliomaniacal celebrity.

grand feature of his fame, and the leading passion of his heart. Beloved by his friends, and respected by the public, this venerable and spirited old gentleman bequeathed his Library to the *Nation*: in other words, to the *British Museum*; and was 'gathered to his fathers' in the seventieth year of his age. Few collectors have left behind so unsullied a reputation.

But see yonder—and leaning over his chair, as it were, stands the interesting figure of THOMAS PERCY, BISHOP OF DROMORE:* a name, consecrated in the annals of black-letter

Argivi decus, atque origo præli;
Et quæ non pretio empta, sed relictæ.
Adsit Callimachus* frequens deorum
Cultor carminibus piè canoris,
Et scriptor* gravium Leandri amorum.
Adsit velleris aurei poeta,*
Et musæ tragicæ tener sacerdos,*
Græcorumque epigrammaton libelli :*
Stentque omnes capite eminentiori
Quadræ literulis* superbientes.
Hic sit qui nitet arte Montacuti, †
Aut Painî, † Deromîque † junioris;
Illic cui decus arma sunt Thuani,
Aut regis breve liliæ caduci.
Quid mitissime Cracherode plura?
Dii magnam tibi copiam librorum
Atque artem dederunt simul fruendi.
Habes omnia; nilque vivus optas,
Nec post te tremis auctionis hastam. §

Say we now farewell to the Reverend CLAYTON MORDAUNT CRACHERODE of bibliomaniacal immortality.

* PERCY, BISHOP OF DROMORE.] Let not the reader here expect anything like a notice of the life and labours of this ingenious and tasteful prelate:

* Callimachus, Musæus, Apollonius Rhodius, Euripides, Anthologia Græca. All printed in capital letters, at the Florentine press, about the years 1494 and 1496.

† Mountague, Roger Payne, Deromme le jeune, celebrated bookbinders; the two former in London and the latter at Paris.

‡ Books formerly belonging to the collection of De Thou, and purchased at the sale of the Prince de Soubise's library.

‡ Books from the library of the late unfortunate Louis XVI.

§ Mr. Cracherode bequeathed his library to the British Museum.

learning : dear to every man who has the curiosity and the sense to listen to the rude songs of his ancestors, and to catch a portion of the energetic simplicity which they im-

but let him expect something which, peradventure, may be equally palatable to his bibliomaniacal appetite. The pages of Mr. Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, and of Mr. A. Chalmers's *General Biographical Dictionary*, (vol. xxiv. p. 327) may be consulted to advantage upon the *former* topic : although it must be admitted, with Mr. Chalmers, that 'so much of the Bishop of Dromore's life had passed in the literary world, strictly so called, that authentic memoirs of his life would form an interesting addition to our literary history.' The fact is, that Dr. THOMAS PERCY, first Dean of Carlisle, and afterwards Bishop of Dromore, — the inmate of Northumberland House — a visitor in those leading societies and companies which were enlivened and improved by the presence of such men as Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick, &c.—and moving in the first circles of rank and respectability—might, had he turned his elegant mind to such studies, have given us, in his own biography, some of the most interesting of contemporaneous literary memoirs. He lived to a great age ; dying in 1811, in his 83rd year : and with such connections and pursuits as those to which he was attached, there can be no question but that he might have benefited posterity by his biographical labours. However, it is both our interest and our duty to consider men exactly as they *were* : and 'enough there is, and more than enough,' attached to the amiable and respectable character of whom we are speaking, to make him at once an object of reverence and respect : especially as, in the more essential duties of his high station, he performed his part with all the zeal of a minister, and all the vigilance of a prelate.

In his later years, Bishop Percy almost wished to *forget* that he had published the '*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,' but the wish was both vain and injudicious ; for his memory will live, and gloriously live, upon the strength of THAT WORK ALONE, when his professional publications (few and comparatively unimportant, undoubtedly,) may possibly be forgotten. The truth is, the leading feature, or bias, (call it as you will) of Bishop Percy's mind, was *philological* taste ; and I had almost said *poetical* as well as philological. He had the eye and the hand of a master in this study. He was the first, 'among the sons of Britain,' who may be said to have truly felt and exactly appreciated, the force and beauty of our earlier ballad poetry ; and, transformed by his talismanic touch, the sombre-seeming productions of our typographical forefathers—the *De Wordes*, *Pynsons*, and *Copelands* of the xvith century—started up into shapes and appearances the most inviting, or curious, or beautiful, or interesting. From him, Tom Warton might have caught or increased the glow of poetical inspiration ; and Shenstone hastened to pour the tributary waters of his urn into the reservoir, before named, which has so long continued to refresh and delight the 'thirsty in poetical lore.' Formed and fashioned upon the '*Reliques*' of our old

part. The flowers which Percy gathered from the ballad-poetry of our fore-fathers, have served, ever since their appearance, to regale and to refresh us. Within the cups

poetry, the *Ellises*, *Ritsons*, and *Southey's* of the day have put forth a series of volumes, without which, no library, which aspires to elegance and utility, can be said to be complete. The Bishop's emendations, and supply of *lacunæ*, in the defective copies of the more ancient ballads, equally shewed the felicity of his conception and execution; while, in prose matters, his publications of the '*Northumberland Household Book*,' 1770, 8vo. and '*Mallet's Northern Antiquities*,' with notes, maintained his reputation with undiminished splendor. And is *this* the whole of the promised bibliographical *bonne-bouche*—exclaims the impatient reader, which was promised at the commencement of this note? Calm all your irritabilities:—'hush every breeze,' while you read as follows.

It was in the winter of 1815, when I visited, for the second time, the worthy and hospitable owners of *Ecton Hall*, in Northamptonshire: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Isted: the lady of the mansion being the eldest daughter of the old-poetry loving Prelate of whom we are discoursing. The snow was on the ground: the heavens were turbid; the air was sharp and biting, and the hours of day light were necessarily few. At such a season, and in such a mansion, what *could* be more delightful and congenial, than, sitting by the side of a blazing fire, the inspection of the *VERY MS.* which formed the basis of the Bishop's celebrated '*RELIQUES*,' published for the first time in 1765, in three crown octavo volumes?! But what was there in *this MS.* so wondrously fascinating? I will tell thee, good natured, and by this time, I trust, thoroughly-composed reader. The Bishop's work was no sooner *out*, than the critics 'roared aloud' for a sight of *THE MS.*! and among these 'roarers' (more vociferous than Bottom's 'nightingale' or 'sucking-dove') no one opened his mouth so widely, or sent forth a more hideous yell, than the late JOSEPH RITSON: who at once, in imitation of Alexander the Great, drew his tremendous sabre, and cut the Gordian knot—by *denying the existence of the MS.*, and thereby implying that Dr. Percy had foisted a lie upon the public! In spite of assurances and demonstrations to the contrary, and in defiance of the Doctor's acknowledged respectability of character, Ritson went on, 'roaring away,' almost to the end of his life, a sceptic as to the existence of this *MS.*: . . of which here ensueth a most faithful and particular description: for it is not, gentle reader, as that dexterous artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, hath represented it, in his fine portrait of the Bishop—most picturesquely curling at the corners, of a proportionate small folio—but—as you shall immediately read.

The *MS.* in question is a narrow, half bound book, with blue-paper sides, and brown leather back. It is 15 inches and five eighths in length, by about 5 and six eighths in width. Every page has a margin, to the left, of about an inch and a half in width—marked by a perpendicular line: the poetry uniformly occupying the right side of the margin. The book may be about an inch in thickness.

of these flowers, Scott, Campbell, and Moore, like poetic bees, have ‘lurked,’ and sipped, and enriched their own delightful stores. The late Bishop of Dromore, if he merit no other distinction, is entitled to the proud praise of being the *Father of poetical taste* in that department of literature

We have the following introductory prefix, in an ancient hand. ‘*Curious Old Ballads wch. occasionally I have met with.* N. B. This volume contains near 40,000 verses, reckoning 520 pages, and about 75 lines to a page: which however makes it 39,000.’ A little further, the Bishop has written as follows: ‘N. B. When I first got possession of this MS. I was very young, and being in no degree an Antiquary, I had not then learnt to reverence it; which must be my excuse for the scribble which I then spread over some parts of its margin; and in one or two instances for even taking out the leaves—to save the trouble of transcribing. I have since been more careful.’ T. P.

This is followed by a memorandum of great interest, signed by the Bishop himself, in his usual manner before he was advanced to the prelacy; of which I have caused a fac-simile to be engraved. ‘*MEMORANDUM. Northumberland House, Nov. 7, 1769.* This very curious old Manuscript in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn, I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend *Humphrey Pitt, Esq.* then living at Shiffnal in Shropshire, afterwards of Prior Lee near that town; who died very lately at Bath: viz. in Summer, 1769. I saw it lying dirty on the Floor under a Bureau in ye Parlour: being used by the Maids to light the fire. It was afterwards sent most unfortunately to an ignorant Bookbinder, who pared the margin, when I put it into Boards in order to lend it to Dr. Johnson.

‘Mr. Pitt has since told me, that he believes the Transcripts in this Volume, &c. were made by that *Blount* who was Author of *Jocular Tenures*, &c. who he thought was of Lancashire or Cheshire, and had a remarkable fondness for these old things. He believed him to be the same Person with that Mr. Thomas Blount who published the curious account of King Charles the 2d’s Escape, intitled *Boscobel*, &c. Lond. 1660, 12mo. which has been so often reprinted: as also the *Law Dictionary*, 1671, folio, and many other Books, wch. may be seen in Wood’s *Athenæ*, ii. 73, &c.

‘A Descendant or Relation of that Mr. Blount, was an Apothecary at Shiffnal, whom I remember myself (named also Blount.) He (if I mistake not) sold the Library of his said predecessor, Thos. Blount, to the above mentioned Mr. Humphrey. Pitt: who bought it for the use of his Nephew, my ever-valued friend, the Revd. Robt. Binnel. Mrs. Binnel accordingly had all the printed Books; but this MS. which was among them, was neglected, and left behind at Mr. Pitt’s House, where it lay for many years.

‘N. B. Upon looking into Wood’s *Athenæ*, I find that Thos. Blount, the Author of ye *Jocl. Tenures*, was a Herefordshire man; He may, however, have

which he has the exclusive merit of having first brought into public notice. His '*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*'

spent much of his time in Cheshire or Lancashire: or, after all, this Collection may have been made by a relation of his of the same name.' To this is subjoined the Bishop's name, thus:

Ferry

The leaves of this volume (which is something like a tradesman's day-book) are inaccurately numbered as *leaves*, but should be *pages*. The first four pages appear to be wanting. The poetry commences with a fragment of the ballad of *Robin Hood and the Old Man*, or rather *the Beggar* ('but see,' says the Bishop, 'Ritson's 2nd vol. p. 151, no. xxiii.') That the reader may judge of the probable date of the writing (about the end of the xviiith century, I guess?) the ensuing fac-similes have been engraved: representing a few of the more marked characters of the penmanship. What first ensues, is a specimen of the usual text of the ballad itself, taken from the very ballad of which the title has been just mentioned.

But Robin did on this old usaus hope
 the word turned in the wrist
 when I look on my legst said Robin
 then for to laugh I list

The first title, in one of the larger hands, is thus: making one line in the original.

Robine Hood
 J. v. v. Tucke

is a publication that reflects lasting honour upon his name; and it has proved the germ of a rich harvest in the same field of the Muses. In this field the names of RITSON and

The second title is after the following fashion :

Robin Hood &
Quene Kath

I shall next proceed with the titles of somewhat more than the *first half hundred* of the ballads contained in this curious and very interesting volume: premising that those ballads, which are objectionable on the score of indelicacy, have been *crossed through* by the Bishop's own hand. I here only copy the memoranda which I made at the aforesaid visit.

Page. No.

- 21, III. Robine Hoo de his death. (The Bishop in a note observes, 'This is a curious old song, and not in print.' There are also two references to the 'Romance of the Green Knight.')
 32, IV. Sr. Lionell.
 36, V. Sr. Lancelott of Dulake.
 38, VI. The Turke and Gowin.
 46, VII. The marriage of Sr. Gawaine. (A memorandum by the Bishop: 'To supply the defects, P.' How Ritson 'roared away' about these supplies!')
 54, VIII. Musleboorowe Field. (The Bp. observes: 'This is in better language than most of that age.')
 55, IX. Listen Jolly Gent. I present the reader with a fac-simile of this title; which is executed in the coarsest manner of the writing.

Listen Jolly Gent

- 56, X. See the Buildinge. ('Not inelegant.')
 58, XI. King James, &c. Browne.

Thus far the pages are but half ones.

ELLIS will more particularly strike you: but why the Bishop is here so especially introduced, is, to leave you to fancy the curious old tomes which he must have collected or perused; and to prove that he was the parent of a particular class of collectors—who, emulous of the celebrity of Captain Cox, of Queen Elizabeth-memory—never rested,

BISHOP PERCY'S OLD MS. BALLADS.

Page. No.

- 60, XII. Sir Lambewell. ('A curious old romantic ballad written before the Reformation.' This is upon the same subject as the old Romance of Sir Launfal, but differs in some parts of the story: probably altered by some minstrel.' It is in 3 parts.)
- 68, XIII. Sir Aldringar.
- 71, XIV. The heire of Lin.
- 73, XV. Lord of Learne—('shewing how a false Steward would have wrongd him on his travels, by robbing him, and then assuming his name.') It begins thus:
- It was the worthy Lord of Learne
he was a lord of a hie degree
he had nor more children but one sonne
he sett him to school to learn curtesse
- 79 XVI. Scottish Feilde ('Very particular account.')
- 90 XVII. Old Robin of Portingale: ('When I first set to examine this, I had not yet learnt to hold this old MS. in much regard.' P.)
- 92 XVIII. As it befell one Saturday.
- 93 XIX. Walking in a Meadow green (*cross'd*).
- 94 XX. Glasgeriou ['N. B. It was not necessary to correct this much for the press. P.]
- 95 XXI. O Jolly Robin ['wretched stuff'—(*cross'd*).]
- 95 XXII. Came you not From. (Imperfect.)
- Came you not from Newcastle
came yee not thereaway
met yee not my true loue
ryding on a bony bay
why shold not I loue my loue
why shold not my loue loue me
why s
- 2 stanzas only.
- 96 XXIII. I haue a loue that's faire.
- XXIV. When Phebus addrest (*cross'd*).
- 97 XXV. Ffryar and Boye (Collated with a copy in Pepys library: no. 358, lettered Wallace.)
- 104 XXVI. As I was ridinge by the way (*cross'd*).

day or night, till they could procure all the *original editions* of those black-letter *Old Ballads* which Percy was instrumental either in bringing to light, or in putting in a popular

- Page. No. BISHOP PERCY'S OLD MS. BALLADS.
- 104 xxvii. The Man that hath
 The man yt hath a handsome wiffe
 & keeps her as a treasure
 it is my threefold ioy of life
 to haue her to my pleasure
- 105 xxviii. Earles of Chester, in 3 parts. ('This is a very curious and valuable poem: but is posterior to the time of Camoen, who is quoted in it.')
- 112 xxix. Earle of Westmorlande; 2 parts — Sequel to the Rising in the North. (These lines are given in one of my old copies, to Lord Northumberland: they seem here corrupted.)
113. xxx. Fflodden Ffeilde. ('This is evidently the production of a common minstrel.')
- 124 xxxi. Eyer and Grīne, in 6 parts. ('This old piece is not much inferior to one of Ariosto's Tales.')
- 145 xxxii. Merline, in 9 parts. ('A very curious old Poem, and may be considered as one of the first attempts in epic poetry by the English.')
- 178 xxxiii. Dulcina. ('This Song is printed in many Collections of Songs.')
- 179 xxxiv. Kinge Arthurs Death. [N. B. 'In this and the following, I made many corrections, which I did not think it necessary to enumerate.' The Bp. refers to Gerard de Leeu's Chronicle of England, 1493, folio, as containing facts related in this poem.]
- 182 xxxv. Off a Puritane: (*crossed.*)
- xxxvi. Cocke Laurell. (In Pepys Collect. v. 4. p. 284.)
- 184 xxxvii. Kinge John and Bishoppe. Old Ballads: 1776, vol. ii. p. 49. [N. B. 'This song is more ancient and very different from the printed copy: containing double the quantity.']
- 186 xxxviii. Marye Aumbree. (An English Virago: not inferior to the Pucelle d'Orleans.)
- 191 xxxix. When Loue with vnconfined, &c.
- 192 xl. Cloris.
- xli. The Kinge enioyes his right,
- 193 xlii. The egyptian Quene. (Not an inelegant old song: corrected by an edition in Cleveland's poems, 1687, 12mo. p. 65.)
- 193 xliii. The Mode of Ffrance.
- 194 xlv. Be not afrayed (*crossed.*)
- 194 xlv. Hollowe me ffancye. (Printed in a collection of Scot's poems, Edinb. 1713, p. 142.)

point of view. Let his name therefore be held in respectful remembrance.

But see!—a little lower down in our mirror—there sits an episcopal bibliomaniac of the name of DAMPIER, (once

BISHOP PERCY'S MS. OLD BALLADS, &c.

Page. No.

- 195 XLVI. Newarke. (Very probably writ by Jack Cleveland during the siege of Newark upon Trent.)
 — XLVIII. Amongst the Mirtles. (A very elegant song: writ by Carew.)
 196 XLIX. The worlde is changed. (A good old Cavalier Song.)
 — L. The tribe of Banburye (An old Cavalier Song on the taking of Banbury by Col. Lumford.)
 197 LI. Doe you—meane (*crossed*).
 — LII. A maid and a younge man (*crossed*).
 198 LIII. Ay me: Ay me: (A fling at the Scots: probably writ in James Ist's time.)
 199 LIV. Ffaine wolde I change (my maiden liffe)
 — LV. When ffirst I sawe.
 — LVI. A creature ffor feature (*crossed*).
 200 LVII. Lye alone (The maiden's complaint. To the tune of 'I can nor will,' &c. The readings in red ink are from the Golden Garland.)
 — LVIII. How ffayre shee be (An elegant old Song, by Withers. In Allen Ramsay's T. T. Miscy. and Dryden's Misc. It is reprinted; wanting the 2d stanza.

It is now high time, methinks, to bid farewell to the 'ingenious and tasteful' Dr. THOMAS PERCY, BISHOP of DROMORE. Yet a few moments only longer. Thou art looking at the OPPOSITE PORTRAIT, gentle reader. 'Tis worth an attentive contemplation. The original drawing, in water-colours, about two feet in height, is the property of the Hon. Mrs. Meade: the youngest daughter of the Bishop and united to the Hon. and Rev. Pierce Meade, Archdeacon of Dromore. It represents the Bishop, when an old man—'under the loss of sight, of which he was gradually deprived some years before his death, and during which he steadily maintained his habitual cheerfulness'—walking in his garden, and about to feed his swans, who regularly looked for their feeder. The reduced drawing, from which the print was taken, was executed by the late William Alexander: and the print, here submitted, is supposed, in every point of view, to be an appropriate embellishment within the pages of a '*Bibliographical Decameron*.' Let us conclude with a fac-simile of the Bishop's autograph, when he was raised to the episcopacy.

Thos. Dromore



C. Heath Sculp.

THOMAS PERCY D.D.

Bishop of Dromore.

From an Original Drawing in the Possession of the Hon^{ble} Mr. Meade.

London: Published for the Rev^d T.F. Dibdin April 1817.

PRINTED BY LARUE

BISHOP OF ELY)* in his Merlin-chair, full of ardour and full of intelligence. He has just learnt of the acquisition of an early-printed *Brescia* tome, from the press of *Ferandus*; or

* DAMPIER, *once* BISHOP OF ELY.] I leave to abler pens the task of effectually appreciating the worth of this excellent man, accomplished scholar, upright Bishop, and most erudite bibliographer: but I will suffer no pen more *honestly* to bear testimony of this Prelate's benevolence and book-celebrity than *my own*. It was some two or three years before the removal of the late Dr. Dampier from the see of Rochester to that of Ely, that I had the honour of becoming acquainted with him: an acquaintance which, just at the period of his sudden and woful departure, was beginning to be ripened into friendship. Our discourse, at the very first interview, immediately rolled upon EDITIONES PRINCIPES: and a sharp discussion ensued respecting that of the 'Catullus Tibullus and Propertius.' When I published the first edition of an '*Introduction to the Knowledge of the rarer and more valuable Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics*,' in 1802, 12mo. in a provincial town, (Glocester) I was fully sensible of the superficialness and demerits of the work: but I was then young, and more ardent than well-informed. The plan, however, *took* with the public: and within six months an impression of 750 copies was exhausted. The Bishop was wont to speak frequently of this trifling manual: 'it was superficial (said he) I grant, but there was *that* in it which made me anxious to see a more enlarged work from the same quarter.' When the second, and very materially enlarged edition of 1804, was put forth, his Lordship was strong in his commendation of it: 'yet (said he) much remains to be done, and you must by all means get acquainted with LORD SPENCER'S BOOKS'—seeming thereby to intimate that there was 'nothing like them beneath the Sun!'

That the advice of the 'good Bishop' has been pretty closely attended to, the public has recently had (it is presumed) very abundant testimony. To return to the edition of 1804.* For my amusement I selected a large paper

* One word more only respecting the '*Introduction*,' &c. A third edition of 1250 copies of this work, appeared in two crown octavo volumes, in 1808; which has been out of print these two years, and a fourth edition—as the phrase is—is called for! 'Called for!'—but what compensation, from *any* publisher, can remunerate the toils of such a work?! I have laboured day and night, early and late, at what has been already accomplished, and there is hardly a young collector in *Ancient Classics* or *Divinity* who may not own, without a blush, that he has received some benefit (however trivial) from a consultation of its pages. There is an absolute substantial comfort in this reflection which affords a 'suit of steel'—a very panoply—under which one stands insensible of the 'thrusts and stabs' that are made from without! I know perfectly well how difficult, perhaps how insurmountably, difficult it is, to execute a work of the nature here under discussion as it *ought* to be executed—but because the present yet wants very much indeed of perfection, it may not be thought wholly undeserving of the approbation of those, from whom suggestions of amendment would come with a good grace, and

he finds some prohibited anti-Roman Catholic volume, in the catalogue of an obscure bookseller, marked at the humble price of a shilling—and he is anxiously waiting for the result

copy (of which only 50 impressions, with extra copper-plates, were struck off) for the purpose of illustration—accompanied by several drawings from my own inefficient pencil—I see upon what a delicate and trembling verge I am about to stand: but I hate hypocrisy, and am fearless of imputations of vanity where none was ever felt, and none therefore intended to be conveyed. Moreover, the Bishop is in his grave:

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well!

Scraps of intelligence, or gleanings of letters, from those of whom little is publicly known, but of whom much *ought* to be publicly known, must be acceptable to curious and honest-hearted readers; and so I go on with my DAMPIERIANA. I lent the Bishop the large paper, illustrated copy, just mentioned. He returned, it with the following gracious answer.

'Dear Sir,

Ely House, Monday.

'I am very much obliged to you for allowing me to see the very curious illustrations which you have inserted in your own copy of the most valuable and useful Book which has ever been published on the subject of classical Bibliography. The whole has gratified me exceedingly, and I shall be glad to add to the Portraits of Printers one of Christopher Plantin, by Goltzius, for which I will make search. I remain, dear Sir, your very faithful Servant,

THO. ELIEN.'

The head of Plantin, by Goltzius, here offered, was subsequently given to me: and it is from *that very* plate that the reader sees the fine physiognomy of our dearly-beloved CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN which faces page 157 of the 2nd volume of this work. The back-ground only has been necessarily altered.

Previously to the publication, or rather composition, of the BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA, I amused myself a few rainy mornings in St. James's Place by stringing together bibliographical descriptions of a few very rare, curious, and precious books, in Lord Spencer's library, in Latin and Italian Literature; and privately printed about 50 copies of such 'travail' under the title of **Book-Rarities**. This was intended as a *specimen* of what might be called a sort of Herculean attempt of a bibliographical catalogue of the early printed books in the same magnificent collection. The paper and printing were 'de toute beauté:' and the Bishop, among other friends, had a copy of this 'specimen.' His answer was as follows:

be received with a thankful heart. The *fourth*, and forthcoming edition, will at least atone for the errors of the preceding: if it may not wholly silence the cavils, or blunt the shafts, of anonymous critics. The reader may, if he please, consult vol. i. p. 124, respecting another point growing out of this publication: meanwhile, I record the above testimony of Dr. DAMPIER with pride of the most legitimate and triumphant kind.

of the dispatch of a swift-footed Mercury to secure it ! Yet perhaps equally interesting to him are the announces of a

‘ Revd. Sir,

Ely House, Nov. 2d.

‘ I beg leave to thank you for the elegant specimen of your intended work, which I received from you yesterday.

‘ The Idea is a good one, and the Articles which you have printed are very well done.

‘ Lord Spencer’s Library is full of Rarities, which deserve to be described, and the same may be said of that at Blenheim, the contents of which are not sufficiently known. I have a Catalogue of all the Books of the 15th Century in that Collection, but as no Description is given of those sine anno et loco, there are many which I have not been able to make out.

‘ A Detail of VELLUM COPIES, as far as they are known, would come within the Plan of your Book. I have a List of those that are in this Country and in some foreign Collections, which is much at your Service. As I am at present confined with the Gout, you are sure of finding me at twelve o’clock, whenever it may be convenient to you to call. I am, Revd. Sir, your obedient Servant,

THO. ELIEN.’

To some subsequent proposition, of which I have now really forgotten the nature, but which is in part explained by the reply itself, his Lordship quickly dispatched the ensuing answer :

‘ Dear Sir,

Ely House, Monday.

‘ The Proposal in your last Letter was too flattering to excite any vexation in my mind, tho’ I was a little embarrassed by it, from the Fear lest Vanity should be imputed to my acceptance of it. On this Account, I wished rather to have given my answer in Person, than by Letter. I think your Idea a good one, and if you will do me the favour of dining here on Thursday next at six, I will tell you why.

‘ The observation which you make on the Portrait at Northcote’s, has been made by others, and some alteration must be attempted. A private mezzotint plate will be taken.

‘ It will give me much satisfaction, if my MS. is found useful to you. It was hastily compiled, as the Books came into my possession, and it is not free from Errors, nor does it contain all that I know respecting some of the rarer articles, of which, I believe, I have other scattered notices.

‘ Have you seen a Catalogue of Books, which were sold at Paris in Dec.? It was lent to me by Mr. Payne, and I found it to contain many most curious Books: one in particular, Terentius, which is said to be printed in a Type like that of the Mentz Bible, and of which I can find no trace elsewhere. Lord Spencer has a large collection of old Editions of that Author, but I do not recollect any one of them which answers the above description, or which, excepting Mentel’s and the Monast. Sortens. is printed in the gothic type.

‘ I remain, Dear Sir, your very faithful Servant,

THO. ELIEN.’

few scarce *Greek Morels* or *Turnebuses* in some forth-coming sale—while, upon his early printed Bibles or New Testaments, he throws a triumphant eye of superiority, and exults in the

‘The MS.’ alluded to contained the Bishop’s own notes, in Latin, upon the early printed books in his library: and the public have had sufficient proof of the service rendered me by the same notes in the pages of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*; a service, expressly noticed in the preface of that work. The ‘*Terence*’ alluded to was subsequently obtained by Lord Spencer, and is particularly described in vol. iv. p. 557, of the same work. The preceding was the last letter which I received from the Bishop: who lived just to examine, and slightly to correct, the first three sheets of the work here alluded to. I could mention (and my heart swells at the recollection of it!) not only the ‘handsome,’ but, I trust, just ‘things,’ which the Bishop was pleased to say at the ‘promise’ held out from what he had examined: but a dark cloud suddenly came across us, and he disappeared from me for ever! I am about to tell a mournful tale—and there are bosoms yet alive to the agony which it must impart: yet should I be forgiven by them if I omitted it? By no means. A day or two before the assassination of Mr. Perceval, I had sent to the Bishop, for his particular examination, a thumping duodecimo, containing a *Collection of Early Catechisms*, printed in the black letter, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, and bound exquisitely in purple morocco by Charles Lewis. He fondly anticipated the possession of the volume—for he had the eye of a lynx, and the heart of a lion, in such matters! I called, agreeably to his earnest request, on the following Thursday: ascended, with alacrity, the stone-steps of Ely House, in Dover-Street—took no heed of the closed windows—knocked—and found every servant dissolved in tears!

The Bishop had died suddenly the preceding evening—from an attack of the gout in the stomach. The intelligence absolutely stunned and stupified me. Nor is the sequel of a less mournful nature. The late SIR HENRY DAMPIER, KNT. one of the Barons of the Exchequer, an admirable scholar, and perhaps unrivalled as an *ecclesiastical Lawyer*, was the Bishop’s half brother: (the Revd. — Dampier, another brother, is yet living) and loved by him with a fraternal affection not to be exceeded. That brother is now also in his grave. He survived the Bishop scarcely three years—although his own dissolution (from his complaint, which was water in the chest) might have been predicted as likely to happen before that of his brother. The Bishop lived, however, to see Sir Henry upon the Bench; and he watched the progress of his health—the alternate indications of hope and despair—with an incessant and heart-desponding anxiety which is not to be described. He would even refuse to be seen to his best friends if intelligence of an unfavourable nature arrived. It pleased providence, however, that the Judge should outlive the Bishop: but alas, how brief was the term of such survival! On the decease of the latter, a correspondence took place between Sir Henry and myself respecting the disposal of the Bishop’s

good fortune of their acquirement. The late Bishop of Ely was probably, upon the whole, the most learned of contem-

Library and Prints : and I lay the two letters of Sir Henry before the reader with the greater satisfaction, as they are documents not wholly uninteresting in themselves, but perhaps the only compositions from the same quarter which are likely to meet the public eye.

‘ Sir, 10, Montague Place, Bedford Square, May 21st, 1812.

‘ The affliction with which it has pleased God to visit me, has fallen upon me at a time when I am weighed down by great bodily Infirmary, from which it is not improbable that I may never recover ; this adds to the Pressure of that Calamity which of itself would have been very grievous. It is my duty, however, to submit with Resignation, and as far as I can, with Chearfulness to the Dispensations of Providence, however deeply I may feel the Loss I have suffered.

‘ I am much obliged to you for the kindness of your Expressions of Regard to my Brother, and the Testimony you give to his merits ; a testimony in which, I believe, all who knew him will readily join.

‘ I beg you will keep the Books which may be useful to you in your work of the *Spencer Library*, as long as you have occasion for them : but I shall be obliged to you to send me a List of them, that they may not appear to be missing from the Catalogue : my Brother told me that he had purchased a volume of Catechisms which had belonged to the first Lord North.

‘ The Books and Prints will be sold ; it would be an object to me, for many Reasons, to dispose of the whole Collection of Books to one Person, so that they might be kept together. Purchasers of such a Description are not readily found, but I have heard a Report that the Duke of Devonshire has been disappointed of Count M’Carthy’s Library, which it was supposed he had purchased ; if this be true, he may not be disinclined to treat for the Bishop of Ely’s ; if you can by any means learn whether his Grace would be so inclined, and let me know, I shall be much obliged to you.

‘ I thank you very kindly for your offer of a sketch of my late Brother ; should you have two or three to spare, I shall accept them very gratefully, and what I do not retain myself, shall be distributed as from you, to other Parts of the Family.

‘ I am so infirm that I have not been able to get to Ely House, but I hear that Mrs. Dampier is as composed as we can expect her to be under such Circumstances.

‘ I am, Sir, your most faithful and much obliged humble Servant,

H. DAMPIER.’

‘ Dear Sir, 10, Montague Place, May 26th, 1812.

‘ I must request you would keep the Books you have belonging to my late Brother, as long as you have any use for them, and as long as they are *mei juris*.

poraneous British collectors; and to very considerable scholarship he added still greater bibliomaniacal enthusiasm. He had not however the cautious investigation, nor the

‘The Duke of Devonshire is not, as I understand, expected in town till next week. My Clerk, at my Chambers in New Court, Temple, will always know where I am to be found. Sir M. Sykes’s book will of course be looked out and laid apart for him. I hardly know what answer to give you respecting the Sale of the Books, in case they should not be purchased by the Duke of Devonshire? If any of them come to the Hammer, I should wish that the whole Collection should; and a speedy decision must be made, as the arranging and making a proper Catalogue of such a Collection is a work of Labour and Time. I dread a partial Sale, and I am afraid of the Delay of a Negotiation.

‘There is one thing in which, if I do not incroach too much upon your Kindness, you might, by your Skill and Experience, render me considerable assistance. The late Bishop had a large Collection of Prints, which are, I believe, of great value. What he collected himself were principally English Portraits, and I believe there is a GRANGER COMPLETE; some came to him from my Father: there are some very good *Nanteuil’s* and a large Collection of *Rembrandts*. I have no sort of knowledge on this subject, and I understand you have. They are directed to be sold: I have been recommended to a man of the name of *Philippe*, in Golden Square. Mr. Sutherland of Gower-Street, who is very learned in Prints, says he should prefer a Mr. Dod who lives in St. Martin’s Lane. My Request to you is, that you would, as soon as it suits your convenience, call on Mrs. Dampier in Dover-Street, who will see you, and give her such assistance as in your Judgement will expedite the disposal of them. I must go out of town on Monday, as I find that the Exertions I have already been obliged to make, have impeded the progress of my Recovery in a very considerable Degree, and if I were to stay here, I should soon sink under the fatigue.

‘I am, Dear Sir, your faithfull and obliged humble Servant,

H. DAMPIER.’

The public are not wholly uninformed of the *nature* and *result* of a portion of these letters. The Duke of Devonshire did *not* purchase the Mac-Carthy collection (see page 162 ante,) but he *did* purchase that of THE LATE BISHOP OF ELY. Two able and respectable biblioplists (Mr. Payne on the part of the Duke, and Mr. Evans on that of Sir Henry Dampier) were appointed to make the valuation: and the volumes once forming the rarer, choicer, and more valuable part of the DAMPIER LIBRARY, were safely deposited and systematically arranged upon the book-shelves of DEVONSHIRE HOUSE—for a sum hard upon *ten thousand pounds sterling*! More was expected; but the valuation must, in every point of view, be considered both liberal and just; as some of the Bishop’s copies of the scarcer *Editiones Principes* were rather of a secondary



J. J. Masquerier delin.

Worthington sculp.

THO^S DAMPLER D.D. BISHOP of ELY.

London: Published for the Rev.^d T. F. Dibdin: April 1817.

PRINTED BY LAURENCE.

delicate taste, of Cracherode: while, in a knowledge of *Ancient English Bibliography*, he allowed himself to be a mere novice. His library, the fruit of many years collection, was

quality. The purchase reflected great credit upon a young nobleman, just come into the possession of immense patrimonial property—with ten thousand temptations to spend such a sum in a more *fashionable*, but probably not quite so *rational*, manner. The DEVONSHIRE LIBRARY has, in consequence, become the *third*, after that of the King and Earl Spencer, not only in the metropolis, but throughout England. The remaining part of the Bishop's library was sold by Mr. Evans, by public auction, in the winter of 1813, and produced the sum of 1171*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* The prints were disposed of, in a similar manner, by Mr. Christie, and brought 1749*l.* 13*s.* The Bishop sometimes gave tremendous prices for prints; but to say the truth, his knowledge, or *tact*, 'in the matter,' of the *burin*, was of a far inferior kind to that 'in the matter of' *bokes*.

We are now, in the last place, to discourse familiarly and honestly upon the bibliomaniacal character of the Prelate whose sudden departure is for ever to be regretted. He was surely the martyr, of all martyrs, to that horrible affliction *the Gout*! Sir Joseph Banks had the agility of Vestris, compared with our episcopal bibliomaniac—! The Bishop (as Lysander above correctly intimates) would sit in his Merlin-chair, and wheel himself straight forward, or rectangularly, in an instant—scour a shelf of folios—make a reconnoissance of a battalion of quartos—and put a troop of octavo *Morels* and *Stephens* in motion—with a readiness and rapidity which none, but those who had ocular demonstration of such manœuvres, could imagine. Once he observed to a friend, that such a book was 'beyond his reach' (as he was struggling to obtain possession of it)—'Not so, my Lord, there are few things in, or out, of this room which are *beyond your reach*.' The Bishop stopt: rubbed his hands together, and breathed largely in approbation of the reply! Never did any human being more thoroughly and luxuriously enjoy a well-furnished library, than did the late Bishop of Ely, upon the first floor, in Ely House. Indeed he had reason to be proud of it—for such a chamber, so *bibliomaniacally* adorned, it is rarely the lot even of an Archbishop to possess. Methinks I now see our Dampier, seated as he is in the OPPOSITE PLATE*—and as he was wont to be—in his Merlin-chair, wheeling along beneath the warm and equally diffused light of a large Argand's lamp, which was suspended and regularly lighted in the drawing-room, or rather library, every evening. How alive was he to all the subtleties of typographical distinctions and varieties! How keen upon the scent of a *Brescia* volume! How enamoured of *Mentelin*—how despondent of an *Azoguidi* *Ovid*! In scholastic criticism, connected with the beginning and middle of the

* From a drawing in pencil by my friend Mr. I. I. Masquerier; to whom the Bishop, at my particular request, had the goodness to sit.

rich and extensive ; and on his decease it was promptly and gallantly purchased by the present DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, who, magically as it were, and chiefly by means of such pur-

sixteenth century, he was most learned : and the productions of *Budæus*, *Robortellus*, *Turnebus*, *Scaliger*, *Casaubon*, and the *Stephens*, found, in his library, a ready and warm reception. It must be confessed, however, (with grief of heart) that he had scarcely begun to cultivate an acquaintance with *Carton*, or *Machlinia*, or even *John Haukins*—for when I told him of the value of Palsgrave's *Eclaircissemens de la Langue Françoisé*—the only book ever printed by the latter, and of which he had a copy—he was lost for three seconds in a joyful extacy !

The BIBLIOMANIA may be said to have possessed him even before he went to College : for he told me that, when a lad, he called upon the famous Dr. Askew, to see his library. ‘ Well, young man, exclaimed the Doctor, and what do you come to see — my *largest* and *smallest* book ? ’ ‘ No, Sir, I come to see which are your *Editiones Principes* ! ’ ‘ Bravo,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ and that you shall, with all my heart ! ’ The Revd. Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton, who knew the Bishop intimately, and who was both beloved and respected by him, informs me that his intimacy ‘ with the late Bishop of Ely did not commence till his *mania* was *confirmed* : all he can learn from authority, is, that the first symptoms of it appeared when he was private tutor at Eton. The demise of his father precluded all possibility of recovery, as he bequeathed to him, with his *library*, an incurable *phrensy*, which, as I well knew, never permitted a lucid interval. While at Cambridge (continues the Provost) he could view large margins, black letter, undated colophons, &c. with a temperate pulse.’ This is well and pleasantly told : but no man had higher notions of the Bishop’s character, as a scholar and prelate, than the competent authority of which I have just availed myself. In his theological principles, the late Bishop of Ely was a thorough church of England-man. Indeed there were those who said he was too ‘ high-backed ’ in these matters : but, however differing in deductions, there was no man who could not ‘ chuse but admire ’ the open, manly, and explicit way in which his sentiments were always delivered in controversies relating to Church-discipline. He was as open as day-light, and as luminous as the sun, in these discussions. There was nothing insincere, covert, or courtier-like about him. He was also thoroughly good-natured and good-hearted ; but now and then perhaps a little strong and decisive in the delivery of his sentiments. Quick in apprehension, and tenacious of his opinions, he fought you, whether in argumentations bibliographical or theological, step by step, and inch by inch, and in a manner which shewed that he neither feared nor disrespected you : and *discrepancies* were never recorded by him as *heresies* ! He had been the tutor of the present Earl of Guildford, and had mixed much in society : so that he never forgot what one gentleman had a right to expect, and what another had an equal right to grant.

chase, found himself in the possession of the *third* longest bibliomaniacal spear in the metropolis.

Something we might say of the *late* DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,* whose death 'followed hard upon' that of the last

At this moment of time—looking back upon what have been my hopes and fears, and toils and anxieties, since his decease—I may be permitted to say, 'ex imo corde,' that the excellent character, of whom we have been so long discoursing... 'SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER.' It is however among the most gratifying of my remembrances, now that he is in his grave, that I never spake to him with my tongue what my heart disowned; and that adulation and hypocrisy were strangers to the whole of my intercourse with him. But it is time to say 'Hail and Farewell!'

* *the late* DEAN of WESTMINSTER.] Lysander has probably introduced the late Dean of Westminster, DR. VINCENT, upon the *bibliomaniacal boards*, from some particular personal regard, or respect for his memory—as I am not sure that he is strictly entitled to the praise of having 'enacted' a conspicuous part in the *drama* here alluded to. He was however 'a fine gallant creature' in every sense of the word: and loved books and literature, and the society of learned men, prodigiously. My acquaintance with him (scarcely ripened into intimacy) commenced from a sufficiently gratifying circumstance. I had not been bred up at Westminster, nor had I ever had the least intercourse with 'the worthy Dean:' but a passage in the *Bibliomania* (p. 23) contained so strong and so pointed an allusion to the worth of his public character, and the erudition of his labours, that the Dean, in the course of a few weeks after the publication of that work (in 1811) was pleased to beg my acceptance of a bound copy of his *Voyage of Nearchus*, &c. 1809, 4to. accompanied by a letter, of which the following is a copy; and of which I will honestly declare that I am proud of the reception. As before observed, (p. 346) such testimonies of the warmth of heart of those now sleeping in their graves, and who have left behind an imperishable record of their talents, cannot fail to be acceptable to the enlightened reader.

'Sir; I have said in one of my prefaces,—“popular reputation I neither courted or declined,—emolument I neither coveted or disclaimed; but if the approbation of many excellent and learned men be an object of ambition, I have had my reward.” Judge then of the pleasure I have received on finding your suffrage added to the number, and your account of me and my work expressed with equal elegance and cordiality. You may be well aware that it is not in my power to thank every one that has mentioned my work with respect; but I do feel a peculiar gratification in the observations of a person so deservedly esteemed by all the friends of literature, and yet so totally unconnected with me in interest or acquaintance.

'The only instance in which I can testify my gratitude to you is, by putting

mentioned Bishop—but we must hasten to the more especial notice of three well-known and high mettled bibliomaniacs of the names of **JOHNES**, **WODHULL**, and **HEATH**.

LORENZO. I am indeed anxious to hear your opinion of

into your hands a book which may easily have escaped your notice ; in which, if you find no intrinsic worth, I think you will consider it as one of the neatest specimens of printing that you have seen ; and to the honour of *Collingwood*, [see vol. ii. p. 405] I must say, that the proofs of the Greek page came from the press almost faultless. I think him the most able printer of Greek of the present age ; and you well know the merit of this.

‘ Once more I thank you most cordially ; and whenever you may be in London, I shall be most happy to be favoured by receiving a visit from you at the Deanry : believe me your most obedient and faithful servant, **W. VINCENT**.’

Islip, July 8, 1811.

Shortly afterwards I visited ‘ the Deanry’ at Westminster, and found the owner of it in the midst of a well furnished library, reading the Oxford folio edition of *Clarendon’s Hist. of the Rebellion*. ‘ Though it be the Sabbath day,’ said he, (for the visit was made on a Sunday) ‘ there are worse methods of violating it than by reading the work which you see before me.’ I readily assented to the observation. From that period we wrote occasionally to each other, upon scarce books, and projected historical labours : and the following are two of the letters of that correspondence, which luckily have not been mislaid. They will prove that ‘ the late **DEAN OF WESTMINSTER**,’ although at the time a *Septuagenarian*, was not insensible to the seductive influence of bibliographical pursuits ; and we may also learn from hence that the necessity of re-inspection and re-arrangement of **MINSTER** or **CATHEDRAL LIBRARIES** is not absolutely confined to the *northern* parts of England.

‘ Dear Sir ; Can you, without trouble, tell me where Ailredus Rivallensis is to be found ? He is quoted by Widmore among the X. Scriptores. Is this a distinct work ? I have the V. post Bedam, and the XV. by Gale, where I find no such title. Has he another name ? I find two Ailreds mentioned by Leland ; but not the one I want. I find likewise large extracts from Ailred in *Reyner. Antiq. Benedicti Noram.* from which I conjecture that he is the oldest author extant, who reports the fable of St. Peter dedicating our church in person. (our Flete is in H. 6. reign.)

‘ This is the point of curiosity (peculiar perhaps to myself) that I wish to gratify. I trust you will pardon my mania in regard to St. Peter—the invention of the Fable is self-evident,—first, to exempt the church from episcopal jurisdiction ; secondly, to give us the tythe of salmon caught in the Thames. Tu si valeas, valeo : vale.

Deanry, Westminster, Jan. 11, 1813.

W. VINCENT.’

these book-worthies; although, if I remember, we were regaled with the notice of the sale of the library of the *last*

‘Dear Sir; Our *Plato* is, alas! imperfect; and so little was our treasure understood, that upon one occasion, when it was sent for, our librarian brought a *Plautus*!!!

‘Whenever you wish to see the *Missal*, only send a day’s notice to me; or, if I am out of town, to my son Geo. Vincent, Bread Sanctuary, and he will introduce you. I could not help observing, when I looked over it with Mr. Petrie, the beauty and uniformity of the vellum; which you have said it is now impossible to obtain. Finer illuminations there are many, but the *scriptio* is such as I have never seen. I am however but a stranger in these matters.

‘I could not be otherwise than civil to Mr. Barker, for the young cockerel (deuce take him!) had beat the old cock. I was upon the scent, but missed the game; and I am vexed it so happened. I am glad however that you approve of my moderation, and I can honourably say, that in my second edition I profited by every objection made to my first, without ill humour. Much it is to declare that I had reason to blush for *one* error only, in so large a work: all the rest were errors that must occur in almost all human literature—“*humanum est nescire et errare.*”

‘Our library, tho’ useful and extensive, has little in it that is curious; many books mentioned as having been there, do not now appear: we have suffered by a fire, but still more by careless and ignorant librarians.* I have done some good in the cause, but our means are very scanty. Success to your *Spenceriana*!

Deanry, Ap. 6, 1813.

Your’s most truly, W. VINCENT.’

There is a sprightliness, a *gaieté de cœur*, about these brief epistolary effusions which renders them very pleasant; especially when one considers that they were written late in life by a veteran who had once wielded the mastigophorising sceptre with consummate skill, and towards whom many a ‘young Cockerel’ was wont to look with terror and dismay: add thereto, that, at the time of their ‘*scriptio*,’ the author was habited in a capacious peruque, and with the insignia of the Dean of the Order of the Bath encircling his breast. I used to tell the Dean that I did not despair of seeing *uncut Alduses* and *unwashed Pynsons* in his collection: and many a laugh had we together at the dreadful *book-phrensy* manifested at the sale of the Roxburghe Library! He said, he had been ‘looking out sharply for a *Valdarfer*: but in vain!’ On his death, in 1815, his library, a useful and scholar-like collection, (as might have been expected) was sold by auction, by Mr. Evans, and produced 1390*l.* The vacant chair of the Dean has been occupied by a successor, both able and willing to give every encouragement to the cause of legitimate learning: be it connected with

* ‘I cannot say of our Prebendaries what Erasmus did of those in his age; “*plerique istius generis odere literas. Colloquium senile.*” But a century ago this was very true.’

of this bibliomaniacal triumvirate, when you addressed us in the drawing room on our last assembling?

LYSANDER. True: but we must take them in the order of their mortality. And first for dear MR. JOHNES!*

'*Ailredus Rivallensis*' or *Matthew of Westminster*. Long may he enjoy it! I consider Mr. Gifford's apostrophe to the present Dean of Westminster (at the close of his life of Ben Jonson) as one of the most beautiful bursts of natural feeling and natural eloquence which has adorned the pages of modern philology.

* *dear MR. JOHNES!*] The pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*,† (in the numbers for *May* and *June*, 1816) sufficiently attest the varied life and varied

† The materials for the information contained in the *Gentleman's Magazine* were chiefly furnished by the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, May 3, 1815. Some unknown friendly correspondent supplied me with a copy of this '*Chronicle*;' which, upon the whole, manifests so much proper feeling, and displays so many interesting features relating to the character and pursuits of the deceased, that I make the less scruple of subjoining it in the present place, as an unostentatious sub-note. *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, May 3, 1815. 'With deep and sincere sorrow we have to mention the death of THOMAS JOHNES, Esq. of Hafod, the Representative in Parliament, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Cardigan, Colonel of the Militia, &c. This melancholy event occurred in Devonshire, at his seat, Langstone Cliff, near Exeter, on the 24th ult. in the 67th year of his age. The varied and the great and good qualities of this gentleman are too well known to require any memento among his contemporaries; and the benefits growing up from his useful designs, from his munificence and example, will be the living records of him in after-times: yet, who could wish to see noticed merely in "a passing paragraph of praise," the character of such a man? Of one whose taste and munificence appreciated and fostered the works of the most exalted genius, while his benevolence stooped to comfort the fire-side of the lowliest cottager. His creations at Hafod, and "its flourishing colony," afford abundant instances of this disposition in its late inhabitant. Previous to 1783, when Mr. Johnes began to erect his first residence, the roads were impassable, there was not a post chaise in the county: the miserable huts of the peasantry he transformed into comfortable habitations, and he supplied medical attendants; he employed the population in planting millions of forest trees, upon the cheerless barrenness of the wastes and mountains, as well as in other improvements; and instituted Schools, which he and Mrs. Johnes personally attended. Having in view the two-fold design—to patronise literature and the arts, and to combine objects which, together with the natural grandeur of the scenery, might induce travelling to this remote part of the Principality, and thereby ameliorate the condition of the natives—he enriched his residence with paintings and sculptures by the best masters; stored his library with the most valuable literature, ancient and modern; and in his pleasure grounds he developed and enhanced the sublime scenery of Nature. So intent was he in improving the agriculture of this forlorn county, that he brought farmers from Scotland and other districts, and proposed, at one time, to introduce 100 Grison families, and to place them on the high uncultivated grounds; but various circumstances and objections prevented the execution of this latter plan.

'An Agricultural Society was commenced for the purpose of encouraging cottagers, by giving premiums and purchasing their productions; and he dis-

ALMANSA. You notice him very affectionately, methinks!

LYSANDER. I do: nor without reason. He had his foibles and his faults—for who is without them? but he had

occupations of the character above so feelingly introduced by Lysander. Mr. Johnes was indeed 'dear' to all who thoroughly knew the qualities of his head and heart: yet the same sensibility which was alive to his excellences, could not but be painfully quickened on a contemplation of his schemes, plans, and

tributed an excellent tract, entitled "A Cardiganshire Landlord's Advice to his Tenants." While Mr. Johnes was thus employing his talents and fortune for the benefit of his country, a destructive fire, in the year 1807, consumed his house with much of its valuable contents; the loss amounted, it is said, to 70,000*l*. Notwithstanding this disaster, Mr. Johnes still "resolved to inhabit his Eden, although driven out by the flaming minister." Hafod was once more rebuilt and adorned anew. Amid these various occupations, and his business in Parliament, Mr. Johnes translated the *Travels of Brocquiere*, 1 vol. 4to.; the *Chronicles of Froissart*, 4 vols. folio; *Monstrelet*, 4 vols.; and *Joinville*, 2 vols. 4to.: the three latter were printed at his own press at Hafod. During the last few years he continued indefatigable in his improvements at Hafod, and in making roads and erecting bridges for the accommodation of the public. He lately succeeded in establishing a Fund for the relief of the families of seamen and others who may suffer by casualties; and he conceived the idea of establishing a Fishery on an extensive scale. In the winter of 1814, Mr. Johnes had an alarming illness, from which, however, he appeared to have recovered; and he purchased a residence in Devonshire, for his winter resort, or, as he expressed it, "a cradle for his age." Here it was that the hand of death arrested him after a short illness.

"Let Learning, Arts, let universal Worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
I, too, remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth,
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
———But, far beyond the bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence; a friend
To humankind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For nothing human foreign was to Him."

'Mr. Johnes's remains will be removed to the Church which he built at Hafod, and be deposited in the vault with those of his beloved and only daughter, for whom a marble monument of most interesting design and exquisite workmanship has long been executing in London. They who have seen the romantic situation of Hafod Church, embosomed among plantations upon the elevated point of a hill, may faintly imagine how such a scene, and the music of birds and waterfalls, will accord with the melancholy procession, followed

great goodness of heart—a general love of mankind—and no moderate warmth of regard towards those who were dear to him from marriage and other ties. And then his love of

undertakings—not only too vast for his pecuniary means of carrying them into effect, but for any life to enjoy their completion. His domain at Hafod has been briefly and inadequately described in the *Bibliomania*, p. 647. Since the writing of that ‘inadequate description,’ I have visited the spot. It was in the summer of 1815 when that visit was made, and when Mr. Johnes had not long recovered from a severe attack of water in his chest. He was then beginning also to get the better of his recent heavy affliction in the loss of his daughter and only child: yet I question whether the overwhelming effect of that severe and irretrievable misfortune was ever wholly removed, or might not indirectly have added to the fatality of his disease. It was doubtless a most heart-rending blow. To a letter which I wrote to him upon the occasion, he answered thus: ‘I thank you for your kind and consoling letter, and for your direction to the only source of comfort. The blow has indeed been heavy, but we trust to the same merciful hand, that ordained it, for support. We set out this day for Hafod; and if you could favour us with your company any time this autumn, I think you will be pleased, and I am sure you will do us good.’ See also an allusion to his solitary state, in a letter noticed at page 83, ante.

To return to the visit at Hafod in the summer of 1815. He was then alone, with Mrs. Johnes. The house is large, but the establishment had been reduced;

through the tangling pathways by numerous peasants, to bid their last farewell to the master-spirit of Hafod.’

The character of the *Grounds* may be inferred from the following advertisement, in one of the London papers; which of course appeared during the life time of the owner. ‘Valuable reversion to be sold.—To be sold by private contract, the reversion in fee simple, expectant on the decease of a Gentleman in his 65th year, of between 15 and 16,000 acres of land in South Wales, with one of the most splendid mansions in the Principality. The house, grounds, woods, and carcasses, have for several years been visited as the greatest ornament of South Wales. No description of them, however, can be attempted within the limits of an advertisement; but an impartial account of them may be seen in *Malkin's Tour through South Wales*, and in Dr. J. E. Smith's *Tour to Hafod*. The lands (a great part of which is unclosed) are capable of immense improvements, and might in a few years, and at a very moderate expence, be made to produce double the present rents at least. The timber and plantations are at this moment extremely valuable, but in twenty years it is estimated that they would be worth, with proper care in the mean time, upwards of 100,000*l*. The proprietor being desirous of seeing the lands improved in his life time, would, for that purpose, give immediate possession to the purchaser, of a considerable portion of the lands, at the present low rents; and a moiety of two-thirds, if required, of the purchase money, might remain on security of the estate, during the life of the seller, at interest. Such an opportunity to provide for the younger branches of a nobleman, or wealthy commoner's family, may never again occur. For further particulars apply to Mr. John Smith, Solicitor, 8, Lincoln's-Inn, London.

Books, of pictures, of architecture, of grotts, water-falls, and rivers, and of all the grand and soul-reviving features of mountainous landscape! How intensely did this passion

as he preferred comfort to splendour. His hall, dining room, and suite of libraries, are doubtless among the most beautiful and striking in the kingdom. The *Alduses** are kept in the first library immediately connected with the dining room: the *Topography* in the second, or circular room: and the *Belles-Lettres*, &c. in the third—which latter is a magnificent octagon, of 28 feet in height, (including the lantern at the top of the dome) connecting, by folding doors of plate glass, with a conservatory of some 70 feet in length. The upper part of this octagonal library, from which the dome immediately springs, exhibits *eight subjects* from *Monstrelet*, executed in *chiaro oscuro*, by the ELDER STOTHARD, with a truth of design and felicity of effect much beyond what the same eminent artist hath (in my humble apprehension) produced in the coloured compositions of the great stair-case at Burleigh House in Northamptonshire: and unquestionably very much beyond what a foreign artist had previously effected, in the same *chiaro oscuro* style, on the sides of the entrance-hall at Hafod, from *Froissart's Chronicles*. The reader will quickly observe upon the propriety of introducing paintings from the pages of MONSTRELET and FROISSART in the Hafod residence. Every thing *without* this matchless room, is grand, quiet, and impressive: mountainous scenery, feathered nearly to the summit by larches—through the openings of which, at the very edges of small rocky precipices, the cattle low or ruminant as they list—but their sounds reach not the quiet vale below. The first burst of the mansion, as you turn sharply round (after having run your chaise along winding and ascending roads, at the brink, as it were, of cascades and mountain streamlets) is vastly striking and exhilarating. But it was in the said *octangular library*, whither we usually retired after dinner, that I enjoyed the full bibliomaniacal luxury of the Hafod abode. A fire, even at the end of July—for the sun at that time sheds his last beams about seven, owing to the height of the surrounding hills—was most acceptable. There we were wont to sit, till day light left us in darkness below, but lingered within the lantern above: and I believe, in temperate libations of old hock, or white burgundy, (the former of which Mr. Johnes always diluted with water) we used to toast ‘Lord Spencer and the Roxburghe Club,’ ‘Richard Heber and the

* These ‘*Alduses*’ were purchased of Signor PESARO of ———: and the room is called the Pesaro Collection. I instigated Mr. Johnes once to part with them: ‘as to the *Alduses* (observed he, in reply) I must be greatly tempted before I part with them, and you shall see them first.’ I did see them; and found them to be, generally speaking, ‘no great things.’ That collection however contains some very desirable copies of early printed books, and among them the *first Lascaris*, ‘white as the driven snow.’ The beautiful *MS. of Petrarch*, noticed in the first day of this Decameron (vol. i. p. cxxxii) is also in this collection.

possess him ! Some twenty years before his death he was in the plenitude of his book-wealth—and some ten years ago he was doomed to undergo one of the greatest vicissitudes which a collector could experience, in the loss, by fire, of a

library at Hodnet,* 'the cause of Bibliomania all over the World,' and 'the immortal memories of the Typographical Fifteeners !' The sculpture of *Banks*,* and the looking glasses bought at the Fonthill sale, not a little contributed to the classical effect of this well-furnished room. Total darkness prevailed by nine o'clock, when the coffee and tea equipages were introduced : and by half past ten we had reached our respective dormitories.

'Man never is, but always to be, blest.' At this period 'dear Mr. Johnes' was sighing for the coming on of October, and for his consequent return to his sea-side cottage at Langstone Cliff, near Exeter. He used to say it had been the 'setting of him up ;' and he expatiated in his wonted manner upon the beauties of the scene and the salubrity of the air—entreating me to come and visit him there ! Alas ! he was then contemplating a removal from which he was never to return : and on the 1st of October following he left, for the last time, his own

— paradise, blooming in the wild.

On the 24th of April ensuing, and in the 67th of his age, he breathed his last ; in that spot, where he had fondly anticipated a renewal of strength and a confirmation of health. My friend (and an old and dear one to the deceased) Mr. Henry Drury, was visiting him at this juncture. 'Poor Johnes (said he, in a letter to me, shortly after the event) is gone ! I was with him to the last. We enjoyed a bottle of champagne together, and talked of *Alduses* only three days before the event. But he was then going fast.' His LIBRARY, as well as the entire domain, is yet to be disposed of : but the trustees of the property will do well to look closely to the *former*, for the books are not wholly free from the influence of moisture, and, like those of Bishop Cosin, (see vol. ii. p. 503) they require 'rubbing once a fortnight before the fire.' Without doubt the collection is both costly and curious. It remains now merely to say a word or two respecting the bibliomaniacal character which Mr. Johnes has left behind ; but not without presenting the reader with (what I am sure he will thankfully receive) a sketch of a PORTRAIT of this amiable man, executed by the aforesaid Stothard. It represents him in one of those accidental attitudes in which he was

* Under one of the large 'looking glasses' above mentioned, and facing the fire-place, upon a marble slab, were placed three busts : one of *Mrs. Johnes* and another of *Miss Johnes*, each by *BANKS* : the third, of *Mr. Johnes*, by *CHANTRY*. The latter is one of the most happy of that admirable sculptor's performances. We must not, however, dismiss *Banks*, without noticing his beautiful small whole-length group of *Thetis* dipping *Achilles* in the river *Styx* : which stood in the *Pesaro* library.

portion of his library ! Yet, nearer to his own dissolution, a more cruel stroke awaited him—in the loss of his daughter and only child. A well-o-day ! the church which he built, and the burial ground which he prepared, now enclose the bodies which were once busied in giving them existence.

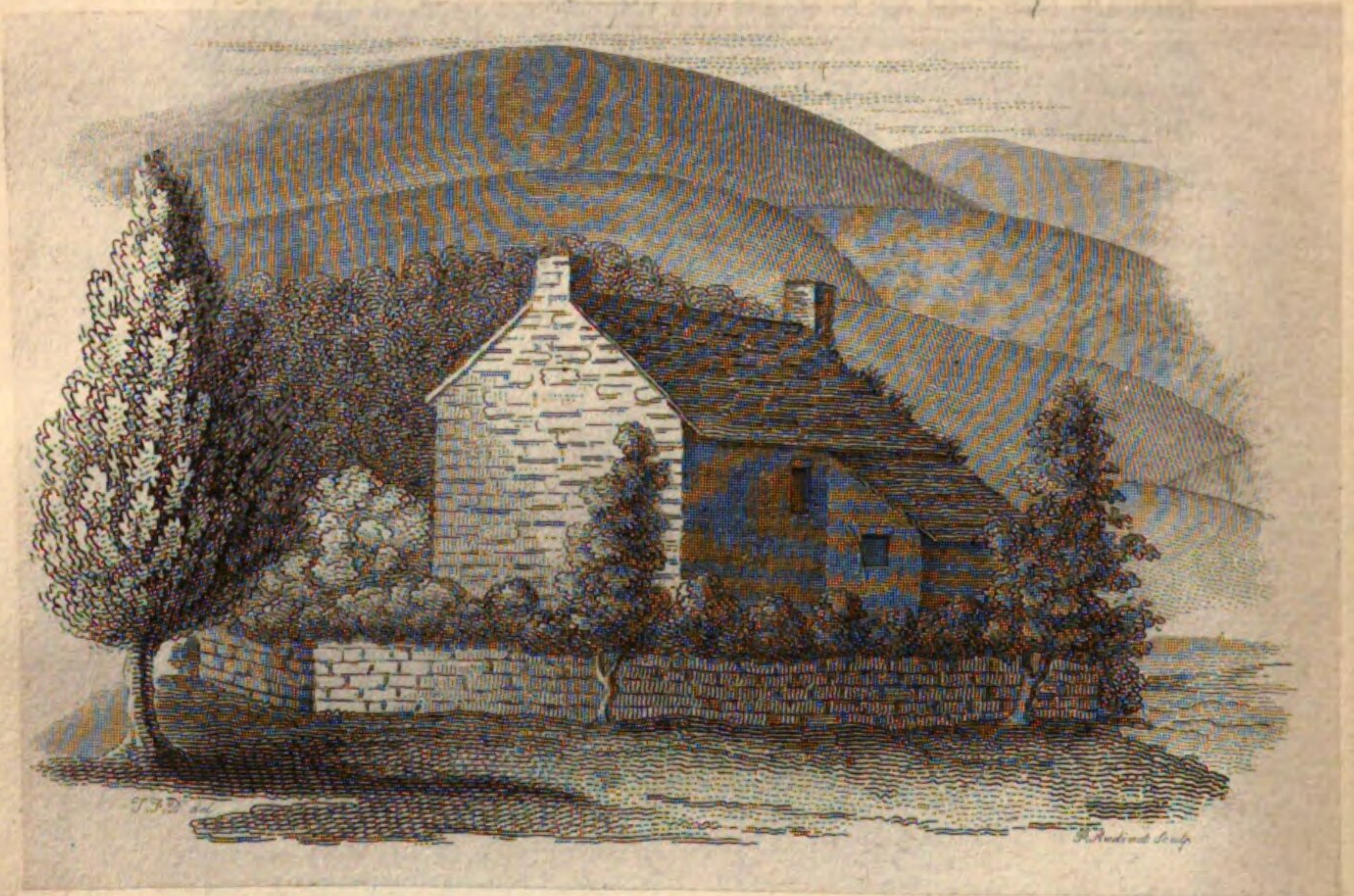
frequently seen ; and will be viewed with pleasure, not unmingled with pain, by those who used equally to enjoy his conversation and hospitality. Let me however further premise, that, of all the resemblances of him, that of Mr. CHANTRY'S BUST is the most faithful and happy. The other prints, which were privately circulated, are comparatively faithless.



After a portrait of the *Man*—observes the ‘cuninge reder’—we should have another of his *press* !—for all the book-world with one voice proclaims the reputation of *that* press which produced the English Versions of *Froissart*, *Monstrelet*, *Joinville*, and *De Brocquiere*, in quarto forms. Be it so, then. But first know, that this press is situated about a mile and a half from the mansion : amidst boldly swelling, but less cultivated, hills ; and that it is, in form, a mere cottage, now indeed bereft of every thing in the shape of tympan, frisket, type, and press-furniture ; and inhabited by a poor woman and her family, from neither of whom could I elicit a single word of *English*—as they speak it to the south of that ‘countree.’ Yet within this quondam typographical cottage, or PRIVATE PRESS, the present Dutchess of Bedford pulled (so Mr. Johnes told me) *one*

Yet, believe me, *Hafod* at this moment contains a LIBRARY worthy of the taste, spirit, and perseverance of HIM whose presence so lately gave it interest and animation.

sheet of his *Froissart* : and upon the back of an old gray mare, I took out my pencil, and drew the said cottage, exactly as it stands, and as you here have it, portrait-loving reader :



I am not sure, however, upon reconsideration, whether some few solitary, battered, and half broken types, which once were sparkling, and put in motion to describe the heroic gallantry of *Gaston de Foix*, may not be yet recumbent upon the up-stair flooring—begrimed with dirt from the feet of shoeless children. But to return to the author of the noble volumes here printed.

Mr. Johnes told me that during his translations of *Froissart* and *Monstrelet* (especially of the former) he would sometimes be in the octangular library by four o'clock in the morning : frequently at five, and generally at six. Indeed it is hardly possible to conceive greater enthusiasm and diligence than were evinced by him throughout the whole of these arduous labours : and however he may have, in many instances, mistaken names and dates, or written carelessly and inaccurately, he has left behind him an honourable testimony of well-directed study and commendable devotion of time. His example, if generally followed, would be of substantial service to the genuine cause of literature : for

A more ancient book-veteran reposes yonder. 'Tis MICHAEL WODHULL* of whom I speak. He had lived through a long career of book-glory, and had seen very many of

when gentlemen of classical education, good fortunes, or fine patrimonies, devote some portion of the leisure of retirement in enquiries connected with the ancient histories of their country—in a correspondence abroad, or at home, relating to hitherto unknown, or hitherto unexamined, MSS.—to questions of ancient costume, and researches amidst the fascinating varieties of ancient illuminations — (objects, the whole of which are exemplified in the publications of the HAFOD PRESS!) they are conferring a lasting benefit upon their country; and evincing, at the same time, a due sense of the advantages with which Providence hath been pleased to bless them. There is no one pursuit, or occupation, beneath the sun, to be put in competition with that of intellectual labour directed, in whatever way, towards the improvement and happiness of society: and the boast of *three* editions of an ENGLISH FROISSART may be as triumphant, and a little more rational, than that of three kingdoms to a conqueror! So take we leave of 'dear Mr. Johnes!'

* 'Tis MICHAEL WODHULL.] Few collectors have run a more ardent and uniform career, than the amiable and venerable character whose decease is above recorded by Lysander. As early as the *Gaignat Sale* his voice was heard and his biddings were registered. But what a compound was 'our Michael?' A scholar, a gentleman, a man of principle, and of fortune; but somewhat querulous, visionary, and democratical. The latter terms are used without asperity, and are not meant to convey more than their *legitimate* meaning warrants. The pages of the *Gent. Mag.* (for Nov. 1816) and of Mr. A. Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* vol. xxxii. p. 228, give a good outline of Mr. Wodhull's literary labours; of which, the translation of *Euripides*, in 4 octavo volumes, 1782, must be considered as 'standing first and foremost.' But his privately printed octavo volume of '*Poems*' affords the best evidence of the general complexion of his political and religious principles. I wish however *that* volume had been thrice as thick, and exclusively devoted to a *raisonné catalogue* of his own admirably-selected LIBRARY. His name would have stood upon a loftier eminence in consequence: for his poems betray, at times, almost the fierce antipathy of Ritson to ecclesiastical establishments, and are occasionally 'redolent' of the wild rhapsodies of Rousseau. These traits of caprice, perhaps, rather than of fixed principle, were modified in the after conduct of their author. Mr. Wodhull was pleased to beg my acceptance of a copy of his poems—out of pure bibliographical affection—for then I had never seen or spoken to him. I thanked him heartily, but did not scruple to express that difference of opinion of which the reader has been already put in possession. The poems contained some pretty embellishments, in the stipling manner, by Richter, and a frontispiece of Mr. WODHULL'S PORTRAIT; from which latter (thinking it might be acceptable to the biblio-

those, with whom he started in life, 'quiet beneath the green sod.' Remote from London, he built his house, and formed his library, and planted his trees, and laid out his grounds. Here he lived, distinguished for his peculiarities—for shyness and seclusion—visited by few, but respected by all.

maniac, now that the original is no more) I have caused a copy to be engraved, on a somewhat reduced scale, but in a preferable style of art. How then you have the 'amiable and venerable Michael Wodhull,' very much as he was wont to look some twenty-five or thirty years ago.



We will now give a more home-view of Mr. Wodhull's habits and occupations. He lived at Thenford in Northamptonshire, 'in a respectable and handsome mansion, on his patrimonial estate' (as Mr. Chalmers well expresses it) which he had himself built, and surrounded by plantations which had grown up from infancy under his own eye: so that he was both maker and 'monarch of what he surveyed.' The venerable owner of this 'handsome mansion' was visited by his friend Mr. Heber and myself, in the winter of 1815, a day or two after we had risen warm from the inspection of a *certain MS.* at Ecton Hall (see p. 338) in the same county. The roads of Northamptonshire, and especially the bye-roads, do not remind the traveller of the smoothness of a bowling green: a hard frost had, however, given them solidity—and after a sort of 'Πολλὰ δ' ἄναιλα, καίανλα' journey, we entered both the outer and inner gates of Mr. Wodhull's well-wooded domain. He received us kindly and heartily; but (borrowing the language of the *Bibliomania*, p. 143, in the description of a character under the name of 'Orlando') his cheeks were wan, and a good deal withered: and his step was cautious and infirm. His head in fact hung down upon his breast; his voice was feeble and rather inarticulate; and his movements were slow and few. A crackling fire was ordered to be lighted in the dining room, where I quickly recognised, over the chimney piece, a very early performance of Zuccha-

He died in the same spot: having uniformly shewn the same principles of political and moral conduct, and integrity

relli. Meanwhile, before dinner, we had the unlimited range of two rooms pretty thickly filled with books—yet it pained us (and especially my friend) to see so many empty shelves! The truth is, that Mr. Wodhull was much in the habit of selling, not only duplicates, but absolutely rare and curious books, by auction; although perhaps he had been many years in the acquisition of the latter. There seems to be no accounting for such a singular line of conduct: for a better informed, or more finished bibliographer, than their owner, existed not either in France or England. Indeed, respecting the French school of editions and printers, during the xvth century, it may be doubted whether Mr. Wodhull's equal could be found. Mr. Payne thought him 'Bibliographorum longè doctissimus,' in the matter of *Morels* and *Stephens*. He was, to my certain knowledge, profoundly versed in the volumes of Maittaire; and he who retaineth the information which such volumes possess, may be said to lift his head very high in the atmosphere of bibliographical erudition.

I frankly confess that both the number (about 4000 volumes) and the character of Mr. Wodhull's library disappointed me. His *Vellums* also were few, and of second-rate distinction. His early-printed books were chiefly of civil and ecclesiastical law; and in respect to the belles lettres, after having recently revelled in the interminable book-chambers of Althorp, (where large and luxurious copies in morocco, russia, and white-calf gilded, bindings throw around their dazzling influence!) it was hardly fair to raise my expectations, or to institute a comparison: so I experienced but little chagrin. Mr. Wodhull had once a very extensive library; which found its way, by treacherous yet pleasing sinuosities, nearly over the whole of the first floor, up the sides of the stair-case, peeping even into more than one bed-chamber! He was then a zealous attendant of book-auctions in town: and you might have seen him at the *Pinelli sale*, with his pen perpendicularly in his hand which he dropt almost instinctively—when a book, for which he had been bidding, went beyond the price he intended to give. His usual bidding, in a feeble or whining tone of voice, was 'three-pence more!' (Alas! the 'three-penny,' as well as 'the chivalrous age,' is gone—never to return!) When he disposed of a book, he usually cut out his name, and the price which he had given, in the fly leaf; and his arms were, in former times, stamped upon the outward cover. As we have occasionally dealt in autographic fac-similes, the reader may not be displeased with the following: taken from a volume luckily not subjected to the scissars of Mr. Wodhull.

Payne's sale = : / : =

M: Wodhull

June 30th 1770

of heart: and having also indulged in querulous compositions, both in prose and verse, against institutions, of which the evils were doubtful, or discernible chiefly to his own

A word or two now respecting the domestic habits and character of our well-beloved MICHAEL WODHULL, ere we draw the curtain upon him for good. It has been said, in a previous sentence, that his principles were 'somewhat visionary and democratic;' but that no asperity of meaning was intended to be conveyed by such epithets. Mr. A. Chalmers softens these 'democratic' principles, by saying that 'his politics were those of a British Whig, not run away with by national prejudices:' and in the *Gent. Mag.* we are told that they were 'of the school of Sydney and Hampden.' Who shall censure such a creed? Yet let us tell an *instructive* tale. Mr. Wodhull married in 1761 'a lady of great personal accomplishments, and universally loved and respected, Miss Catherine Milcah Ingram,' who left him a widower, without children, in 1808. The bridegroom was at that time in the plenitude of health and fortune. At Winchester-school,* he used to be called the 'long-legged republican'—but let that pass. When he was married, it should seem that he had preserved not only his 'long-legs' but his 'republicanism'—and would argue stiffly and stoutly about the equalisation of rights and properties. 'Say you so?'—said an intimate friend to him one day, at dinner—'Look at that beautiful woman whom you have just married? What other *right*, than that which the *law* allows, have you to the possession of such a treasure? If *equality* be resorted to, I have only to exercise the strength of this arm, so much more muscular than your own, and she becomes *my* property in an instant!' The appeal and the argument were not used in vain... Yet such was the high opinion which this 'intimate friend' entertained, both of the honour and integrity of Wodhull, that, on his own decease, he left him either guardian of his children, or trustee of their property: at this moment I forget which. But the foregoing anecdote may be relied upon as coming from a most veracious quarter. These are the 'rubs' which soon cure a man of his equalising *Utopias*. Mr. Wodhull possessed all the manly simplicity which distinguished his father; for though he never did, what that parent had done—'sell a horse, and bring home the saddle upon his shoulders'—yet his manners were most unaffected, and his treatment even of menials was kind and considerate in the extreme. There was a Platonic severity about him which taught him the good sense (however he might have *wooed his muse* to the contrary!) of conforming 'to the sound and apostolic establishments of the land.' 'His practice, (I quote Mr. Chalmers) even when very infirm, was to

* He was under JOSEPH WARTON; who, when he used to catch him reading *Pitt's Virgil*, would say—'why don't you read *mine*, Sir?' 'Because, Sir,' replied Wodhull, 'Pitt's is better!' I am indebted to the present Bishop of Norwich, who was at school with Mr. Wodhull, for this anecdote.

eyes; but for which evils, the remedies proposed were of a more vague and exceptionable nature. Yet peace to his ashes... for he loved *Jensons* and *De Spiras* to the last!

The name of HEATH will excite all your sensibilities. See yonder—'tis of the Doctor, ycleped BENJAMIN,* of

attend divine service in his parish-church; to read, or procure some friend to read, a sermon and prayers to his family and domestics every Sunday evening.' His funeral was, by his own desire, as his life had been, without parade or ostentation, and the monumental stone declares no more than the name and age of him whose mortal reliques lie near it.' He died on the 10th of November, 1816, in the 77th year of his age; and to his honour be it recorded, that he loved the BIBLIOMANIA to his 'heart's core'—even to the very last breath which escaped him!

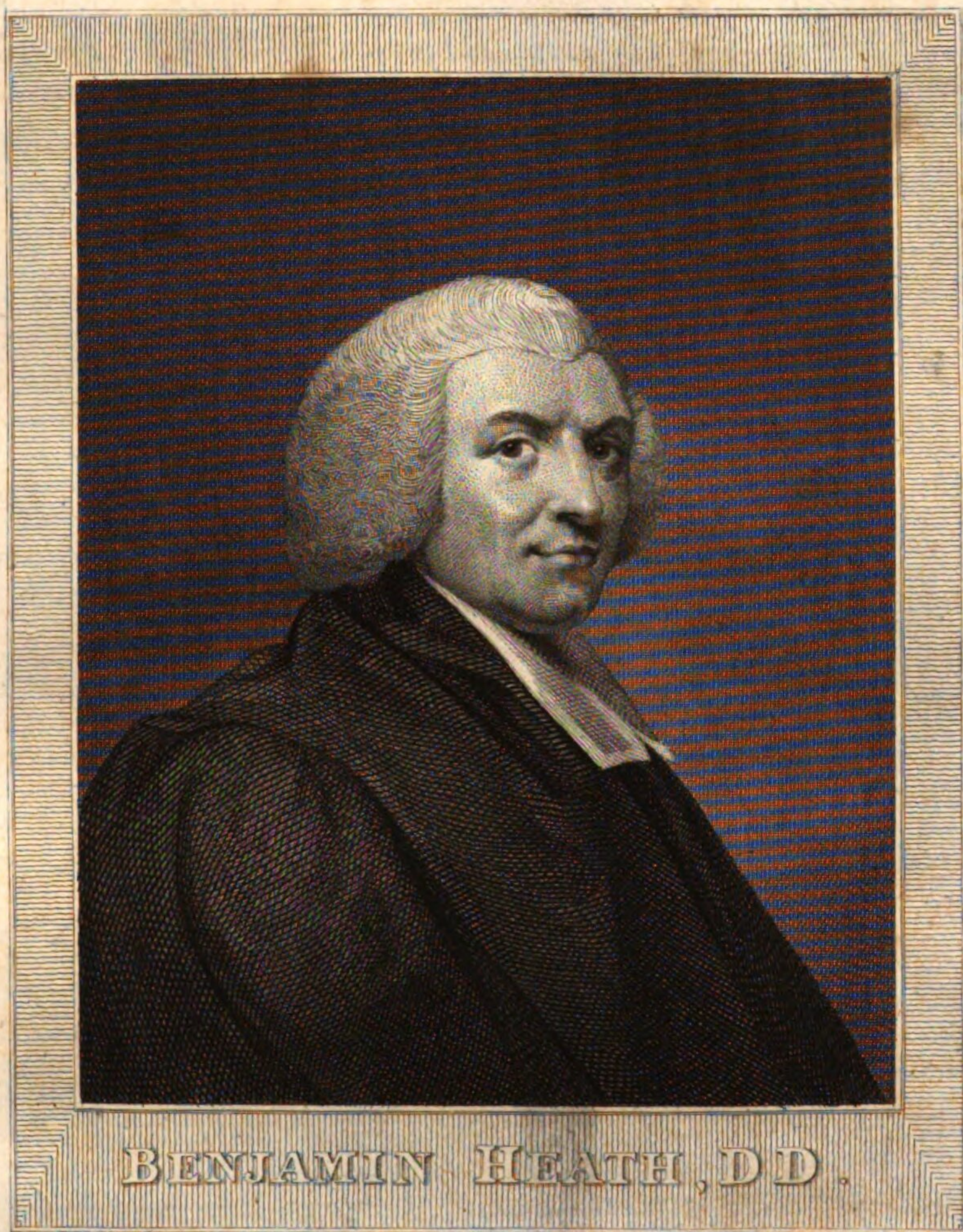
* *the DOCTOR, ycleped BENJAMIN HEATH.*] We are fast 'making up' the record of bibliomaniacal mortality; and 'last but not least' upon this record stand the name and character of Dr. Benjamin Heath, late Master of Harrow School; and of whose magnificent library, by far the more 'rare, useful, and valuable' portion was sold by auction in May 1810. The sale of this library has been mentioned in the *Bibliomania* (p. 617) as thus: 'Never did the Bibliomaniac's eye alight upon "sweeter copies," as the phrase is; and never did the bibliomaniacal barometer rise higher than at the sale! The most marked phrenzy possessed it!' Mr. Horne, in his *Introd. to Bibliography*, vol. ii. has given specimens of the prices which a few of the more precious articles produced. I frequently attended the sale; and therefore may with perfect truth aver, that a better chosen and better conditioned library NEVER was dismembered beneath the auctioneer's hammer. The russia, morocco, and white calf, were all judiciously bestowed upon intrinsically valuable volumes. There was not, to be sure, the curiosity of *Stanley*, nor the costliness of *Edwards*, evinced in this collection: but Philology and Classical Literature, in their fullest and most legitimate sense, reared their beauteous heads in all the luxury of large margins and bibliopegistic covertures. Even Topography here shone with an hitherto unrivalled splendour; and the produce of 9000*l.* for the sale of 4809 articles, is alone a demonstration of the *recherché* character of the collection now under consideration. But of the COLLECTOR! replies the reader! Not one word of necrological gossip connected therewith—especially as Magazines and Journals are silent thereupon! Yes, good-natured reader, thou shalt have *many* words of 'necrological gossip connected therewith,' as my 'very excellent and approved good friend,' the Revd. H. Drury, nephew of the same Doctor Benjamin Heath, hath, much to the mutual comfort (I make no doubt) of myself and the public, favoured me with what ensueth hereupon.

It may, however, be more regular, and in truth more decorous in itself, to

whom I now speak; and who is yet scarcely cold in his grave. What a love, what a taste, what an intelligence did he display in the whole arcana of book-collecting! At once

dispatch the Father before the Son. Know therefore, not only that our Doctor (like every other Doctor) had a father, but that *that* father was no other than the *Commentator upon the Greek Tragedians*: that he was the Principal Collector of the HEATH LIBRARY: that at the age of *thirteen*, (as the written dates in his books bear unquestionable testimony) he commenced the glorious career of bibliomania; and that he died probably possessed of as many books as even his son Benjamin disposed of: having, in his life time, divided his library between his two eldest sons. The father was a barrister, and town-clerk of Exeter, where he latterly resided; and where, it may with truth be affirmed, he collected the finest library in any Western County. He was born in 1704, and died aged 63. 'It is a curious fact, (observes the aforesaid excellent and approved good friend) though I do not know whether it be to your purpose, that in the library at Walkerne (the residence of my uncle Benjamin) there is a large family picture, painted by Pine, (son of the editor of Horace and Virgil of the same name) which represents the commentator's wife, and seven of her children, all of whom, *fifty three* years after the painting thereof, were alive and well. Alas, there is a fearful void made in the canvass now!' Let us say, in the language of bibliography, this is probably a *unique* occurrence.

Descend we now, methodically and naturally, as it were, to the Son—our bibliomaniacal DOCTOR BENJAMIN HEATH. But first, amiable reader, contemplate the only existing, and likely to exist, ENGRAVED PORTRAIT of this renowned instructor of youth, and bibliomaniacal chieftain! 'Tis from the pencil of Pine: and it is owing also to the gallant spirit of the aforementioned nephew that such 'amiable reader' views it in the present place—the umbrageous wings of his liberality having covered all contingent expenses thereupon. What a morceau therefore for a Grangerite? The original is the property of the sister of our Doctor. The colouring and expression are by no means contemptible, though both be within many degrees of Reynolds, Romney, and Phillips. Yet a picture by PINE is a rarity. A defect in the *sight* of the painting has been remedied in the engraving; but I have been guilty of no further alteration except it be that of reversing the Horatian remark—'changing squares into circles'—by making an oval into a square. Thus then you have an admirable portrait of an admirable man in his 45th year: and the only one ever taken of him. Let us proceed now to our 'minutes of the dead,' as furnished by an authority beyond impeachment or even suspicion. Dr. Benjamin Heath was born on the 29th of September, 1739, O. S. In 1759 he left Eton for King's College, Cambridge. After he had resided there three years, on his taking a fellowship, he was called to Eton as one of the Assistant-Masters. In the year 1771 he succeeded Dr. Sumner as Head-Master of Harrow School. He was



BENJAMIN HEATH, D.D.

Pne pinx^t

Worthington Sculp

ÆTATIS SUÆ XLV.

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a scholar and bibliomaniac—and equally a critic in Greek metres and white-calf binding—he pursued a uniform and splendid career in the acquisition of tomes, of which the

appointed, as were the two succeeding Masters, DOCTORS DRURY and BUTLER, (singularly enough!) by the vote of the Archbishop of Canterbury: the six governors having never been able, in each of these instances, to elect a master by a requisite majority of the whole. Our Doctor had a warm brush, upon the occasion of this election, with the mighty PARR; but, at this moment, every *scintillation* of animosity is extinguished even in the oft-replenished *pipe* of the latter—and the nephew of the elected master, and the disappointed and most learned competitor, now converse, and write to each other, in strains at once gentle and jocose.

On his election to the Mastership of Harrow, Dr. Heath abolished the custom of ‘*shooting for the silver arrow* ;’ an abolition, which my friend Mr. Haslewood has never ceased to bewail in the most poignant manner: for when I shewed him, on our visit to the nephew, last summer, ‘the last silver arrow (lying horizontally over the chimney piece) which had been shot for,’ he heaved a sigh, and bethought him of the good old times of Robin Hood, Berners, and Turberville! ‘Who knows, (exclaimed he, vehemently, with raised voice and right hand) who knows whether *this* very arrow be not the only existing document which has reached us of the length and form of those arrows, in “the olden time,” which transfixes the buck, or pierces the doe?—when the whistling bullet was unknown, and when’—But we must leave Mr. Haslewood for ‘higher game.’ In the year 1781, Dr. Heath was presented by his College to the rectory of *Walkerne*; and about the year 1807, to the valuable rectory of *Farnham Royal, Bucks*: but, intermediately, in 1784, he was appointed Fellow of Eton College, on which event, at Easter, in 1785, he vacated Harrow, having been head-master fourteen years.

He now retired chiefly to Walkerne, and to his ‘*dear bokes* :’ where, after the example of Sir Thomas Bodley, ‘as the epilogue and end of all his actions and endeavours, of any important note,’ (see *Bibliomania*, p. 355) he had built a LIBRARY, and also, like Sir Thomas, built it ‘in the shape of a T:’ the length whereof was 71 feet, the transverse part 50 feet, the width 15, and the height about 12 feet and a half: ‘forming (says my friend Mr. Drury) a very handsome gallery: the whole being as full of books as it could hold.’ Oh rare and brave, for a pastor—not being a dignitary! Here lived, and here revelled, the bibliomaniacal scholar and chieftain of whom we are discoursing. Here he saw, entertained, and caressed his friends, with *Alduses* in the forenoon, and with a cheerful glass towards evening: hospitable, temperate, kind-hearted, with a well furnished mind and purse, and with a larder and cellar which might have supplied materials for a new edition of Pynson’s *Royal Boke of Cookery and Kervinge*, 1500, 4to.) Dr. Heath was anxious that his mansion should be the residence of all that was distinguished for talent and respectable in character.

remembrance of their dispersion almost yet fills our hearts with sorrow and our eyes with tears!

LISARDO. By that I presume you did not enrich your own library with specimens of the treasures to which you now allude?

LYSANDER. Certainly not to any considerable amount: but I was fond of the white-calf and full-gilt tooling discernible upon the backs of the volumes; and witnessed,

Nor was the host or the guests disappointed. 'Without the affection (says his nephew) which I naturally felt for my earliest friend and benefactor, I think, that if I had only lived his neighbour, I should have considered him among the best men living: learned, affable, high-spirited, and charitable to a degree which certainly nobody could believe who had not witnessed it.' It was in this retirement, gentle reader, that old age and infirmity (which, like time and tide, 'wait for no man') overtook the worthy character of whom we are speaking: and as these came on, he grew, comparatively, indifferent to those tomes in which formerly his pride and his pleasure consisted. His eye-sight, however, was unimpaired to the last; but as his residence was but a rectory, he thought it best to anticipate all trouble, upon his decease, respecting the disposition of his library, and resolved upon sending the 'dear bokes' to town: retaining, however, a large proportion of those belonging to the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, as well as the whole of his father's books which contained marginal notes, (and among them a *Hesiod*—fit for publication) presents, and a considerable collection of History and Divinity.

Accordingly, to town came the books. The library-room was broken up; and the Bodleian T was transformed into a parallelogram dining room of about 40 feet in length. I remember seeing the books arrive at Mr. Jeffrey's, in Pall Mall, who devoted many autumnal mornings in brushing and putting in order the precious cargo he was about to dispose of. I believe however they were sold in the first instance to Messrs. Cuthell and Martin for three thousand pounds beneath the sum which they ultimately produced; and these latter took the measure of disposing of them by public auction. Of their character, nothing more need here be noticed; except that their owner (as remarks his nephew) 'had a piercing eye for margins:' but choice, and selection, as well as beauty and magnificence, were the characteristics of the HEATH LIBRARY. It remains to draw the funeral curtain over our portrait, by observing that our Doctor died at his rectory at Walkerne on the 31st of May, 1817, and that his nephew (to whom our obligations have been so frequently expressed) followed him to his grave as chief mourner, to the family vault at St. Leonard's, Exeter. 'POST FUNERAL VIRTUS:' and here say we farewell to the most excellent Dr. Benjamin Heath!

without enviable emotions, how these said volumes, like streamlets working their way between sedgy banks, insinuated themselves into the larger rivers or reservoirs of the more notorious collectors of the day—many of whom attended in person during the sale. And now—the characters upon our mirror are dispatched! See—the whole is vanished like the figures upon Banquo's glass!—and we are left to our unassisted powers of memory. But surely enough has been already said?

LISARDO. If you confine yourself to mere collectors of libraries, there can be no doubt of the fulness of your recital. Yet *one*—fond and faithful book-collector, on a smaller scale, but of exquisite talent as an artist, and who filled a situation in a public establishment—you have forgotten or overlooked!

LYSANDER. 'Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear!' . . . the name of ALEXANDER* shall long live, not only in our own

* *the name of ALEXANDER.*] WILLIAM ALEXANDER, ὁ μαχαρίτης, was Principal of that department in the British Museum which is connected with the care of the *Prints and Drawings*; and was, in fact, the DRAFTSMAN employed in those copies of the *Towneley Marbles*, which are so familiar to the connoisseur in the three quarto volumes which have been long before the public. Of the merits of that work, presently. Mr. Alexander had accompanied Lord Macartney to China as *sub-draftsman* to the Embassy: but the *sub* very quickly shewed himself to be *super* in the execution of the task assigned to him: for more elegantly designed and executed vignettes than those which accompany the History of that Embassy, in two quarto volumes, have never before, or since, appeared. I leave to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, more especially to those for the month of October 1817, (which had been written in consequence of a supposed sterile and unsatisfactory memoir of Mr. Alexander in a preceding number) the recital of the leading events of his early and later life. I shall here only speak of him as an artist, a gentleman, and a friend. As an artist, he deservedly stood very high—for truth and tenderness of detail. His compositions were little inventive: being generally mere copies of what he saw before him. Cathedrals, crosses, and cottages—men, women, and children, individually, or in groups—he portrayed with a pencil of surprising truth,

memories, but in that of the public: for the public was as much benefitted, as we were ourselves delighted, by his varied productions. Then, too, his unaffected manners and

delicacy, and expression. But it was, I think, in *topographical* drawings (if they may be so designated) that 'our' Alexander chiefly excelled: yet I know not how to forget, while this confession is made, the exquisite effect of his drawing of *Lord Bacon's Monument* ('full of fustian and bombast' as the original is —) for Mr. Clutterbuck's *History of Hertfordshire*. It must, at the same time, be conceded, that, in all his compositions, especially in those connected with landscape, you looked in vain for the poetical feeling of *Cosens*, the magical boldness of *Girtin*, or the consummate art of *Turner*. He had none of this: but, on the other hand, he was never feeble nor faithless; there was nothing in him either of the stiff, straight-forward, plodding, and (if I may so speak) heartlessness of feeling and execution, which has almost uniformly distinguished the school of topographical draftsmen from the days of *King* to *Grimm*. Now indeed we witness better things in the delineations of *ANTIQUITIES*; and no man living ever more keenly and thoroughly appreciated the talents of his contemporaries, in this department, than did 'poor dear Alexander'—as every surviving friend now mentions his name! Many were the congenial hours which we passed together in praise of the talents of *Blore*, *Neale*, *Le Keux*, *Smith*, *Greig*, and *Woolnoth*; and of sundry other pencil and burin heroes who shine in that galaxy of art produced by the enterprise of Mr. Britton. He just lived to view the 'egregious promise of excellence' held out in the burin of *Coney*: from whom, if he will only avoid too free an indulgence of rectangular lines, we shall see revived, in due time, all the splendour and power of *Piranesi* without his occasional obscurity.

It has been observed that Mr. Alexander was professionally employed in copying the Townleian Marbles, for the publication before alluded to. It was late in his life when he undertook that 'employ:' and I am free to confess that, although eminently faithful, his performances wanted that fulness and effect—that soul-breathing inspiration, as it were, which a contemplation of the originals can seldom fail to produce. Add to which, the copies were all made on too small a scale; being in this respect much inferior to the representations of the same objects which appear in the magnificent folio publication of the Dilettanti Society. His mode of drawing was in India ink, heightened by pencil touches, upon a yellowish or ivory-tinted ground: but there was probably too much of *miniature detail* in the working up of the subjects—which he defended by observing that they would form better guides to the engravers. He was fastidiously nice, and hard to please, in the engravings themselves: but would speak of the *Bathing Venus*, *Pericles*, *Homer*, and *Demosthenes*, with approbation amounting to rapture. Never had a human being a more thoroughly conscientious wish and anxiety to fulfil his situation with fidelity and satisfaction: and

benevolent disposition : his utter unconsciousness of his own talents : his love of *virtù* : his ready and happy skill in transposing the breathing marble or speaking portrait to his

it is no disparagement to his successor or, successors, whoever they may be, to say, that if they succeed, the public will indeed be surprised ! His readiness of access and of communication, the freedom, simplicity, and sincerity with which his sentiments were expressed, will long be remembered by those (and by none more than him who records the truth) who were benefitted by such kindnesses. How far, as we were oftentimes wont to observe together, the publication of the TOWNELEY MARBLES, in its present form and manner, was in every respect *politic*, may be soberly questioned : as a volume of the size of *Spence's Polymetis*, of which the impression should have been limited to 250 copies, and the price should not have exceeded 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* might, peradventure, have been a more successful speculation. Two reasons seem to warrant this inference. In the first place, the work of Spence is received in our libraries as a beautiful book, and of classical authority ; and the volume, or volumes, which might have succeeded, would have been *companions* to such precursor : a point, which a judicious collector never fails deeply to consider. In the second place, the purchasers of such works (for a taste for *ancient virtù* is far indeed from being *indigenous* in our own country !) are uniformly few, and necessarily confined to those whose purses are well furnished with pistoles, and who, consequently, for *absolute excellence in art*, would give *seven* guineas with the same readiness as they now do *two*, or more ! Add to which two reasons, an abundant impression of a book of art renders such book common and deteriorated in the capricious taste of collectors, who too frequently assign to rarity what is due only to excellence.

We have now to speak of this departed character, as a member of society whose manners were well-regulated, and whose principles and conduct made him welcome in circles of the highest polish. If of *any* man, it may of the late WILLIAM ALEXANDER be said, that he was

Of manners gentle, and affections mild ;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

In mixed company he was at first diffident and reserved ; but as conversation warmed, and as the hearts of men waxed warm in consequence, he grew communicative, cheerful, animated, and ardent : and he had one of the pleasantest ways imaginable in dissenting from your criticisms ; in which you evidently saw that it arose from a supposed more accurate conception of the subject—or rather, from a more affectionate respect for it (especially if that subject happened to be a *Cross*, or the nave of a *Cathedral*,) than that which you yourself expressed. You could not sit near him ten minutes without wishing to know more of him, or even to become intimate with him—such was the well-regulated tone and temper of his deportment : and if, during dinner, you challenged him to single combat (alias, asked him to drink a glass of wine) he seemed to accept your

own copies of the same ; to say nothing of his unceasing and unquenchable ardour in the pursuit, or rather passion, of *Illustrating Copies* ! . . his fondness for topography in par-

challenge in the heartiest possible manner, and with the sturdiest possible courage. He was, however, an exceedingly shy fighter in these contests : in other words, a most abstemious bacchanalian guest ; and would sit with the same undiminished quantum of wine in his glass, cracking his biscuit, and crossing his legs, till the hour grew late, and even midnight was melting into morning—animated, during the whole time, by disquisitions upon prints and drawings, and large paper copies of *Dugdales* and *Darts* !

Come we now, in the last place, to dwell upon his memory as a FRIEND—for, of all men, he had indisputably one of the fondest and friendliest of dispositions. His house, his table, his library, were entirely at your service. His circumstances were by no means affluent : but he had a heartiness of soul which in an instant transmuted his port into hermitage, and his sherry into tokay : and his roast-beef, garnished as much by his good humour and good-cheer as by his horse-radish, might have vied, in the *rejouissance* which it consequently produced, with the effects of the best drest turtle that ever graced the table of a City Baronet. He loved to see his friends much and often : but as a bachelor (or rather widower, without children) he was more frequently a guest than a host. In his *professional* services he was especially friendly : for, although occupied in his department from morn till night, and full of projects of *virtù*, he would contrive to steal moments to devote to the execution of the wishes of his friends ; and in this manner, aided by the unceasing solicitude and assistance of a brother, (to whom his loss is irremediable) he was so kind as to furnish me with those drawings which have been specifically mentioned in the pages of this work, and by which such pages have been greatly adorned. The very LAST performance of his PENCIL was a drawing, upon a reduced scale, of a magnificent silver vase presented to Earl Spencer by a grateful tenantry in the winter of 1815 : from which his lordship had a stippled engraving, by Freeman, executed in the most beautiful manner, intended chiefly for presents to the donors of the vase. Poor Alexander used to express his high sense of the remuneration bestowed for the drawing ; which however, as his Lordship has often acknowledged, was the *least* he could have received. I am now about to touch a mournful theme—his dissolution. He was indeed suddenly taken away from those who loved and admired him——

(Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,

Nulli flebilior quam mihi!—)

by a brain-fever : which, within a fortnight of its first attack, hurried him to the grave. He was unconscious of his sufferings ; but his brother attended him with unremitting assiduity, and heart-broken anxiety, to the very last. It pleased Providence to grant him the possession of his senses some few hours

ticular . . . the thousand churches, crosses, monuments, and mouldering walls, to which he has given eternal existence by his pencil . . .

LISARDO. But the sudden and severe termination of his labours . . . his lamented end ! . .

before he expired ; when, on the conclusion of a little tranquil conversation, he begged his brother to stoop down—and, having kissed him three times, he gently looked upwards, and ceased to breathe. This melancholy event took place on the 23d July, 1816, in the 50th year of the age of the sufferer. Thus has gone down to his grave WILLIAM ALEXANDER : a man of real worth, a friend of tried affection, and an artist of rare attainments. He had other virtues worthy of recording ; and what should these be but *bibliomaniacal* ones !

Yes, ' our Alexander ' was a very Ashmole,* rather, a very ' Alexander the Great,' yea, a perfect Nimrod—in the hunting after PORTRAITS—whether such portraits were contained in a *Boke*, or were distinct and separate publications. He loved also large paper copies of topographical works—as the worthy and efficient historian of Hertfordshire (whom I have more than once met at the ' roast-beef' table of our common and departed friend) can well attest. But the amiable character whose loss we are deploring, evinced, it must be confessed, the most outrageous symptoms of that branch of the bibliomaniacal disease, which, in a previous work, hath been designated a ' passion for books *illustrated*, or *adorned with numerous prints*.' Of such ' books' he had a very considerable number ; and among them, the work itself, out of which the doctrine originated, adorned and embellished with portraits, (both as drawings and prints) equally numerous in quantity and interesting in quality. This copy was purchased by a gallant bibliomaniac resident at Hodesden in Hertfordshire, for a comparatively moderate sum. It remains only to add, that the collection of books, drawings, prints, and pictures, of our departed friend were sold by auction by Mr. Sotheby, in the Spring of 1817, and produced, on the whole, 2986*l*. Thus, whatever is virtuous in heart, accomplished in head, and respectable in character, finds nearly a similar destination : and few indeed are those artists and bibliomaniacs, over whose chartaceous relics, in the end, the ebony wand of the auctioneer is not destined to be waved !

* Anthony Wood, in his account of Elias Ashmole, tells us : ' In his library I saw a large thick paper book, *near a yard long*, containing on every side of the leaf two, three, or more pictures or faces of eminent persons of England, and elsewhere, printed from copper cuts pasted on them, which Mr. Ashmole had with great curiosity collected ; and I remember he has told me that his mind was so eager to obtain all faces, that, when he could not get a face by itself, he would buy the book, tear it out, paste it in his blank book, and write under it from whence he had taken it.' Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ii. p. 160. What a portrait is this, in *many* points of view, of our departed friend !

LYSANDER. Strike not a chord which sends forth so touching a note. You break my heart in twain. Let the remembrance of his virtues live for ever in those bosoms which have witnessed their benign influence! Death hath indeed of late deprived your monarch, in particular, of the fulfilment of some of the fondest hopes upon which bibliomaniacal felicity had been built. Young men were coming forward . . . but a truce to this strain!—yet, as from infancy the love of books and of book-collecting was natural to me,* I

* *from infancy—the love of books and of book-collecting was natural to me.*] What might have been the intensity of LYSANDER's early affection for 'books and book-collecting,' I will not pretend to determine: but I can well remember, and will as fearlessly avow, the book ardour of my own boyish and almost childish days. Some thirty-five years ago, gilt-covers, with broad blotches (or masses, if the reader prefer it) of red, blue, and yellow, used to be the usual *envelope* (very different indeed from those of Grolier and De Thou copies!) of books for children to read. On my arrival in England (for I was born at Calcutta) in my fifth year, I was quickly put in possession of a little library of this bibliopegistic description: and I can even now well remember the transport with which I used to carry 'these red, blue, and yellow-blotched covered books' to my bed, and the vexation I endured when the servant took away the candle, and left me in total darkness with them in my hands—and how I was wont to revenge myself of such vexation by an early attack upon them the next day! I have also a perfect recollection of experiencing the first symptoms, or *gentle emotions*, of the BIBLIOMANIA, by the sight of a sack full of second-hand books turned out upon a large oaken table, by my first school-master; among which *Sandby's Horace* in particular excited my admiration and astonishment! But what would have been those 'emotions' had it been *Pine's* edition of the same poet?!

Lysander talks above of 'death having of late deprived him of the fulfilment of some of the fondest hopes upon which bibliomaniacal felicity had been built,' and of 'young men coming forward,' &c. I will not pretend to furnish a key for the meaning of these mysterious sentences: but among 'young men' there was ONE, of whose education in early life I had for a short period the direction, and who, after putting *Goldsmith's Traveller* into Latin hexameters, and the *Vision of Mirza* into Latin prose, before he had attained his 16th year, in a manner which charmed every competent judge of its execution, bade fair (while he almost made playthings of *Herodotus*, *Homer*, and *Livy*) to realise, in his maturer years, every wish however fond, and every hope however ardent, which his relations and friends could not help entertaining of his ultimate eminence and

may with the greater propriety bewail instances of failure, in the examples of others, arising from the interposition of a

success. But it pleased Providence to ordain it otherwise. He was the only child of a widowed mother: both of whom had equal sensibility and rare endowments: yet that mother would often calmly and composedly tell me that 'she never expected to see her son reach the age of twenty-one.' Alas! she little expected that a *double tragedy* would be witnessed under her own roof before the completion of that period!...The son had scarcely attained his nineteenth year when the hooping cough, accompanied by violent inflammation, attacked him incessantly and severely. He was bled in proportion to the violence and frequency of such attacks. 'Try once more!'—did he say to his medical attendant: and he survived the operation scarcely two hours: dying, half-raised up in bed, with all his faculties about him, and with a composure and fortitude which astonished the spectators of such a scene! Meanwhile his mother had been attacked with a pleurisy. The disorder increased upon her: and they were both in separate rooms, upon their death-beds. The mother had taken leave of the son about two days before his departure. She survived him about the same length of time, but was happily ignorant of his dissolution. The same procession of heart-aching friends accompanied—and the same hearse and the same grave received—both bodies. I should be proud, as indeed were his relations, of the mention of his NAME: but better judgment may be shewn in the suppression of it. Yet a family of the first distinction in the metropolis, (synonymous with all that is honourable and flourishing in mercantile transactions,) expectations of considerable fortune, and of domestic comfort of every description, his own high worth and exquisite attainments—all, all were unavailing!—and it is among the most painfully-pleasing of reminiscences, which haunt my hours of retirement and reflection, to think upon the reciprocity of our attachment to each other—and upon the gratification which the deceased undoubtedly would have felt had he lived to read the work in which it was so little anticipated that his virtues were to be recorded.

Let us continue the *adagio* movement: for the notice of 'poor dear Alexander' hath led us into a sort of mournful yet picturesque wilderness of cypress, and fir, and yew. Or, we are but playing a counterpart to the melody produced by the Monarch of the Day. Among the 'departures' of those, who, had they lived, would have read these pages with long-expected and undiminished pleasure, it is both my inclination and my duty to record that of the REV. DANIEL MAC NEILLE, M. A. Rector of *Hackets town*, in Ireland. He was a most zealous Protestant clergyman: of a lively fancy, and cultivated understanding. My acquaintance, or rather intimacy with him, was purely of an epistolary kind, (for I had never seen him,) and arose from the publication of the *Bibliomania*. I have assuredly no reason to be ashamed of such a cause of intimacy; and with the feelings which that conviction produces, I hasten to lay before the reader some excerpts from a few of the many entertaining and instructive letters I received

fate equally unrelenting and premature! To what other objects shall we direct our attentions?

from the same respectable quarter. Mr. Mac Neille was in his *sixtieth* year when he died, in 1816, from repeated attacks of the rheumatic gout. He was a thorough bibliomaniac, and cultivator of bibliographical studies. His feelings were always evidently much excited upon the question of the Roman Catholic emancipation; and the reader will find, from the ensuing 'excerpts,' that he had sufficient cause of 'excitation:' yet he always admitted (for his heart was most Christian-like) that such dreadful scenes, as those described by him, were not likely again to occur; and that, in the end, national animosities would subside into conciliation and amity. I am free to confess that the loss of my Irish friend and correspondent is in part irremediable: for I can never think upon those effusions of solicitude and regard which he expressed for the welfare of his correspondent, without extreme pain, and even agony, that the author of them has ceased to be among the living! His criticism, favourable or unfavourable, upon these pages, was anticipated with an impatience which cannot easily be described. But it was not ordained to be realised. I submit, readily and firmly, to any imputations of personal vanity and egotism which may be attached to me—in consequence of these excerpts; believing and knowing that, to be thought deserving of such sentiments as they unquestionably display, will ever be felt, by honest and enlightened characters, among the most rational gratifications of human existence. They sometimes fall as the rain from heaven to refresh the parched desert: and I will frankly avow that I seem to live '*mihi carior*' in consequence of the good opinion expressed in the following extracts. Most certain I am, also, that some half dozen of bibliomaniacs will cry 'bravo' upon their perusal!.. and I could even venture to divide the Roxburghe Club upon the propriety of their insertion! The first and second letters contain notices of the well known HARRY QUIN: a bibliomaniac of the most whimsical enthusiasm:

' My Dear Sir,

Edmondstown, February 27th, 1812.

' I am much gratified with your kind remembrance of me in the midst of your interesting avocations. My intention in sending the books by *Mahon* was, that you should consider them your own, if worthy of your acceptance. I shall send you Hutten's tract against Erasmus, by the very first opportunity; you will be pleased with the wood engravings: this also I request you will do me the favour to accept of. I beg you will have the goodness to put me down for large paper copies of every thing you may publish. The *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* will be highly prized by me, should I live to see it.... The 2d volume of your *Ames* had not arrived in Dublin on Saturday last, and as westerly gales have blown very strongly ever since, I do not think there can have been any arrivals from Liverpool since that day. I have not been able to procure any details of *Irish Printing* for you; but you can determine, a priori, that nothing very interesting can be elicited by enquiry, when the fact is once

LISARDO. Will you wholly omit to notice *LIVING Book-Collectors*?

ALMANSA. I entreat our monarch not entirely to discard such an interesting theme from his consideration.

adverted to that Ireland had not the advantage of a printing press (I believe) for a century after the invention of the (almost) divine art.

‘The republication of scarce and early printed books does great credit to the taste and spirit of the present day: your Bibliomania must be a strong stimulus to the printers and purchasers. In that elaborate and interesting book, at page 237, you mention that Sir R. C. Hoare had edited the *Irish Itinerary of Giraldus Cambrensis*, but the industrious Baronet has given the Welsh Itinerary only, in the Latin volume; for the two volumes cannot be called a translation, and even in them there is nothing relating to Ireland. The *Topographia Hiberniæ* and *Hibernia Expugnata*, are contained in the *Anglica et Normanica*, printed for Camden at Francfort, 1603. I gave four guineas for the book, principally on account of the writings of Cambrensis relating to Ireland; these consist of 121 pages in folio, 59 lines to a full page. I am of opinion that a republication of the *Irish* part of Giraldus would sell admirably, particularly if Lynch’s *Cambrensis Eversus* were annexed. This latter work was published under the assumed name of Gratianus Lucius. I never could procure a copy; two royal octavos would easily contain both Cambrensis and Lynch. Sir R. C. Hoare has published a Tour made by himself in Ireland, a few years since.

‘Did you ever meet my poor friend, HARRY QUIN, in England? Poor fellow! he fell by his own rash hand, a victim to the sad dissipation of the present day. I knew him intimately. We were class fellows and under the same tutor: he occupied chambers immediately over mine for four or five years, in college; he had abilities to attain the highest station either in science or in belles lettres, but high living, and the society of the upper class, was his bane. My professional duties at a distance from Dublin, broke off all intercourse between us for several years. At last a suit in Chancery having providentially brought me to Dublin one week before the 23d of May, 1798, from the county of Wexford, the chief seat of rebellion, Quin and I found ourselves carrying musquets in the same company of the Lawyers’ volunteer corps, in support of the King’s government

‘The last time I saw Quin, about a fortnight before his suicide, he was arm in arm with a titled demirep, whose ridicule drove him to desperation, according to the public voice: for the story went that the freedom of his course of living had debilitated him. The lady had personally made this discovery and published it. I turn with horror from this dreadful event, let the exciting cause be what it may

DAN. MC NEILLE.

‘P. S. I have procured a copy of the *new* Book of St. Albans. It is a curious piece of stuff, but somewhat dear. I would much rather see a black letter republication of *all* the works of bilious Bale.’

BELINDA. My thanks shall be three and four-fold for some intelligence upon this congenial subject—however hastily treated.

‘ My Dear Sir,

Edmonstown, April 4th, 1812.

‘ It gives me unfeigned pleasure that I can, in the slightest manner, contribute to your gratification, by sending to you anything *scarce* in the book way. Were I to be so miserably wrapt up in self as to detain from you anything interesting in my little collection, I might justly be compared to the dog in the manger, or to an eunuch to whose custody a Circassian young female had been consigned. I should also incur a charge to which every man pleads not guilty—ingratitude, for the gratification which your productions have given me. I send *Hutten’s* tract herewith: those of *Zuinglius* are too voluminous to go along with it. I think you will like *Hutten* . . . Poor QUIN was most respectably connected; he left behind him two brothers; one is physician-general in Ireland, the other is a beneficed clergyman; although I do not know these gentlemen, I am on the most intimate footing with some of his cousins, who are among my early friends. All the circumstances of his untimely fate were unreservedly and publicly talked of. If you mention him, you can add that he went to Amsterdam on no other errand than to buy THE SPIRA VIRGIL ON VELLUM at the Crevenna sale. When the book was knocked down to him at about 180 guineas, he took immediate possession of it, knelt down before the whole company, and with true bibliomaniacal enthusiasm, kissed it! The auctioneer declared he would never sell another book with the hammer which sealed the Virgil as Quin’s property: he requested him to accept the hammer, and at this moment it is deposited in his book-case in the manuscript-room of Dublin College library. In the bequest of his books it is stipulated that no man shall lay a hand on any of them except the librarian in the first instance, who may then deliver any book into the hand of any person who may wish to examine it. Quin used to boast that the margin of his Virgil was an inch larger than the copy of the same edition in the King’s library!

‘ I have not yet received the 2d vol. of your *Antiquities*. I am unable to resist the temptation of the *large paper* copy, and will thank you very much to let me know where it is to be had. The Book of St. Alban’s is admirably executed; it is evident that the editor has taken much pains with the publication. I only regret that he did not bear in mind the Horatian observation, ‘ Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,’ and that so much labour and so good typography should be thrown away; for the book is in itself useless. It is only a bon morceau for the quizzical collector; and I believe it was intended to be no more nor less. . . .

‘ Having witnessed one rebellion, I do not wish to see another; and I should die with great satisfaction could I persuade myself that such scenes would never occur again in Ireland. I must claim your indulgence for all this. The subject lies near my heart. I was curate of the parish where stood the barn of

PHILEMON. I hasten to add my own suffrage to those which have preceded it . . .

LORENZO. And I am all anxiety and earnestness for a

Scullabogue, in which 184 men, women, and children, were burned alive, an holocaust offered to the god of mercy and love!—12 of my parishioners were among the wretched victims. At different places and times, five of our brethren of the clergy of the establishment were inhumanly massacred; one was shot, the rest piked. I knew them all. One was aged 80; three were curates; with two of them I was very intimate. Another clerical friend, highly beneficed, and aged 70, was taken in a fit of the gout. The savages spared his life, but compelled him to submit to baptism, according to the ritual, and appointed a vile old cobbler in his own town to answer for him at the font, as if he had been an heathen!

Yours, most sincerely, DAN. MC NEILLE.

It will be seen, from the latter part of this second letter, how deeply my friend was impressed with the horrors of the Irish rebellion in 1798—of which indeed he had but too melancholy reason to deprecate the results. The subject always threw a sort of gloom upon his thoughts and writings—and was contrived to be interwoven even into communications almost exclusively bibliomaniacal: as the concluding part of the ensuing letter will shew:

‘ My Dear Sir,

Edmondstown, April 29th, 1812.

‘ In page 586 of your *Bibliomania*, you express a doubt of a “ single female having the courage to peruse it.” I know one, who read it through, and that diligently, before she was eighteen years old. I am proud to call this young lady my god-daughter; but if this be not *gossiping*!—however I will not despair of forgiveness, if your book have given as unequivocal intimations of your heart as it has of your head; for if I had not therein discovered sure marks of kindness and benevolence, with delicacy of feeling, I never could have been attracted to you as strongly as the virulent, yet learned Ritson, repels me from him.

‘ Your pathetic account of Dr. Dee and Sir Robert Cotton, affected me greatly; poor Cotton’s fate is peculiarly interesting, as he suffered by the villainy of those whom he trusted. I question if Dee suffered much from poverty; his conversation with the stars was too elevated to allow him to be troubled with the mean considerations of food and raiment, but his family suffered; after all, he was a very extraordinary man, his learning was his own, his astrology was the dotage of his time. I think your panegyric on the gallant conqueror of Agincourt, must be swallowed *cum grano salis*. His vile conduct to Lord Cobham makes him any thing but a saint. Anthony à Wood is any thing but *honest*: I am sure that he is the lying inventor of the vile calumny against Wicliffe, which he has fathered on Bishop Fell; and my reason is, a letter from Wood to Bishop Burnet, which you will find at page 389 of the 3d vol. of the Bishop’s History of the Reformation—which 3d vol. was printed in 1715.

few slight touches only upon a subject, which I know will be admirably executed if once taken in hand. . .

LYSANDER. Whither do you lead me? To what unan-

Hearne, I am confident, was too great a lover of truth to invent this most incredible tale, which the entire life of Wicliffe the unambitious contradicts.

' In return for the very many book anecdotes which your interesting Bibliomania has treated me with, I can furnish you only with two at this moment, that deserve notice for their singularity. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who in truth has a most admirable library of rich and rare books, has taken it into his head to collect every map, plan, view, head, and every print relating to every country and town in Europe. How many years of a busy life will suffice to roof this extensive building? *Cedite collectores Londinenses!* My other anecdote will serve as a good *relief* to the foregoing. A man worth above 60,000 pounds, who lives within 4 miles of Dublin, went into a second-hand book-shop, and told the bookseller that he would give him *two shillings* for some pretty book to amuse him in the long nights of winter. The bookseller told him that he had the very book that would please him; he gave him the *fairy tales*, a paltry 16mo. not worth two-pence, which the countryman carried home in triumph, and has often boasted of his bargain: for the book has delighted him for several years, and is perfectly *new* to him every time he reads it—for he never begins a fresh tale, without forgetting the one he had previously ended. In sober sadness, I do not exaggerate: need I add that this last man is a ———? I have lately got some black letter things; one is a mutilated copy of the quarto edition of *Cranmer's Bible*, another is Lord Berners's *Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius*, printed by Thomas East, 1586. This has a cut of Lord Berners's arms on a leaf at the end. The third is the *Beehive of the Romish Church*, printed by John Dawson, 1623. These two last are in 12mo. or rather very small 8vo. I have also a good copy (not b. l.) of *Recorde's Castle of Knowledge*, in folio, printed by Reginalde Wolfe, in 1566. This book is dedicated to Queen Mary, and has the frontispiece, or rather engraved title. Since my College days I have been infected with the *book disease*, but have always had an eye to the useful, as wisely recommended in page 735 of your book. Indeed a limited income, and a heavy suit in Chancery, which after 18 years litigation, I brought to a favourable issue, prevented almost any indulgence in this fascinating pursuit. In 1798, my little collection fell mostly in ashes, for my dwelling was the first that was burned in the parish where it stood. My folios were metamorphosed into *saddles*, tied on horses backs with ropes. The smaller tomes fed the flames. One book only, I recovered: Mede's Works. It bears the marks of *sword, fire, and water*: a pike was driven through the cover and 285 pages: it was scorched by the flames, and stained with water. My church was burned to the ground, and it was intended to have put me into the pulpit, the parishioners into the pews, and to have set

anticipated and untried fields in bibliography, or *Bibliomania*, will the handling of such a theme inevitably conduct me? Count the spires of the metropolis—the Eastern extremity of it, I mean . . .

fire to us; but God delivered us out of their merciless hands! except twelve, who were taken, and perished by fire at Scullabogue, about three miles from the church. One poor woman, who yet lives, lost her husband and three grown sons. Eheu! But the fate of my poor books (some *Elzevirs* too among them!) has drawn me insensibly into this horrible subject.

‘I have scarcely any thing that deserves the name of splendid, except a spotless copy of the *charta maxima* of Buckley’s Thuanus, in the original russia binding, and Nash’s *Hudibras*, (Mr. Astle’s copy) bound by Kalthoeber in green morocco, joints of do. and gilt edges. The print of Cromwell’s guard room, and all the other prints, in brown ink. It is indeed a magnificent book, in the finest possible condition; it is bound in 3 volumes. I did not grudge 14 guineas for it. The Thuanus answers the description of the *exemplar Dalyanum*. Mr. Daly’s copy sold for 9 guineas; no. 354. I gave more. There is a copy of the same paper in Dublin College Library, and one in the Fagel. The fine condition of mine raises its value above the two, and two more like them, for they are cut down and stained. I have *looked over* the second vol. of your *Antiquities*. It is companion mete for the first. I look with eagerness for your work now sub prelo [the *Bibl. Spenceriana*.] We are no strangers, in this island, to the fame of that munificent, accomplished nobleman, Lord Spencer. ‘Serus in cælum redeat!’ I entreat you will not forget me, when the *large paper* rarities shall appear. I request you will let me know the price, that I may send it across St. George’s Channel. I hope you received Hutteni *Expostulatio* safe long since. I think that it was on the 6th of this month that I sent it to Dublin with a long letter to be franked; both under the same cover. You see that I cannot refrain from breaking in upon you with long-winded epistles, but a hint will prevent me from trespassing on your time so unseasonably.

D. MC NEILLE.

The sale of the ROXBURGHE LIBRARY, upon which the preceding pages have so largely expatiated, could not fail to attract the attention of so keen a Bibliomaniac. Accordingly, we have an express mention of it in the following letter: accompanied by no feeble sketch of the character of the late DR. HALL, the successor of Bishop Percy in the see of Dromore.

My Dear Sir,

Edmondstown, July 3, 1812.

‘I suspect that you are a *book-auction-loving* bibliomaniac. Of course your attention must have been taken up with the Roxburghe sale; permit me to say that you have been in a fever during its continuance. But the Marquis of Blandford and Earl Spencer have been stark mad; and what is worse, I fear they are past cure! *The Decamerone by Valdarfer*! I rejoice sincerely that two English

LISARDO. That is easily done . . .

LYSANDER. But not so easily will the subject be accomplished to which you absolutely force my attention . . . for

noblemen have outbid the Corsican spoiler.* We have foiled him in the tented field, and in the Bibliomania. Thus may British spirit ever triumph!

‘I do not know what effect the perusal of your Bibliomania may have produced on Doctor Hall, late Bishop of Dromore, but it was with some difficulty that he consented to its admission into the library of our College, when he was provost. There were very few books bought when he was at the head of our University; and he suffered some opportunities to escape of procuring rare and useful things which can never again occur.

‘The College bookseller was standing near me when I bought, at an auction, an unique book for 6 guineas; I enjoyed the view of it for a few days, and considering that it *ought* to belong to some public library, I presented it to that of the college where I was educated, and where I had been a scholar on the foundation. DOCTOR HALL was an Englishman, I believe from Newcastle on Tyne. He entered our College as a sizar, and worked his way to the Bishop’s bench. For this honourable exertion he deserved every commendation; he was an admirable scholar; general, profound, and critical. As a man, he was not sincere, nor open-hearted. Like Swift, he was sarcastic, and loved a shilling dearly. But let his ashes rest in peace. Every feeling eye will drop a tear on them, when it is recollected that, within a week of his consecration, he was a corse. A putrid sore throat hurried him off. He died in the arms of Dr. Ebrington, the present provost, without a struggle or a groan. “*Vanity of Vanities!*”

The ensuing letter is full of the character of my departed friend: and will, I think, be perfectly acceptable.

‘My Dear Sir,

Dublin, February, 5, 1813.

‘I was gratified with the receipt of your letter of 5th of last month, yesterday in the country. The spirit with which you write convinces me that your laborious undertaking of the *Bib. Spen.* has not relaxed the energy of your mind. Long may you enjoy health, spirit, fame, “*mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ!*” or, in the words of a favourite Irish toast, “health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.”

Your offer of the loan of the first volume of the B. S. is very gratifying to me. I often debated the question in my thoughts, if I should or should not ask that favor of you. In this wish you have anticipated me in the kindest manner. This favour I cannot forget. The fame of that unrivalled collection has resounded far and wide on the shores of Hibernia. Triphook told me enough to make me feverish, but your kindness has calmed the paroxysm. On my arrival in this

* The notion of Bonaparte’s being a competitor was very common: see pp. 55, 61, 68.

our metropolitan book-collectors of eminence are more numerous than the said city spires which Lisardo thinks can be so easily counted . . . And, again, while some may be gratified by the notice, others may be offended by the omission,

town to day, a note was put into my hand from Mr. Huband of Baggot Street, stating that he had your permission to inspect the much wished for nonpareil. I shall send the book to him for 24 hours, as soon as I shall have feasted on it. I do not know Mr. H. but he is a very distinguished book man; for I am told that he wrote a book on engraving, that he printed it with his own hands, and engraved the plates; so that he beats the curate of Lustleigh in the county of Devon, immortalised in Nichols's Anecdotes.* I have heard that a pipe of port wine was lately refused in this city for a copy of Mr. H's book. This gentleman is a barrister, and may take for his motto, 'tam Marti quam Mercurio, vel Minervæ.' I happened to see him use very dexterously, at noon, in one of the most crowded streets of Dublin, a shilelagh (alias oaken cudgel) on the

* Mr. Huband was so obliging as to give me an intimation of his curious work in the following letter.

Dublin, Jan. 1813.

'Sir, 'The nature of your literary pursuits, I presume, will render any apology unnecessary, for transmitting to you the enclosed papers. They are the only fragments I can at present procure for you, of a volume which I apprehend you will consider entitled to *some* notice in the history of Books. The copies of the work alluded to in the enclosed testimonies, were *written, printed, engraved, and bound* by the hands of a private gentleman; a member of the Irish bar; of whose professional rank, or situation in life, it may be unnecessary to apprize you. Twenty-five copies only of the work was printed. It was much abridged from the original MS. for the purpose of bringing it within the management of a single hand.

Of the numerous arts which I have attempted to practise, the printer's is that in which my labours appear to least advantage: because the type (long primer) with which the body of the work is printed, is part of an old fount that had long been used in printing a periodical publication; and the forms were worked at a small press that wanted many of the important modern improvements which now so much facilitate the art of printing. I must admit however to *you* that the compositor's department (the principal perhaps in printing) can be fairly estimated from the specimens I forward to you. By the enclosed leaf you may perceive that proper spacing has been so far attended to, that but one hyphen presents itself in two cancelled pages. Having had occasion in the progress of the tract to which the enclosed leaves belong, to advert to your researches into the history of wood-engraving, as connected with the history of printing, I am the more justified perhaps in the liberty I am taking. Permit me to add, that should you deem the performance alluded to in this communication, entitled to notice in the progress of any of your literary or typographical researches, I shall feel much gratification in furnishing you with some further short memoranda; or replying to any enquiries you may be pleased to favour me with, addressed as below. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant, W. HUBAND.'

21, Baggot-Street.

Lord Spencer possesses the only copy of this curious performance (presented to him by the author) which I have seen in England.

of their treasures ; so that, you see, I have rather a delicate and difficult task to perform !

LORENZO. Fear not ; nor confine yourself to London more than to PROVINCIAL BIBLIOMANIACS.

back and shoulders of Major , cousin to Lord The Major was in his curricie, and Mr. Huband on foot. The consequence of this affair has been, that the Major has been dismissed his Majesty's service.

' The book, which, to use a phrase borrowed from the Bibliomania, I carried off, from Mr. T. Grenville, ' at the point of the bayonet,' is not the *Lyra Hibernica*, but the *Cambrensis Eversus*,* by John Lynch, under the assumed name of Gratianus Lucius. I suppose there are not more than a dozen copies in existence. Mine now reposes in stout russia. There was not a copy in the Bodleian, when Fysher's edition of the catalogue of that unrivalled collection was printed.

' To read Lynch with effect, I began with honest Giraldus. Last week, in two evenings, I read his *Topographia et Expugnatio Hiberniæ*. Both treatises exquisitely curious. The *Topographia* crammed with miracles of the most extraordinary nature. You will find in capitibus xxxviii, ix, a most wonderful one, *de libro miraculose conscripto*. Giraldus was deeply infected with the disease ; for the oftener he opened this book, the greater was his astonishment at the beauty of it. No wonder ! for it was written by an angel, or rather the prototype was shewn to the writer by an angel, through the intercession of Saint Brigid. Giraldus was more amazed at this book than at the collection of wonders in Kildare, the inextinguishable fire of the lady Brigid, &c. &c. You will read these two chapters in less than one minute, and they are worth your inspection. ' Omnia bona et fausta precor.' Receive the assurances, my dear friend, of my sincerest and warmest regards. I would have written much earlier, but was loth to break in upon you. Yours ever, with truest respect and attachment,

DAN. MC NEILLE.

I give only the commencement of the following letter : as it glances upon a subject which may be as ' plesaunt' to some readers, as it is ' dissonant and of harsh note' to others.

' My dear Friend,

Edmondstown, November 22, 1814.

' Your *Lincolne Nosegay* was very acceptable, particularly as it was accompanied with so pleasing an account of your health and spirits after the arduous labour of the B. S. Do not again overdo yourself. You have time enough to finish all your projected works, but by too much hurry you may injure yourself seriously. I rejoice to hear that the 4th vol. of B. S. and the 3d of *Typ. Antiq.* are so forward. The text of the *Decamerone* will not be very troublesome, as I am persuaded you have it all arranged in order, *in cranio*.

* Mr. Grenville is now, however, in possession of a very fine copy of this work.

LYSANDER. It shall be so then. Yet there is only time to treat of a few: to gaze only upon a few of the larger planets and constellations which glitter in the vast expanse

Will you condescend to take a hint from a novice? Mix as much anecdote as you can of literary men, with your account of books and catalogues. This it is that caught me irresistibly in the Bibliomania, on the first perusal.

D. MC NEILLE.'

It remains only to subjoin *the last letter* which I ever received from him; and which, both from the comparatively coarse and tremulous hand in which it was written, and the melancholy air thrown over a portion of it, gave but too prophetic a warning of his approaching dissolution. He survived it only about a fortnight.

' My dear Friend,

Edmondstown, May 4th, 1815.

' I have one thousand apologies to make for delaying so long to write to you. I shall tell a true tale, and submit to your candor whether the excuses will bear me free from censure.

' I have been very terribly harassed with the gout for almost the entire winter: not with a regular fit, but with a rambling rascal from my head to my stomach, and vice versa—so that for months I was not able to read or write. One day I was so ill that I was doubtful of the issue, and resigned myself to the disposal of the Almighty, who has graciously spared me. My patriotic countryman, Sir John Newport, directed your letter to the *Royal Hospital*, which is an establishment similar to your Chelsea, a mile distant from *King's Hospital*, which latter is similar to your Christ's, and was founded for the support of the male children of decayed citizens of Dublin by the merry monarch Charles II. I believe your letter made the tour of half the hospitals in Dublin, and reached me about one month after date. Do not retaliate on me, but let me know how you bear up under your bibliographical labours. Believe me, I am much interested in your welfare and happiness, and should we never meet in this sublunary scene, I hope and trust we shall 'super astra.' I have laid in very few books since I wrote to you. The Irish press sometimes produces a pamphlet on the Popish question, pro or con. but no work of perennial merit; and yet Burke and Goldsmith were Irish, and educated in Ireland, and Castlereagh and Wellington are Irish. We must not wonder, for the ancient Bæotia produced Pindar, Plutarch, and Epaminondas. Last winter I have not observed any thing new of very eminent merit even from your *Athens*, whither the eyes of all the reading Irish are turned on the publication of every monthly list, and every review. I hope the 4th vol. of the *Spenceriana* will soon gladden us. Strange events have happened lately in France since the beginning of March. What a false people, and how insensible to the obligation of an oath!

' Adieu, and believe me to be ever unalterably your's,

DAN. MC NEILLE.'

of the bibliomaniacal hemisphere. First therefore for *Althorp*, the ancestral residence of EARL SPENCER.*.

PHILEMON. I had a shrewd suspicion that you would

The first part of the library of my deceased friend, the late Revd. Daniel Mc Neille, was sold within two months after his decease, on the 1st of July 1816, by Mr. R. E. Mercier, no. 31, Anglesea-street, Dublin: '*containing the Classes of Theology, the Greek and Roman Classics, Dictionaries, Grammars, and Bibliography.*' The library consisted of about 4000 volumes. And here take we leave of the DEAD:—

'A sigh the absent claim, the DEAD a tear!

Like Æneas we begin to feel anxious for the refreshing fragrance of a brighter region:

amœna vireta

Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.

* *Althorp; the ancestral residence of EARL SPENCER.*] The day probably is not very distant, when the public may receive a sort of *supplemental* volume to the BIBLIOTHECA SPENCERIANA, by a description of the Pictures, and Library, &c. &c. of this ancient and interesting 'residence.' Meanwhile, let the present note be considered as a *camera-obscura* view of the more prominent features of the place. Mr. Baker, also, in his forthcoming *History of Northamptonshire*, will not fail to satisfy a great deal of curiosity which the general knowledge of such a spot must necessarily excite. I trust and hope, and almost believe, however, that, ere the hairs of the head of the present illustrious owner of it be 'silvered o'er with age,' a CATALOGUE OF THE ENTIRE LIBRARY, with rather copious notices of the rarer books contained in it, will be given to the longing eyes and aching hearts of Bibliomaniacs in every part of Europe. But—to my present task.

It was quite at the end of the month of May, in the year 1811, that I paid my first visit to the Noble Owner of the residence under description. I carried with me (for the sake of inserting addenda and corrigenda) the first copy of the *Bibliomania* ever bound, which was by the hands of poor defunct Faulkner: of whom see vol. ii. p. 524. The day had been excessively hot; and I reached Althorp, from London, between the hours of six and seven, to a late dinner. The sun was then beginning to decline, so as to cast a breadth of shadow from the long avenues of elm, and beech, and lime, with which the back-front* of the house is adorned, or enfiladed—and a seat beneath one of these elms—the cawing of innumerable rooks from the adjoining avenues—the tranquillity of the approaching evening—the calm, clear, and almost cloudless sky—and,

* You approach the front through avenues of oak, of which some are indisputably proved to have been growing towards the latter end of the reign of HENRY VII.

fasten first upon that spot : or first direct your telescope of observation to the *Althorp-Planet*. I have a distinct recollection of the mansion and of the library.

(shall I dare avow it?) more than either of these causes, or the whole of them collectively — the near and immediate view of a suite of rooms in which was contained the finest private Collection of Books perhaps in Europe! — could not fail to produce emotions of no ordinary occurrence, to *one*, who, for several previous years, had vehemently sought after such a gratification. After a due time devoted to musing, (not to ‘wooing the muse,’ for such fitful moods have ceased to operate since the year of our lord 1797 : see *Bibliomania*, p. 10, 11, first edition) I entered the aforesaid suite of rooms, and more especially rested in *that*, wherein a fine Raphael was over the fire-place, and a French clock was ticking upon the marble mantle piece. The cloth was laid, and the exemplification of the good old maxim, (the usual theme of our school-days) ‘*nil præter ordinem*’ was singularly manifested to view. The sun was now sinking lower and lower, and the shadows became proportionably broad and massive. No sound was heard from without, save the nibbling of the deer, who quite peeped into the windows of the apartment. His Lordship arrived at seven : — I will conclude this ‘View of an Interior’ (as the Flemish painters designate such subjects) by adding, that *that* congenial visit was the prelude to the many subsequent ones which have taken place since the said ‘year 1811.’ But the mansion — THE LIBRARY — rejoins the impetuous reader ! I must be briefer than I could wish in satisfying such impetuosity. Yet know, cultivator of bibliomaniacal antiquities, that the name of SPENCER or DESPENCER (formerly the same) is far from being *green* in the annals of book-collecting : for, in th’ auncient time, HUGH DESPENCER had a son, Thomas, Earl of Gloucester ; who, in 21. Rich. II. by petition in parliament, obtained the revocation of the judgment of exile against his great grandfather, HUGH LE DESPENCER. In this petition it is stated (*inter alia*) that he, the said Hugh, had at that time ‘*Plate, Jewels, and ready money better than 10,000*l*. xxxvi sacks of wool, and a Library of Bokes.*’ Collins, in his *Baronetage*, vol. i. p. 309, edit. 1720, refers to Rot. Parl. 21. Ric. II. n. 35-60, 64, 65, &c.’

Upon the whole, Lysander is tolerably correct in his general description of the ALTHORP RESIDENCE. It is ancient, spacious, and commodious ; but magnificence of architecture and splendour of furniture are made subordinate to — and yet, I should be glad to know what species of *furniture*, in the united warehouses of Bond-street, can presume to vie, for ‘splendour’ and costliness, with that particular species, or rather genus of furniture, ‘*ycleped Bokes*.’ Here then you have this most exquisite of all furniture in full and felicitous perfection ! A suite of rooms, four in number, and measuring in the whole about 170 feet in length — garnished from ‘top to toe’ with the choicest copies of the choicest editions of the choicest authors in the choicest bindings — white calf

LYSANDER. Yes : it is with perfect propriety that I beg your attention, in the first place, to the book-treasures at *Althorp*. There is neither colonnade, nor vestibule, nor

and dark calf richly studded with golden stars, or foliage, or trellis work—russia and morocco, less elaborately adorned—these dazzle your eyes and cause your heart to palpitate on your first visto-peep into the principal library, of 80 feet in length, where the family usually sit and disport themselves, when they visit, in the months of snow and frost, this hospitable abode. In this principal room are the gallant POLYGLOTS—upon large paper : and such a series of BIBLES and LITURGIES as would put most of our public collections to the blush ! In the second room, *Topography* and *History* take up their abode : which extend, in fact, to the third room, along with *Poetry*, Greek, Latin, Italian, and English. Meanwhile, the *Sciences* mingle with the *Arts* ; and the lusty folios, in which the latter are usually contained, are deposited along the bottom shelves, or fill the lower parts of stationary tables in the centre of the larger library. A billiard table is in the middle of the third library, about 35 feet long ; where we also observe two charming *Sir Joshuas* : one of Viscount Althorp, when a boy, just breeched ; the other of Lady Camden, sitting upon the ground, in a garden. The colouring of each is ‘fragrant, fresh, and joyous.’ The fourth library, 26 feet long, in which *History*, *Voyages*, and *Travels* are chiefly contained, has been but recently devoted to the purpose of holding books ; and it was most marvellous to observe, how quickly, like water rushing from opened flood-gates, the said ‘books’ overflowed the shelves of the said fourth room !

But this is not the whole of the book-theme. Up stairs, in one of the finest portrait-galleries (115 feet in length) in the kingdom, the dado, to the height of about 4 feet, is devoted chiefly to *Councils*, Benedictine editions of the *Fathers* (upon large paper too !) and the long sets of *Muratori* and *Montfaucon*, &c. &c. His Lordship, I believe, is even meditating an extension of his Book-Rooms ! . . So interminable are the labours, and so incalculable the expenses, attending a collection like the present—and yet, when completed—how imperishable the glory engrafted thereupon ! What a legacy to bequeath ! What an example to imitate ! Not a word here about the *London Book-treasures*. They have been recorded elsewhere ; and I remember the moment when the *Caxtons* alone would have been estimated at 12,000*l*. They are now *fifty in number* : of which a list of forty-eight of them may be seen in the last volume of the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, p. *xlvi*iii, &c. Thus the fame of HARLEY, even in the Caxtonian department, has been eclipsed. The principal Caxton, recently acquired, is the famous *Morte d'Arthur*, particularly noticed at page 142, ante. It is now time to quit Althorp ; yet a word before the post-chaise conveys us from its hospitable door. The preceding pages make frequent mention of *Argand lamp lighted libraries* : and indeed the Decameron party above assembled

terrace, nor fountain, nor lake, as you approach that mansion: nor studied grandeur of architectural decoration, as you enter it... but comfort, order, peace, unanimity, good management, choice society, and splendid cheer—these are the

seem to be ‘Argand-lamp’ *mad* in this particular! But to enjoy such effect to perfection, you should rise, classical reader, from the well-furnished table of the dining room, (to which a saucy allusion is made at page 69 in the SECOND DAY of this Decameron) and move onward through the breakfast room into the first large library before mentioned (‘where the family usually sit and disport themselves’) which is made to answer the purpose of a drawing room, with three of the said lamps suspended—where thou may’st not only enjoy the fragrance of coffee and tea, and the reflected lustre of some *thirteen thousand* choice tomes—but the converse of those eminent for rank and for learning! The good humour and good cheer, as well as good breeding, which there prevail, have been witnessed ‘many a time and oft’ by the gossiping author of this narrative.

A word however about the bibliomaniacal career of the Noble owner of the residence under notice. As early as the year 1790, Lord Spencer disposed of a set of duplicates by public auction, in consequence of having purchased the collection of Count Reviczky. My friend Sir Mark Sykes is luckily in possession of a copy of the catalogue of this sale, containing the prices for which a few of the choicer articles were disposed of: and of these I shall present the reader with a specimen or two. The title of the catalogue runs thus: *A Catalogue of a Valuable Collection of Books, the property of a Nobleman; comprehending most of the earliest and best editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, in which are several of the EDITIONES PRINCIPES, some on large paper, and many printed by ALDUS, the ELZEVIUS, &c. &c. in the finest preservation, and in elegant bindings. Which will be sold by auction at the Great Room, opposite Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, on Monday March 22d, 1790, and the two following days.* Let us now recreate ourselves with a specimen or two of the prices which some of the rarer articles produced; premising that the PINELLI LIBRARY had been sold, in the self-same room, the preceding year.

EARL SPENCER’S FIRST SALE OF DUPLICATES; 1790.

29	Xenophontis Græcorum Res Gestæ I. Agesilaus, Gr. et Lat. cum Annotationibus Ed. Wells, <i>exempl. pulch.</i> 1762, 8vo. 4 vols.	5	5	0
33	Ciceronis Opera, 20 vol. <i>Glas.</i> 1749, <i>Typis Foulis</i> ,	2	10	0
35	Mémoires de Ph. de Comines, <i>bel exempl. eleg. rel. en maroquin, avec feuilles dorées, ap. Elz.</i> 1648, 8vo.	.	.	.
36	Cæsar’s Opera, <i>exempl. pulch. eleg. comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. apud Elz.</i> 1635, 8vo.	.	.	.
40	Euripidis Tragædiæ 19 Gr. cura Canteri, 2 vol. <i>exempl. pulch. comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. ap. Plant.</i> 1571, 8vo.	1	1	0

interior attractions which supply the place of silken hangings, gobelin tapestries, gilt ballustrades, and all 'the pomp and circumstance' of elaborate and overwhelming furniture..

EARL SPENCER'S FIRST SALE OF DUPLICATES; 1790.

44	Prudentii Opera Heinsii, <i>exemp. pulch. eleg. compact. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. ibid.</i> 1667, 8vo.	-	-	0	10	6
62	Statii Opera, <i>eleg. comp. foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi</i> , 1502, 8vo.	1	1	0		
63	Silius Italicus de Bello Punico, <i>eleg. comp. foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi et Soceri</i> , 1523, 8vo.	-	-	0	18	0
64	Lucanus, <i>eleg. comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. apud Aldum</i> , 1502, 8vo.	-	-	0	15	0
66	Plinii Epistolæ Panegyricus et de Viris illustribus, <i>eleg. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi et Soceri</i> , 1518, 8vo.	0	10	6		
71	C. Valerii Flacci Argonautica, <i>eleg. comp. in corio turcico foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi et Soceri</i> , 1523, 8vo.	-	-	0	10	6
73	Juvenalis et Persius, <i>charta max. cum figuris et foliis deaur. Cantab. apud. Sandby</i> , 1763, 8vo.	-	-			
74	Terentii Comædiæ, 2 vol. <i>charta max. eleg. comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. Lond. apud. eund.</i> 1771, 8vo.	-	-			
75	Horatii Opera, 2 vol. <i>charta max. cum figuris, eleg. comp. in corio turcico viridi, foliis deaur. Lond. apud eund.</i> 1749, 8vo.			5	5	0
76	Virgilii Opera, 2 vol. <i>charta max. cum figuris, eleg. comp. in corio turcico flavo foliis deaur. Lond. apud eund.</i> 1750, 8vo.					
115	Diogenes Laertius de vitis Philosophorum, Gr. <i>editio princeps, Basil. apud Froben.</i> 1533, 4to.	-	-	1	4	3
130	Galenii Opera, Gr. 5 vol. <i>editio princeps in ædibus Aldi et Soceri</i> , 1525,*	-	-	2	2	0
136	Lycophronis Alexandria, Gr. et Lat. Potteri cum Græco commentario Tzetæ, <i>edit. opt. eleg. comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. Oron.</i> 1702, folio,	-	-	1	1	0
138	Æsopi Vita et Fabellæ, Gr. et Lat. Gabriæ Fabellæ, Gr. &c. <i>editio princeps ap. Aldum</i> , 1505,	-	-	6	6	0
139	Ciceronis in Antonium Orationes quæ Phillippicæ vocantur: <i>editio princeps, exemp. pulch. eleg. compact. foliis deaur. Venet. curâ I. de Colonia et Johannis Manthem de Gherretshem</i> , 1474, folio.					
141	Theodori Grammatica: ejusdem de Mensibus opusculum: Apollonius Grammaticus de constructione: Herodianus de Humanis, Gr. <i>editio princeps in ædibus Aldi</i> , 1495, folio,	-	-	3	3	0
143	Athenæus, Gr. <i>editio princeps, apud Aldum et Socerum</i> , 1514, folio.					
144	Suidæ Lexicon, Gr. <i>in ædibus Aldi et Soceri</i> , 1514, folio,			2	2	0

* His Lordship had just obtained a large paper copy of it: see vol. ii. p. 214.

LISARDO. But where is THE LIBRARY, all this while, to which you promised to conduct us?

LYSANDER. Open yon mahogany-door, and look down-

EARL SPENCER'S FIRST SALE OF DUPLICATES; 1790.

- | | | |
|-----|---|----------|
| 145 | Senecæ Opera, editio princeps, exemplar pulcher. elegantis. compact. | l. s. d. |
| | in corio turcico, foliis deaurat. Neap. per Math. Moravum, 1475, | |
| | folio. | |
| 187 | Homeri Batrachomyomachia, Gr. et Lat. Maittaire liber rariss. | |
| | Lond. 1721, 8vo, | 1 5 0 |
| 188 | Geographiæ veteris Scriptores Minores Græci, Gr. et Lat ab | |
| | Hudson, 4 vol. Oxon. 1698, &c. 8vo. | |
| 197 | Sophoclis Tragoediæ, vii. Gr. editio princeps, sine Scholiis, eleg. | |
| | comp. in corio turcico foliis deaur. et lineis rubris in Aldi Academiæ, | |
| | 1502, 8vo. | 1 1 0 |
| 203 | Æschyli Tragœdiæ vi. Gr. editio princeps, in ædibus Aldi, &c. et | |
| | Soceri, 1518, 8vo. | 1 1 0 |
| 212 | Pindari Olympia, Gr. editio princeps, eleg. comp. in corio maurit. | |
| | foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi et Soceri, 1513, 8vo. | |
| 213 | Authores de Re Rusticâ, in ædibus Aldi et Soceri, 1514, 8vo. | 1 1 0 |
| 251 | Pindari Opera, editio princeps, cum Scholiis, exemp. pulch. eleg. | |
| | comp. in corio maurit. viridi foliis deaur. Rom. per Zach. Caliergus, | |
| | 1515, 4to. | 1 15 0 |
| 252 | Homeri Batrachomyomachia, editio princeps, liber rarissimus | |
| | exemp. pulch. eleg. comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. Venet. 1486, | |
| | 4to. (Vide de Bure, no. 2508.) | |
| 253 | Æsopi Fabulæ, Gr. et Lat. per Bonum Accursium, 1497, 4to. | |
| 255 | Anthologia Græca, editio princeps impress. in literis capitalibus, | |
| | cum notis MS. 1494, 4to. | 10 10 0 |
| 256 | Constantini Lascaris Grammatica, Gr. et Lat. Cebetis Tabula, Gr. | |
| | et Lat. Oratio Dominica; Symbolum Apostolorum, &c. editio | |
| | princeps, ap. Ald. 4to. | 6 6 0 |
| 278 | Euripidis Tragoediæ xx. Gr. et Lat. a. Barnes, 2 vol. eleg. comp. | |
| | in corio maurit. foliis deaur. Cantab. 1694, folio, | 3 3 0 |
| 280 | Suidæ Lexicon, Gr. editio princeps, comp. in corio maurit. Mediol. | |
| | per Demetrium Chalcondylum, 1499, folio, | 2 2 0 |
| 282 | Lucianus, Gr. editio princeps, exemp. pulcherrimum eleg. comp. in | |
| | corio turcico, foliis deaur. Florent. 1496, folio. | |
| 285 | Plinii Historia Naturalis, editio princeps, literis capitalibus illumi- | |
| | natis comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. Venet. per I. Spiram, | |
| | 1469, folio. | |
| 286 | Poetæ Græci Principes Heroici Carminis, Gr. exemp. pulch. foliis | |
| | deaur. op. H. Steph. 1566, folio, | 5 5 0 |

wards to the right . . . 'Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around !' There you have them : there you see with an eye of extacy, and a heart of hope, all that makes ~~Books~~ intrinsically and extrinsically valuable and curious and

EARL SPENCER'S FIRST SALE OF DUPLICATES ; 1790.

287	Platonis Opera Omnia, Gr. editio princeps, <i>exemp. pulch. comp. in corio russo, in ædibus Aldi et Soceri, 1513, folio,</i>	<i>l. s. d.</i>	
			3 13 6
288	Valerii Maximi Opera, editio princeps, <i>eleg. comp. in corio turcico, foliis deaur. Mogunt. per Petrum Schoyffer de Gernshem, 1471, folio.*</i>		
318	Geographiae veteris Script. Min. Græci, Gr. et Lat. curâ Hudson, 5 vol. <i>comp. in corio turcico, foliis deaur. Oxon. 1698, &c. 8vo.</i>		5 5 0
347	Ovidii Opera, 3 vol. <i>in ædibus Aldi, 1502, 8vo.</i>		2 2 0
349	Valerius Maximus, <i>foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi, 1502, 8vo.</i>		. . .
350	Ciceronis Rhetorica ; de Invetione : Oratore, Claris Oratoribus, &c. <i>exemp. pulch. eleg. comp. in corio turcico, foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi et Soc. 1521, 8vo.</i>		. . .
351	Libri de Re Rustica, <i>eleg. comp. in corio turcico, foliis deaur. in ædibus Haeredum Ald. et Soc. 1533, 8vo.</i>		. . .
352	Senecae quaestiones Naturales, <i>exemp. Pulch. eleg. comp. in corio, foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi et Soc. 1522, 8vo.</i>		. . .
353	Quntiliani Institutiones Oratoriæ, <i>exemp. pulch. eleg. comp. in corio, turcico, foliis deaur. in ædibus Aldi et Soc. 1514, 8vo.</i>		. . .
394	Ciceronis Opera Oliveti, 9 vol. <i>eleg. com. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. 1740, 4to.</i>		. . .
396	Anthologia Græca, <i>editio princeps, literis capitalibus impress. exemp. pulch. eleg. comp. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. Florent. 1494, 4to.</i>		. . .
397	Demosthenis et Æschinis Orationes, Gr. et Lat. Tylori, 2 vol. <i>chart. max. exemplar pulcherrimum, elegantiss. compact. in corio maurit. foliis deaur. Cantab. 1743, 4to.</i>		. . .
399	Plutarchi Opuscula, Gr. editio princeps, <i>in ædibus Aldi et Soceri, 1509, folio,</i>		6 6 0
409	Ciceronis Opera Minutiani, 3 vol. <i>editio princeps, Mediol. 1498, folio,</i>		4 4 0
422	Thucydides, Gr. editio princeps, <i>eleg. comp. in corio turcico, foliis deaur. in domo Aldi, 1502, folio,</i>		2 2 0
424	Thesaurus Cornucopiæ et Horti Adonidis, Gr. liber rariss. <i>in domo Aldi, 1496, folio,</i>		4 4 0
425	Aristophanis Comædiæ ix. Gr. edit. prin. <i>exemp. pulch. foliis deaur. apud. Aldum, 1498, folio,</i>		2 18 6

* Since, UPON VELLUM.

sought after.—*Large Paper Polyglots, Bibles and Liturgies*, in all languages; *Philosophy, Philology, Science, Art, History* . . . but there is no end to this Wood of Learning! However, go on — pass the Ionic screen at the further end

EARL SPENCER'S FIRST SALE OF DUPLICATES; 1790.

- | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---------|
| 428 | Julii Pollucis Onomasticon, Gr. edit. prin. <i>exemp. pulch. apud Aldum</i> , 1502, folio, | - | - | - | - | 1 11 6 |
| 431 | Pindari Opera, Gr. et Lat. curâ West et Welsted, chart. max. <i>exemp. pulch. et liber rariss. Oxon.</i> 1697, folio. | | | | | |
| 433 | Dionysii Halicarnassensis Opera, Gr. et Lat. ab Hudson, charta max. <i>elegantiss. comp. in corio mauritanico, foliis deaur. et lineis rubris</i> , 2 vol. <i>Oxon.</i> 1704, folio. | | | | | |
| 434 | Suidæ Lexicon, Gr. et Lat. Kusteri, charta max. <i>exemp. pulch. Cantab.</i> 1705, folio, 3 vol. | | | | | |
| 435 | Livii Historia, 2 vol. <i>editio princeps: literis initialibus coloratis et illuminatis, eleg. comp. in corio turcico, foliis deauratis, Venet. ap. Vindelinum de Spira</i> , 1470. <i>Liber rarissimus. Vide De Bure</i> , 4801, | - | - | - | - | 31 10 0 |

What an earnest this, of the future glory of the SPENCER LIBRARY! The library of Count Reviczky had been purchased for a certain sum, with a certain annuity in addition. The Count survived the bargain about two years only. The Count was an ardent and not unlearned bibliographer; but his taste, in the choice of books was far from being attic. He was infected also with the heresy of a love of 'washing, cleansing, and ruling;' and, above all, with the most vehement propensity to gaudy and garish binding. Since the purchase of the *Bibliotheca Reviczkiana*, Lord Spencer has acquired much better copies of the greater part of the books of which the Count's library was composed; and, like a skilful horticulturist, he has busied himself pretty constantly in eradicating old trees, and transplanting others abounding with more luxuriant fruit. The Count's books now appear indeed

——— rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The fame of his Lordship's library has been long spread throughout Europe. No wonder therefore that volumes of all descriptions and prices, as well as entire collections, have been tendered him. Among the latter, let us record a few. The LOMENIE LIBRARY was submitted to his purchase; and the following dedication to him, from a copy of the catalogue (or *Index Librorum*, &c.) in his own possession, proves in what light his love of literature is considered abroad: '*Honorandissimo et Spectatissimo COMITI SPENCER, Litterarum patrono et Litterarum Mæcenati, presens exemplar hujus Indicis dicat et consecrat Auctor. Franc. Xav. Laire.*' 1791. The offer was declined. We have before noticed (p. 83) the offer of the entire ALCHORNE Collection. In the year 1807, the DUKE DI CASSANO SERRA printed a sort of brochure-catalogue of his fifteeners,

of this long room — reverence a sort of moving pulpit, covered with green silk, and secured by brass wires, wherein, and aloft, you may reach and read the little *Elzevirs*,

at Naples; and about three years ago, this very splendid and curious library was offered to his Lordship for *Ten Thousand Pounds Sterling!* 'A good round sum;' but too 'good' and too 'round' for a compliance with the offer. Indeed the worthy foreigners have all a very simple notion, either that the purses of the English are interminable, or that their judgment respecting the value of books is perfectly bewildered by the *Bibliomania!* For my own amusement, I dissected this Ducal collection — and allowed 31*l.* 10*s.* for the *Ammianus* of 1474; 52*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for the *Cæsar*, of 1469; the same for the *Apuleius* of 1469; 31*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for the *Manilius* of 1474; 60*l.* for the *Quintus Curtius* of 1478, UPON VELLUM; 52*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for the Soubiaco edition of *Cicero de Oratore*; 52*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for the Mantua *Dante* of 1472, by Georgius and Paul; 52*l.* 10*s.* for the Edit. Prin. of *Horace* in 4to.; 105*l.* for the *Catholicon* of 1460; 60*l.* for the *Sweynheym and Pannartz Ovid* of 1471; 73*l.* 10*s.* for the *Petrarch* of 1470 ('Grand copy'); 52*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for the *Plautus* of 1472 (fine copy); 126*l.* for the *Roman Virgil* of 1469 — ALL DUPLICATES — and 52*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for a *Juvenal* in the smallest type of Ulric Han (possibly of the date of 1469); 55*l.* for a *Roman Missal* of 1475 UPON VELLUM; 73*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for the Italian *Pliny* of 1476 — and the same sum for the *Plotinus* of 1492 — each UPON VELLUM; and 105*l.* for the *Arnoldus de Bruxella Horace* of 1474 — not duplicates. After such a 'dissection,' let me ask the knowing in these matters whether I *undervalued* the said 'Ducal Collection?' I have selected these as the larger and more brilliant planets in the bibliographical hemisphere which we are now contemplating; and yet, allowing equally liberal prices to the comparatively inferior articles, and 500*l.* for insurance, freight, and duty, I could not make a larger sum total than 7134*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* for the acquisition of this wondrous collection, of which three-fourths of the whole were duplicates! The Duke di Cassano Serra has yet however the satisfaction of viewing his 'Fifteeners' at Naples.

In the month of March 1816, there was to have been sold, in the Lichtenstein palace, at Vienna, a valuable collection of books of all descriptions, with a great number of early-printed ones, as the alleged duplicates of the Prince Estherhazy. Six copies of the catalogue of this collection, printed in 1815, 12mo. pp. 238, were dispatched to Lord Spencer, with the following letters addressed to the supposed 'Clarissimi et Eruditi Inspectores et Custodes' of his Lordship's library. '*Inclytæ ac Clarissimæ Bibliothecæ Spencerianæ D. D. Inspectoribus et Custodibus salutem plurimam Georgius Gaal C. Principis Esterhazy Bibliothecarius. Adnexum hic librorum Elenchum, qui Mense Martio anni 816 in C. Principis Lichtensteinii ædibus Viennæ dividentur, eum in finem vobis, Viri Clarissimi et Eruditissimi, communicandum duxi, ut tam vobis, vestræque necessitati aut desiderio, quam aliorum, quibus opera hic consignata acquirere studio esset, voluntati inservirem; summopere vero ideo, cum librorum huic*

Plantins, and *Morels*, that twinkle in their elevated spheres, and defy an intercourse through any other channel; and then again turn to the right, when a visto-view of three large consecutive rooms, lined from head to foot (or 'armed from top to toe' if you will) with folios, quartos, octavos, and

catalogo inscriptorum pars major eam contineat speciem, quæ in principali Esterhaziana Bibliotheca duplicibus in Exemplaribus occurrent, Vobisque, V.C. aut Vestris, usui fors esse possent. Valete. *Vindobonæ*, MDCCCXV ipsis Calend. Octob.'

No measures however were taken to secure copies; for the plainest of all possible reasons—none were wanted to be secured. And while these lines are now flowing from the pen which inscribes them, intelligence has reached his Lordship of the RAIMONDINI COLLECTION OF ALDUSES having arrived in the river Thames—the joint purchase of himself and Mr. Payne. But what further acquisitions can be expected of a library, of which Count d'Elci (in a recent letter) declares that 'on the result of the most diligent research all over Italy, he despairs of being able to find any thing more that is worthy of notice?' and yet I could whisper, 'soft and low,' the titles of at least *three* desiderated tomes which are yet likely to be of long and difficult acquisition. Nor, after all, can it ever fall to the lot of the most diligent, active, and wealthy BOOK-COLLECTOR, to sit himself down in his red-morocco padded arm chair, and exclaim 'Jamque opus exegi!' No: for look at what followeth hereupon! It is a list of ADDITIONAL VELLUM BOOKS—acquired since the completion of the catalogue of the same species of books so temptingly set forth in vol. ii. p. 347-361. With such a list may we not annex the *colophon* to the account of 'Althorp, the ancestral residence of Earl Spencer?' It must be observed that there is room for scarcely anything more than the titles of the several volumes.

ADDITIONAL VELLUM ALDUSES IN EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION.

Horatius, 1501, 8vo. Fine copy.

——, 1519, 8vo. (Omitted to be noticed in vol. ii. p. 348.)

Cæsar, 1513, 8vo.

Cicero. *Epist. ad Atticum*, 1513, 8vo.

Quintus Calaber, 8vo. Without date. A very great curiosity: see page 172-3 ante.

Budaus de Asse, 1522; 4to. A treasure beyond all price: see page 178, ante.

Petrarcha, 1533, 8vo. Companion meet for the treasure described at p. 347.

ADDITIONAL VELLUM BOOKS IN EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION.

Cicero. *Epistolæ ad Familiares*, I. de Spira, 1469, folio. The Macarthy copy, and described at page 172, ante.

——. *Epistolæ ad Atticum*. Jenson, 1470, folio. From the same collection: but given to Mr. Hibbert at page 172 ante. Woful mistake—and disconsolate Mr. Hibbert!

duodecimos, catches the eager eye, and expands the generous bosom . . .

ALMANSA. All this is vastly pretty and picturesque; but I am impatient for your *Character* of the Library!

LISARDO. I marvel not at our Monarch's startling at such a question. Ask, my Almansa, if the sun diffuse light and heat? or if the southern breeze be soft? or if violets smell sweetly? or —

LYSANDER. Cease. In a word or two, the character of the library can only be known to those who have handled the very tomes themselves. It is, in the first place, a *general library*—with the exception of law, medicine, and botany: yet, in these branches, books of general use and obvious ne-

ADDITIONAL VELLUM BOOKS IN EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION.

Apollonius Rhodius, 1496, 4to. From the McCarthy collection, and described at page 173 ante.

Cicero de Oratore, 1514, 8vo. *Apud Giuntam*. A sound and desirable copy.

One of the few vellum books in his Lordship's library from the GIUNTA PRESS. May there, in due time, be an abundant harvest of them!

Juvenalis et Persius, 8vo. Without date. An Aldine counterfeit.

Breviarium. Printed by Pynson, 1500, 4to. With the date cut out. A fine book.

Prymer of Salisbury, Byddell, 1535, 4to. In very excellent preservation.

Opere di Alamanni. Gryphius, 1532, 8vo. The ONLY vellum Gryphius in the collection.

Officium Beatae Virginis, 24mo. 1475, Printed by Jenson. An exquisite little bijou, in the black letter. The first capital initial of the text is rather elegantly illuminated.

————— 24mo. 1488, printed by John Haman de Landoia, called *Hertzog*. Not quite so small in size, or in such nice condition as the preceding; but it is in the black letter, and very skilfully executed.

Novelle scelte di Sercambi, 1815, 8vo. This is a selection, by the Marquis Trivulzio, from the novels of Sercambi; an author, supposed to be contemporaneous with Boccaccio. The present is one of only two copies (so says the donor, the Marquis) printed upon vellum.

Plinii Nat. Hist. Italicè. Printed by Jenson; 1476, folio. A noble volume from the McCarthy collection. This, and the Roman edition of 1470 (see vol. ii. p. 355) present us with every thing we can hope to possess in the shape of magnificent membranaceous tomes.

cessity are admitted. Think, therefore, what *such* a library must be—especially when the finest copies of books, whether upon large paper, or thick paper, are studiously sought after, and afterwards bound by our most distinguished bibliopegistic artists, in morocco, or russia, or calf of all colours and qualities, and then deposited upon these matchless shelves! If I were asked respecting the *leading* feature of this vast and splendid library, I should say that it was *classical*: in other words, that the library contains the choicest and most curious editions of the ancient *Greek, Roman, and Italian Classical Authors*. Yet *Theology* makes a gallant shew therein: and for a private collection, there is no where—especially if you consider the exquisite treasures, in this way, at SPENCER HOUSE, in London — such an assemblage of *Bibles and Rituals*!

LORENZO. Upon the whole, then, you consider Lord Spencer's library *the first* private one in the country?

LISARDO. Unquestionably, if you except that of HIS MAJESTY: which is probably nearly twice as numerous, and is unlimited in the objects of its collection... But for choice, delicious, and well-bound copies of rarer editions in the several walks of literature, there is nothing to be conceived or to be desired which is more perfect and acceptable than what you meet with at Althorp.

LISARDO. Bravo!... You have not done with this *Wood of Literature* as you called it?

LYSANDER. On the contrary, I have perhaps tarried too long therein. Next, for STOWE,* as it lies within some

* *Next for STOWE.*] There is scarcely room to add anything to the well-merited eulogy of Lysander upon the magnificent and matchless palace (for so it may be called) of Stowe. The library is a noble room: about 75 feet long, and 25 broad: lofty, and irradiated — 'when the evening shades prevail'—by the illumination of three beautiful cut-glass lustres, suspended from the ceiling.

twenty miles of it, in a neighbouring county. Here we have unquestionably a very different outward aspect: a spacious park-domain: a palace-like mansion; perhaps the finest in the country, without excepting even Blenheim: Grecian temples, expansive waters, undulating lawns, wooded knolls, and porticos and colonnades which, upon approach, seem to bespeak a residence at Athens or Rome... And as you enter... what halls, what suites of apartments! But our object is purely *bibliomaniacal*, and our business therefore must be executed within the LIBRARY.

The collection of printed books is chiefly contained in one

A fire place is at each end; and from the windows therefrom, as well as from those of the adjoining room, (where the *Illustrated Granger*, *Piranesi*, and the finer books of arts are deposited) the eye wanders over sweeping lawns, enriched by Grecian temples, and embowering glades, and terminated by a fine sheet of water, beyond which is a triumphal arch—

the wide-extended walks,

The fair majestic PARADISE OF STOWE!

The late Marquis of Buckingham shewed a very sound judgment in the formation of his Library. *History*, *Topography*, *Voyages*, and *Travels*, are the chief departments into which the printed books are divided; and amidst the 20,000 volumes of which they may be composed, there is one singular and *unique* treasure, being nothing less than the *only known copy* of the *fourth part* of *Prynne's Records*, in folio. It has no title-page; but Mr. Grenville (uncle to the present Marquis, and one of the ablest bibliographers in this country) has written thus in the fly-leaf: 'This additional volume, of which I have seen no other copy, is evidently that "large Introduction, not yet completed, swelling to an entire tome," which Prynne mentions in p. 2, of vol. i.' I subjoin a brief description of the contents of it; not without expressing surprise, however, that my friend Mr. Bliss, in his elaborate article of 'Prynne' in the recently published (3rd) volume of his *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses*, should have omitted to notice this 'singular treasure' in his list of Prynne's pieces. Thus then you are to peruse, gentle reader. 'On the recto of B (i) not numbered (but fol. 2 is incorrectly numbered as p. 1, and so on to the end of the volume) the full title is thus: 'An exact chronological History and full display of Popes Intollerable Usurpations upon the antient just Rights, Liberties, of the Kings, Kingdoms, Clergy, Nobility, Commons of England and Ireland. The running title is an abridgment of this; and the volume concludes abruptly at p. 400 of Book 1. ch. 5, thus: "Discant a te Coepiscopi tui et coma-"

long and elegantly proportioned room, upon the principal floor, or in the grand suite of apartments. These books, including a magnificently *Illustrated Granger*, are of a general and useful description : not particularly splendid in attire, or costly or curious in selection. But, below, there is a very *gem* of its kind ! . . .

BELINDA. Tell us quickly of what nature it is.

LYSANDER. What think you, my surrounding subjects, and good friends, of a small square gothic-built apartment, for the reception of the *Manuscript Library of the late Mr. ASTLE* ?

ALMANSA. I would give my favourite embossed thimble for a peep at it, or rather for an hour's recreation therein !

LYSANDER. Within that same beautifully and curiously decorated gothic apartment, usually sits the amiable and erudite DR. O'CONOR,* the worthy and competent librarian

* *the amiable and erudite* DR. O'CONOR.] Lysander rightly designates this 'amiable and erudite' Catholic clergyman, as 'the worthy and competent librarian' of Stowe. He was chosen by the late Marquis and Marchioness, from a consideration of his competency and worth ; and no character has more honourably executed the trust reposed in him, than did, and does, the very amiable gentleman of whom we are now speaking. Dr. O'Conor has just turned his sixtieth year—as alert, keen, and indefatigable as ever in the pursuit of the antiquities of his native country ; and I will be free to avow that he uniformly evinces a kindness and readiness of communication, together with a soundness of judgment upon points of the greatest interest and delicacy ; respecting which too many of his precursors and contemporaries have betrayed a surliness, or indifference, or acrimony, equally subversive of reason and of truth. I shall not easily forget the many pleasant hours, in company with a third friend, (a very dragon in historical British lore) which I spent, even in the month of January, with the interesting character here under discussion : and how, after a most brilliant, cloudless, and even temperate day—traversing lawns, visiting temples, and reading inscriptions—the Doctor and myself took an evening stroll together by moonlight, (the moon then just at full) and visited some of the darker recesses ; and *one*, in particular, in which was a sepulchral monument to the memory of the departed Marchioness, his lamented benefactor : (and where, for two minutes, we both forgot the hour of the night and the month of

of the late and of the present MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM. Rejoice to learn that he is now busily engaged, not only in the completion of the remaining volumes of his *Collection of Ancient Irish Historians*, but in the execution of a *Catalogue Raisonné* of these identical *Astleian MSS.*

LORENZO. Oh brave! May such instances of judicious and almost necessary publications, flourish and abound throughout the land. Proceed.

LYSANDER. Whither?

LLSARDO. Is there nothing northerly?

LYSANDER. There is *Naworth*, *Wentworth*, and *Sledmere*. Of the two first—one the property of the EARL OF CARLISLE, and the other that of EARL FITZWIL-

the year!) our common friend, in the mean while, being hard at work, in the *Granger Library*, making extracts from the *Hyde Abbey Book*, so particularly introduced to the reader's attention at vol. i. p. lvi-lvii! . .

But—what of the ‘small, square, gothic-built apartment, for the reception of the Manuscript Library of the late Mr. Astle?’ resumes the impatient reader! We are now then absolutely *within* this same gothic Library of some 24 square feet. It is situated in the lower apartments, or suite of rooms, level with the garden-lawn; and is furnished in a most costly style, with ebony chairs beautifully carved in festoons of flowers &c. which were once the property of the renowned Reubens—having been purchased of his descendants at Antwerp—stained glass windows, and gothic ornaments executed in a curious, elaborate, and expensive manner. In the centre of the cieling are the emblazoned quarterings (about 200 in number) of the arms of the family. The book-cases are coloured white: and tranquility, comfort, and order, are the characteristics of this precious cabinet, which contains about 2000 MSS. I must not conclude the *Stowe* article without calling upon my readers to unite their suffrages of admiration with my own, upon the ‘painful toil and travail’ bestowed by Doctor O’Conor upon his *Rerum Hibernicarum Script. Vet.* published in a thick quarto, in 1814, and reflecting great credit upon the provincial press of *Buckingham*, where it was executed. Let us hope, therefore, that the learned compiler of these historical documents may live to give us all that he purposes towards the completion of his labours; and that, in due time, and by way of relief to such severer studies, a *raisonné catalogue* of the said MSS. may make its appearance to the anxious eyes of the public at large. And so turn we ‘our horses heads’ from the ‘magnificent and perhaps matchless’ residence of *Stowe*.

LIAM*— we can judge only by report: yet that report whispers much soft and soothing intelligence. The former indeed contains almost exclusively MSS.; but in the latter

* *Naworth and Wentworth—one the property of the EARL OF CARLISLE, the other of EARL FITZWILLIAM.*] The MSS. of Naworth Castle richly deserve a thorough investigation; and I make no doubt that the period is not very remote ere the fruits of such investigation will be advantageously communicated to the public. I am indebted to Mr. Grenville for the following brief notices of a few of the

EARLY PRINTED BOOKS AT NAWORTH CASTLE.

Jacobi Magni sophologium, anno dni millesimo cccc.lxxvii. per Martinum crantz, Udalricum gering, et Michaellem friburger, folio. In good condition.

The orcharde of Syon in the whiche is conteyned the revelacyons of Seint Katheryne of Sene. At the end: 'Imprynted at London in Flete strete at ye sygne of ye sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde, M.CCCCCXIX.' 4to. In good condition.

English Sallust 'translated into englysshe by Syr Alexander Barclay preest, and emprinted at London by Richarde Pynson printer vnto the kynges noble grace,' 4to. bad condition.

'Expositio hymnorum totius anni,' &c. at the end, 'per Wynandum de Worde anno dni millesimo quingentesimo duodecimo,' 8vo. good condition.

Ranulph's Chronicon translated by Trevisa 'and now at this tyme symply emprynted & sette in forme by me William Caxton, &c. &c. (1482) defective at the end.

Rozier hystorial de France, printed for Francis Regnault, Paris, 1528, folio.

Small Latin quarto, at the end 'Hic finiunt homelie nūero xl sancti Gregorii pape impresse Venetiis per Peregrinum de pasqualibus M.CCCCLXXXIII.' 4to. perfect.

Small thick folio, complete, begins with a table of chapters: at the end, 'ad laudem et gloriam sempiterne individue trinitatis &c. finitum et completum est hoc Speculum exemplorum per me Richardum paefroed civem daventriensem anno Dni M.CCCCLXXXI.'

Theologia Thome de Aquino. 'Venundantur Parrhisiis a Claudio Chevallon:' no date, the licence is 1513, 4to.

'Epistole Francisci Philelphi, &c. Litteris Grecis undique suis in locis impositis. Venundantur parrhisiis a Iohanne Granion,' sine anno, 4to. perfect.

'Portiforium seu breviarium ad usum insignis ecclesie Sarum una cum directorii (quod et Pica vocant) interpositione M.CCCCCXVIII.' 12mo. perfect.

Berner's Froissart, imperfect, folio.

Folio Shakespeare, beginning with the Tempest, ending with Leocrine.

The Ship of Fooles, 1508, imperfect.

Hardynge's Chronicle, complete, in MS.

many choice, curious, and uncommon books are found. I love the spirit, and commend the good sense, which keeps up, if it does not increase, these auncient and ancestral

Life of Saint Catherine, in old English verse, vellum manuscript, complete.
Richardus Heremita de contemptu mundi, vellum, Latin manuscript, complete.
Incipit Prologus cujusdam fidelium, &c. de Deo, de veritate, &c. Latin, vellum.

The *Wentworth Collection* of books, the property of the venerable EARL FITZWILLIAM, is as yet, I apprehend, far from being thoroughly explored. I hasten therefore to present the reader with a desirable specimen of a few of its treasures, obligingly communicated to me in a letter from Earl Spencer, of the date of Sept. 23, 1816, from Althorp.

'At Wentworth (Lord Fitzwilliam's) there is a good old library, but it is difficult to know what it contains from the unbibliographical manner in which the titles of the books are described in the ancient catalogue. In my researches I found no less than *three Caxtons*, besides an imperfect copy of Dame Juliana Barnes, printed at St. Albans; and, of Latin editions, a fine Quintilian by Jenson. The three Caxtons are,

'*First Edition of Chaucer*, fine copy, wanting only the first and the last leaf, and one in the middle. Ratcliffe's copy: tall, large, and sound. *Mirror of the World*, without a colophon, marked at 7l. 17s. 6d. Sound copy; a little crompt. *Doctrynal of Sapience*, 1489. Ratcliffe's copy, in but moderate condition, and, from the note inclosed, apparently bought at West's sale for 8l. 8s.

'I also found a copy of the *Mery Gestys of the Widow Edyth*, printed by J. Rastell in 1525; of which, being a book I never before saw, I took a pretty accurate note, and on comparing that note, on my arrival here, with Herbert's Ames, I find that his account of it is not quite correct. This was also Ratcliffe's copy, and was bought at his sale for 3l. 16s. But the book which struck me as the most curious in its way, being also a beautiful copy, was that of which I enclose you a description;* hoping that it may be one which you have not yet seen described, as I cannot find it in Herbert's Ames. There may be many more books of this kind. Indeed I saw several of less note, in the old black letter of the xvth century—as *Arnold's Chronicle*, *Arthur of Little Britain*, &c.: and among them a most beautiful MS. of *Livy*, in 2 volumes, folio, upon very fine *Italian vellum*, with illuminations similar to those in some of my earliest Roman printed books. I compared the text of this MS. with that of the *Delphin* edition of *Livy*, to ascertain what it contained, and in doing so I noticed a great number of various readings, but none that appeared to be of any consequence; and, for the most part, evident errors of the copyist of the MS. I had always understood that the late Lord Rockingham had a perfect copy of

* It was an unknown edition of the *Manuale Eccl. Sarisb.* by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1509, 4to. to be described on a future occasion.

collections of written and printed tomes: and wish in my heart that the examples here mentioned, and others which might easily be named, were imitated more generally than they appear to be. But we must not quit the North without entering the library at *Sledmere*—the elegant and hospitable residence of Sir MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, Bart.*

Coverdale's Bible of 1535; but I looked in vain for it, and found no earlier edition of the English Bible than Grafton's of 1540 (I suppose) but defective at beginning and end.'

* *the elegant and hospitable mansion of Sir MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, Bart.*] This 'elegant and hospitable residence' is situate in the East Riding of Yorkshire: about 18 miles from that most lovely of all lovely Minsters, ycleped *Beverley*. The surrounding country is bleak and bold; but it is pleasant to ride within the sheltered avenues (about nine or ten miles in circuit) of larch and fir which enfilade the mansion under description. *Sledmere* is a shew-house: built of stone—capacious, and well-contrived. The architecture is a specimen of the taste of Sir Mark's father; and it has, upon the whole, an air even of classical elegance. The library, alluded to by *Lysander*, is 100 feet in length, and one of the finest rooms in the kingdom: perhaps rather too splendidly 'got up' for the purpose to which it is converted. Here repose all the *Editiones Principes* of Sir Mark: and among them the *first Livy* UPON VELLUM, of which such distinct notice has been taken in the previous pages (see p. 116) of this work. Here too are seen his *History* and *Topography*, and *Voyages*, and *Travels*, mostly upon large paper, in beautiful condition and appropriate bindings: while, below stairs, in Sir Mark's own particular department—and by the side of a book-case which contains some of the very rarest OLD ENGLISH POETRY in our language—(and of part of which I have made a catalogue*) are

* Take a specimen of this 'catalogue,' gentle reader: *Love's Martyr*, or *Rosalin's Complaint*: London, imprinted for E. B. 4to.: *Witte's Pilgrimage*, 4to.: *Smith's Chloris, or the Complaint of the Passionate despised Shepherd*, 1596, 4to.: *Zepheria*, 1594, 4to.: *Hvmours Ordinarie*. Where a man may be verie merrie, and exceeding well vused for his sixpence, 1607, 4to.: *Sir D. Lyndsay's Dialogue betwene Experience and a Courtier*, 1566, 4to.: again, 1581, 4to.: *Robinson's Ancient Order, &c. of Prince Arthure*, 1583, 4to.: *Leland's Genethliacon*, 1543, 4to.: *Phaer and Twine's Virgil*, 1573, 4to.: *Golding's Ovid*, 1567, 4to.: *Davies's Mirum in Modum*, 1602, 4to.: *Store's Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599, 4to.: *Spenser's Shepheardes Calendar*, 1581, 4to.: *Barnes's Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets*, 1595, 4to.: *Breton's longing of a blessed heart*, 1601, 4to.: *Breton's ravisht Soule and the blessed Weeper*, 1601, 4to.: *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587, 4to.: *Glasse of Government*, 1575, 4to.: *Northern Mother's Blessing*, 8vo.: *Guiscard and Sigismund*, 8vo.: *Castle of Plesure*, Pynson, 4to.: *Loues of Mars and Venus*, J. Notary, 4to.: *Hawes's Pastime of Pleasure*, W. de Worde, 1517, 4to.: *Skelton's*

The room which contains the books is of a noble length, heighth, and width : but it is probably of too drawing-room a cast of character. The books however are justly designed to be the most prominent and costly furniture. In Chronicles, Topography, Early Classics, and Old Poetry, it is not often that you see such a choice and covetable series of tomes ; while, in the department of *VIRTÙ*, the worthy Baronet's collection of *Faithornes* and *Hollars* almost defy competition. Let us now hie to the metropolis.

LORENZO. Do you wholly omit to notice the fine collection of *Manuscripts* in the library of the distinguished member for Norfolk ? Has *Holkham* no claims upon the oratorical powers of our monarch ?

LYSANDER. Very many : but perhaps even the slightest notice of the book-treasures contained in that same library* might be deemed premature, if not indecorous ; as the *Biographer of Lorenzo and Leo* is just now busily engaged in a catalogue of their contents : and I trust that at least

to be found his beautiful *Hollars*, and matchless *Faithornes*. 'Twas during a morning of heavy and incessant rain, that I sat myself down to the long-wished for occupation of examining leisurely and minutely these said 'matchless *Faithornes* : ' and a most delectable entertainment did such occupation afford me. It is upon occasions of this kind, that a well chosen collection of *Vandykes*, or *Rembrandts*, or *Hollars*, or *Faithornes*, or *Nanteuils*, or (better still !) of the *whole* series complete, imparts to the enthusiastic and tasteful observer a zest and felicity which cannot be easily described or readily forgotten : . . . and I look back upon the entertainment of hospitality and *virtù* which a ten days residence at *Sledmere*, two years ago, afforded me, with sensations of no ordinary satisfaction ; mingled with regret that I know not when to anticipate the period of its renewal, from a thousand imperative causes not worth the mention, but more perhaps from the vexatious certainty that 200 dreary miles are between myself and the Host and Hostess of the mansion.

smaller pieces, black letter, first edition, 8vo. : *Skelton's pithy, plesaunt, and profitable workes*, 1568, 8vo. : *Sonnets to the Fairest Coelia*, 1594, 4to. : *Bel-vedere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1600, 8vo.—But, ' ohe, iam satis ! '

some 'choice few' bibliomaniacal spirits will be made acquainted with the same. So farewell now to lawns, and woods, and rivulets—to

hedge-row elms and hillocks green!—

Again I say, let us hie to the *Metropolis*!—to that emporium of gaiety and grandeur: to that concentration of industry and idleness: of wisdom and folly: of wealth and indigence—in short, of

'all that we love and all that we abhor;'

where books seem to be as numerous as the very stones in the street.* Whither shall I lead you, in this wilderness of

* *books seem to be as numerous as the stones in the streets.*] A little hyperbolical flourish of rhetoric, this!—but there can be no question about the immense number of books which a 'reconnoissance' of *Oxford St.*, *Holborn*, (with the connecting link of no. 18, *Skinner-Street*,) *Cornhill*, back again through *Fleet-Street*, to the *Strand*, *Pall Mall* and a 'repose' at 23, *Old Bond-Street*, might supply to the shrewd observance of a Wellington-eyed bibliomaniac. And yet, where is *THE Row* all this time?—a spot, in which the bibliopolistic reputation of *Little Britain* is more than revived! Even Mr. Bagster, whose broom seemed to carry the sweeping defiance of that of Van Trump to every bookseller in the *Strand*, could not fancy himself happy, or secure, till he had fixed the said broom in the soil of *Pater Noster Row*,—from which is to spring and flourish, with perennial fruit, the pocket *Polyglott Bible*, concerning which we have before (vol. ii. p. 407) spoken at large. I wish some ingenious 'city gentleman' would give us a 'pithy and pleasaunt' account of the BOOK-WEALTH of the said *Row*. Would it equal the BANK-NOTE wealth of *Lombard-Street*? All I know is, that some two or three years ago, (for latterly certain nervous sensations, arising from the near and heavy-toned sound of St. Paul's clock, hath taken me in a contrary direction, in my peregrinations towards the corner of *Cornhill*) I took a hasty ramble through the premises and appurtenances of no. 39 in this individual *Row*; and such was the 'goodly quantity' of *learning in quires* which I there saw, that I verily believe a sixty-gun ship might have been freighted with the same. Without doubt they have here the largest book establishment in Europe; but it hath been recently found that the soil of the place is not so productive of benefit, from the cultivation of the *black-letter* plant, as had been fondly anticipated. Taking it, altogether, the present note, though brief, and apparently trivial, is pregnant with as much meaning as any throughout the three tomes of this Decameron.

variety and distraction?—where, ere you partake of your six o'clock dinner, you may bespeak a library at once rich, numerous, and useful.

PHILEMON. Delightful resort! — who would live in any other spot?

LYSANDER. Every man, who wished to *read* the books he had purchased. By this I do not mean to have it inferred that the owners of those brilliant libraries within, or just without, the metropolis,* do *not*, at any time, read their book-treasures! On the contrary, I can well conceive that even the FIRST ODYSSEY UPON VELLUM, in *Hertford-Street*,* is occasionally perused: and sure I am that the contents of the exquisite library in *Cleveland Square* are perfectly fami-

* *owners of brilliant Libraries—within, or without, the metropolis.*] Certainly I might have recreated myself in a sort of '*Londinopolis Bibliographicensis*,' (barbarous title!) and spin out a web of very curious texture—by way of a counterpart to what appears (vol. ii. p. 493) respecting the *Libraries of Paris* towards the middle of the seventeenth century: but there would be no small delicacy and difficulty attending the successful operation of such 'spinning'—and, moreover, I should be only dissolving the charm which hangs about the mystery of fictitious names: in other words, only descending to a mere A B C narrative of what has been almost so poetically conceived and expressed in the early part of the NINTH DAY of this work. And yet, is the reader to 'burst in ignorance?' Not wholly so: for Lysander's 'allusions (as he himself properly observes) are pretty broad:' and I may occasionally trot by the side of him, and furnish yet broader hints.

† FIRST ODYSSEY UPON VELLUM in *Hertford Street*.] The owner of the library in *Hertford Street*, *May Fair*, may justly boast of one of the most exquisite book-cabinets in the metropolis. It is rich and rare in all manner of classical and topographical lore. In short, it has been obtained, by purchase, en masse, from a collector of acknowledged taste and eminence in 'the calling.' Here repose a host of *Groliers* and *De Thous*. Among *folio* tomes, are the second volume of the *first Homer*, and the *first Cicero's Offices*, UPON VELLUM; fine exemplars of the *Apuleius* and *Cæsar* of 1469, and of the *Silius Italicus* of 1471. While, among the dapper duodecimos, richly studded and starred by the enchanting mechanism of Roger Payne, are the first *Vitruvius* UPON VELLUM (see vol. ii. p. 279) the *Elzevir Cæsar* of 1635, and the *Elzevir Virgil* of 1636; and the . . . but enough.

liar to its classical and accomplished owner.* Again, darting towards *Westminster Abbey*, and for three seconds only concealed in a column of black smoke, occasionally arising from a neighbouring brewery, will you pretend to say that the innumerable and most extraordinary collection of black-letter, white-letter, grey-letter, and red-letter tomes†—in the vicinity of the said smoke—and which lie as closely wedged as were the British squares in the battle of Waterloo—are not, in every respect, known to the indefatigable collector of them? Remember, the Shepherd with his thousand sheep, upon Salisbury Plain, will tell you that there is not a face in his flock but what he can recognise in an instant.

* *classical and accomplished owner.*] I suspect that it has never been in the power of any collector, from the period of Lord LUMLEY downwards, to exhibit a cabinet of choicer and more precious volumes than those which are contained in the library of the RT. HON. THOMAS GRENVILLE, in Cleveland Square. They are on the first floor of his mansion; consisting of two handsome rooms, divided by a sort of corridore. The largest and principal room faces the Green Park. Here repose, within satin-wood glass-door book-cases, his *Finiguerra* and *Julio Clovio*, (see vol. i. p. cxi, clxxxviii) his vellum *Aldine Petrarch* (vol. ii. p. 347) his fine early folio *Alduses*, and among a rich and rare assemblage of EDITIONES PRINCIPES, the *Soubiaco Lactantius* of 1465, the *Spira Livy* of 1470, the *Plautus* of 1472; the *Mazarine Bible*, the *Catholicon* of 1460, and the *Spira Virgil* of 1470;—the three latter UPON VELLUM. The first three of these early bijoux are in absolutely perfect condition: and (with some similar twenty or thirty tomes, in a neighbouring collection in St. James's Place) have so noble and inviting an aspect, that, upon opening them, one fancies one is shaking hands with the very printers thereof!

* *innumerable and most extraordinary collection of black-letter, white-letter, grey-letter, and red-letter tomes.*] It is almost the summit of the wishes of my friend BERNARDO, to be embedded within the *penetralia* of this enormous and interminable collection—there to sit, with plume in hand, transcribing titles, extracting pithy passages, and making such an aggregate of auncient lore, as... but whither does this strain lead? Let that friend, however, and the public, know—that a catalogue of this many-coloured-letter collection is, as the phrase runneth, 'in hand:' commencing (for the purpose of aiding the immediate researches of an eminent modern historian) with the fugitive poetry of the reigns of William and Anne. I will not pretend to say how many 'fugitive pieces' are likely to be incorporated therein. Time will shew—this catalogue to be *complete*, I trust, before the last stone shall have been placed to the WATERLOO MONUMENT!

LISARDO. You are becoming mysterious. In the absence of *names*, how can we, rusticated bibliomaniacs, ascertain with precision the characters to which you allude?

LYSANDER. The interrogatory may be just: but you must forgive the absolute mention of names... for I find myself treading upon ashes of which the fire is not yet extinct. And yet my allusions are pretty broad. Pursuing however this particular strain of remark, I must not conduct you beyond the precincts of the metropolis, without letting you know that, both in the city, and at the west end of the town, many very rich, very extensive, and very useful libraries are to be visited and admired. If you want old French poetry, romances, and contemporaneous but fugitive pieces of early history, you must lift a knocker in *Portland Place*;* and you shall find the owner of these treasures both prompt and dexterous in the developement of their properties. A little onwards, and naturally attracted by the peculiar scent emitted from old velvet, old morocco, and old russia bindings, you may rest your staff of pilgrimage against the door of ONE, who, for some thirty years, hath absolutely revelled in the enjoyment of a library of which probably the like has never been before collected!—†

* *lift a knocker in Portland Place.*] This is absolutely becoming personal: yet the number of the house is not mentioned, and Portland Place hath upwards of 150 knockers. I do however fondly hope and wish, that the owner of the house, to the door of which this said 'knocker' is appended, would complete his raisonné catalogue of the almost matchless treasures above alluded to by Lysander. Without flattery I aver, that it could not be done by abler hands than his own. SAP. VERB. SAT.

† *the like has never been before collected.*] This is saying bold things, or running very 'close upon the wind.' On the maturest consideration, however, it may be solemnly debated in full divan (or by the ROXBURGHE CLUB) whether *such* a collection, of its kind, character, and peculiarity, hath ever before appeared upon *one* floor, of the like dimensions, consisting of two ordinary-sized book rooms! Add to which, the fly-leaf of almost every book

for in that same 'library' you shall see the fruits of possessing the judgment of Farmer, the caution of Reed, the sagacity of Steevens, the taste of Pearson, and the elegance of Beauclerk!

LORENZO. Oh brave! And will not the owner of such treasures favour the world —

LYSANDER. Peace! I am Harpocrates himself upon such a subject.

LISARDO. But for the *City*, illustrious monarch —

LYSANDER. Right. Yet, in your way thitherward, you will not fail to visit the very choice collection of *Topography* possessed by a collector, as respectable in name and character, as he is gentlemanly in manners and accomplished in the lore to which his attention is so sedulously devoted. For very many years he has cultivated not only this particular department of the Bibliomania, but much that is both curious and commendable in philology and old poetry. One more peep at books ere you dart through Temple Bar: and that must be in the chambers of *Somerset House*.

PHILEMON. What should we see there but ledgers, and cash-books, and entries, and all the chartaceous paraphernalia of taxes, imposts, and receipts of excise?

LYSANDER. The inference is natural, without doubt:

therein contained (secured by glass and satin-wood) is pleasantly besprinkled with bibliographical intelligence of a variety of character. With the *present* prevailing taste, and with the *same* number of volumes, I am not sure whether the library here referred to, would not produce *more*, at an auction, than any other at this moment existing. The owner of them was once offered, by rather a dashing appraiser of tomes of the olden time, (and in a mood not absolutely romantic) *more* than 9000*l.* for his treasures: but he shook his head, preferring the wealth of learning to the coin of the realm: and calling these said tomes his 'comforters, instructors, and correctors!' There was no heresy in this doctrine, gentle-hearted reader!

but the collection to which I allude cannot be a stranger to Lisardo. The venerable possessor of it...

LISARDO. Dolt that I am ! I now begin to comprehend the whole of your metropolitan book-perambulations ; and if I am not absolutely stultified, methinks I could furnish a key to unlock most of the cabinets to which you have been conducting us ?

LYSANDER. It may be so : but that need not deter me from finishing my library-sketches. Gaze therefore with respect and admiration upon the numerous and well-selected tomes of which the library of the venerable gentleman, just alluded to,* is composed ; and wish that he, who knows how to make such an excellent use of them, may yet live to complete his term of a ' thousand years.' Now that you are within the city, I shall only detain you among the *Chronicles* of a collector, whose book-ardour seems still inextinguishable ; and who, in addition to historical collections, has acquired a store of the most curious and costly tomes relating to Sciences in general, and to ...

LISARDO. — *Engineering* in particular.

LYSANDER. Just so. But we must press forward—cross which you please of our many Thames-bridges (and for one of which, in particular, the collector just alluded to hath a marked predilection) ascend a gentle hill, traverse a smoothly-shaven green, become shrouded among trees, and then breathe and rest a while 'midst book-vistos of various measurement, and various hues and colours ; and through the stained-glass windows of which the sun seems to shine with

* *the venerable gentleman, just alluded to.*] 'Tis LEONTES, Leontes, assuredly, of whom the monarch of the day is now discoursing : see page 26, ante. I may not add any thing to the colouring of so warmly, but justly conceived a picture, as that which the preceding and present pages display.

a perpetual golden ray. What a delicious labyrinth of tomes of all tints, sizes, and characters do we behold therein ! VELLUMS, too, in no stinted measure ! *—and early and late

* VELLUMS, too—in no stinted measure !] The vellum theme again ! Even so, courteous reader. And yet, by assigning a NAME, am I not dispelling a certain charm-like mystery, which—no matter ! Here gaze, then, upon some radiant stars that brighten the membranaceous element of bibliography ; and when thou hast read the list of them three times, thou shalt not be ignorant of the owner of the said stars. Allow that they are designated in the plainest possible manner.

Polyglott, Ximenes, 1516, 6 tom.

Psalmorum Codex, Mogunt. 1459.

Biblia Sacra, Mogunt. 1462, 2 tom.

———— Jenson, Paris, 1479.

Pontificale Innocent. 4. MS.

Missal, 4to. MS.

———— 8vo. M. S. Preces Piæ.

———— Verard, 8vo. Paris, 1488.

———— 2 vol. 18mo. Venet. Cremona, B. de Blavis, 1479.

Horæ B. Mariæ Virginis, fig. lig. 8vo. Paris, Thielman Kerver, 1509.

Clementis S. Constitutiones, folio, 1476.

Evangeliorum Liber, folio, Senones, 1561.

Novum Testamentum, 2 vol. 8vo. Paris, Barbou.

Legende Dorée, folio, Paris, Verard, 1488.

Orloge de Sapiencè, folio, Paris, Verard, 1493.

Le Tracte des Bestes, oyseaux, poissons, pierres precieuses du Jardin de Sante, folio, fig. Col. Verard.

Coutumes du Pays de Normandie, 4to. Rouen, 1588.

Constitution Française de 1789, 1790, et 1791, Paris, Didot, 8vo. 1791.

Fry's Pantagraphia, large 8vo. London, 1799.

Essais de Montaigne, 4 tom.

Œuvres de Montesquieu, 3 tom.

Cicero de Officiis, 4to. Mogunt. 1466.

Martial, 8vo. Aldus, 1501.

Quintilian, folio, Jenson, 1471.

Horace, Didot, 1799, with the drawings, folio.

Catullus Tibullus et Propertius, folio, Bodoni, 1794.

Horatius Codex exim. Sec. 15. MS.

Virgilius Codex exim. Sec. 15. MS.

Anacreon, tradotto da ——— Parma, Bodoni.

Petrarca, folio, Jenson, 1473.

Tasso, L'Aminta (Junot's copy) Bodoni, 1793.

La Sforziada, folio, Milano, 1490.

Chasse et depart des Amours, folio, Verard, 1509.

printed books, from Fust to Didot, in all the plenitude of bibliomaniacal splendour. And thus much, or rather perhaps you will say, thus little, for *Metropolitan Libraries*.

LORENZO. I observe you generally avoid the mention of *Public Libraries*! * Wherefore?

Tristan de Leonnois, avec 185 miniatures, 2 vol. A. Verard.

Le Recueil des histoires Troyennes, folio, Paris, Verard.

The Palace of Pleasure, 4to. 4 vol. Lond. 1813.

Le Nef des fols, 4to. Paris, fig. de bois.

Histoire du Preux et Valiant Chev. Jason, Paris, Alain Lotrian, 8vo.

What VELLUMS are these—sufficient to immortalise both the library and its owner! Note well: Charles Lewis hath lately tickled up a great number of them in *cor. maurit.* of various colours and hues!

* *generally avoid the mention of Public Libraries.*] Why should Lysander be so coy upon this interesting topic of bibliographical discussion? Perhaps he has been reading the preface to the 3d volume of *Gale's Scriptores*? and is unwilling to excite a curiosity which might lead to such deplorable results as the ensuing sentiments seem to deprecate: 'Audio sane multos sæpiusculè queri, admodum difficiles esse Bibliothecarum aditus: Aureum vellus (quod aliqui critici antiquas fuisse membranas firmissime credunt) extra fabulam à draconibus fuisse custoditum; idem enim hodieque fieri apud nos contendunt. Improbilas hominum omnem istam cautelam induxit; et necessitas, quod jubet, excusat. Quis non incandescat liberrima indignatione, cum videat subtractos forulis optimos quosque libros, quorum tamen indices et nomina in catalogis conspiciantur? Quis non ingemiscat, cum alios intueatur truncatos, deletos, rasos, et omni barbarie violatos?' p. 3.

Yet it is due to OUR OWN country to mention, that, whatever degree of turpitude may have attached to the *robbers* and *pilferers* of our libraries, we have the explicit and honourable testimony of a foreigner, of the name of CONRAD AB UFFENBACH (no mean authority in bibliomaniacal matters, as the extracts in the preceding pages, 279, &c. abundantly testify) that our *civility* in shewing our *Book-Lions*, (it is of the *Tower* I am about to speak) some eighty years ago, merited the imitation of Europe. It is in one of Uffenbach's letters to Jo. Ernestus A. Glanburg, a Franckfort Patrician, that THE ENGLISH are thus described: and let me only further premise, that the Keeper of the Records in the same place, at the *present* day, maintains in every respect the reputation of his predecessors.

'Prædicare certe satis nequeo liberalitatem facilitatemque GENTIS HUIUS in exteros, alias satis morosæ, quod scilicet omnibus, advenis etiam, nullibi aditum præcludunt, adeo, ut regium etiam tabularium, seu archivum in turri, quam vocant, Londinensi (*the Thow*) patefactum nobis sit, ubi præstantissima quævis totius regni monumenti non sine præ antiquitate reverentia intueri licuit, quæ

LYSANDER. The theme is interminable. A little choice volume, in the manner of *Jacob* or *Gallois*—(but better executed than the latter) respecting our public libraries, even in the Metropolis—would be both useful and amusing. But we must not fail to render ample justice to the well-executed catalogues of the libraries of the *Royal and London Institutions*.

LORENZO. They are undoubtedly well done; but the former is my favourite. Yet will you pass over the collections in the country—the *Cathedral* and *University* libraries?*

Celeb. Rymerus regia vere autoritate in publicum edere cœpit, jamque XII, nî fallor, Volumina in Fol. complevit. Quæ summâ cum voluptate coemissem, nisi tam rara atque cara (quod Regina ultra ducenta exempla typis exscribi prohibuisse dicatur) fuissent. Haberent aliæ quoque nationes laudabile sane exemplum, regiumque plane, quod imitentur. Sed pudeat illas, nostramque inprimis patriam, ubi talia ex vanissimo, ne præjudicia inde enascantur, metu premuntur potius, pulvere obruuntur, ac tineis blattisve in escam relinquuntur. Quanta, quæso, cum morositate non exteri modo, sed et ipsi indigenæ a Principum, imo Civitatum tabulariis, arcentur! adeo, ut pro gratia reputandum sit, si apothecæ, repositoria, atque loculamenta, in quibus hæc mysteria reclusa, extrinsecus, vel per transennas, quod dicitur, monstrentur. Sapienti tibi satis! nec nostræ etiam Reipublicæ ulcus vel callum in his tanquam.' *Commerc. Epist. Uffenbach. Select. &c.* 1753, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 323.

* *Cathedral and University Libraries?*] First of CATHEDRAL LIBRARIES. Heaven bless us! exclaims the wearied reader—are we going to peruse a catalogue of the MSS. and printed books contained in the libraries of the XXVI. Cathedrals of Great Britain? Far from it—yet most sincerely do I wish that a catalogue of the more important works, contained in each of these libraries, and executed by a competent hand, were given to the 'choice few' lovers of such antiquities. Of course the MSS. would be the more essential objects of examination: for much as we may be indebted to the authors of the thumping folio '*Catalogue of the MSS. in England and Ireland, published at Oxford in 1697*', yet (from a criticism advanced in a sub-note, at p. 279, ante) we perceive that much remains to be done towards a successful completion of such labours. When therefore will our well-beloved NENNIUS lay the foundation, or rather the coping, stone to such a goodly fabric of bibliographical erudition? 'Ille, si quis alius!' Meanwhile listen, courteous reader, to what an authority of no mean repute hath advanced upon the importance of dragging forth MSS. wherever found, to open day light, and of submitting their contents

LYSANDER. Not from choice, but from necessity: because, I apprehend, the trouble and difficulties attending a success-

freely to public inspection. It is BISHOP GIBSON* who thus sensibly talks: 'Orandi itaque omnes estis, quorum in manus MSS. Codices devenerint, ut eorum notitiam orbi praebeatis, nec committatis ut situ ac pulvere obducti, amplius in tenebris delitescant. Laboris vestri vobis utique fructus constabit uberrimus. Hæc enim provincia illud sibi peculiare vendicat, quod in omni literarum parte desudantes demereatur.'

Now then for our sketch only of Cathedral Libraries. I have examined the collections of *St. Paul's*, *Winchester*, and *Worcester Cathedrals*—which contain nothing very antique in the fashion of **printed books**. They are each pretty much of the same calibre; though that of the first mentioned hath an unquestionable pre-eminence, in the estimation of the bibliomaniac, by the possession of Bishop Compton's own copy of *Walton's Polyglott Bible with Castell's Lexicon*, each upon **LARGE PAPER**,† and bound in red morocco. The library of *Peterborough Cathedral* is much dilapidated; and an almost dismembered *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493, and *Holinshed's Chronicle* of 1477, more than counterbalanced the pleasing effect which resulted from handling a perfect copy of an ancient edition of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, in a thin folio, printed, I think, by Redman. But our road now lies more particularly towards the North—for *York* and *Durham*. Yet in my way thither, I remember scrambling up the tower of *Grantham Church* (which is unquestionably among the loveliest ecclesiastical edifices in the kingdom) to examine what the old sexton told me was 'the **AUNCIENT PARISH LIBRARY**' containing 'a rubbishing set of old books.' Such intelligence was most delightful; but judge of my sorrow and surprise upon finding a *Walton's Polyglott* regularly undergoing an annual soaking from snow-water! and a thumping folio tome, printed by *Laver* or *Schurener de Bopardia* (note the difficulties sometimes attending the appropriation of the volumes of these respective printers, in the **FOURTH DAY**, p. 392, &c.) fresh as if from the press, but unluckily filled with one of the subtle treatises of *Thomas Aquinas*! My examination of this 'auncient Parish Library' was however necessarily superficial: for I staid only while my fellow travellers, in the mail, stopped to 'recreate themselves with dinner,' and till the blast of the horn compelled me precipitately to 'drop my hold' of the said *Thomas Aquinas*!

At length we reach *York*: but not another word about the contents of the

* In the preface to the Bishop's '*Librorum Manuscriptorum in duabus insignibus Bibliothecis; altera Tenisoniana, Londini; altera Dugdaliana, Oxonii; Catalogus*.' Edidit E. G. Oxon. 1692, 4to. A rare tract of some 50 pages.

† I remember mentioning to the late Bishop of Ely how they were (and perhaps yet are) wont to shew these magnificent and matchless volumes to strangers visiting the Cathedral, as the *largest books* in the library: whereby they gradually become 'adusted' with *thumb tints*—and how the Bishop expressed his indignation at such distressing intelligence!

ful catalogue of the libraries here alluded to, would be too great to render the thing worthy of an attempt. Nor am I

library; for examine pages 257-9, ante, and be not unconscionable in requiring further particulars. 'Wherefore, then, make such a formal pause here, good mister Rosicrusius?' I will tell thee, merry-hearted reader. Among the titles of the rarer books contained in this Cathedral Library, as noticed at page 257, thou shalt observe *two* of especial scarceness: 'that have to name' '*The Horse, the Shepe and the Goose,*' and the '*Chorle and the Birde,*'* from the PRESS OF

* As this is the EDITIO PRINCEPS of probably the most entertaining of Dan Lydgate's interminable pieces, the reader may not be disposed to quarrel with an insertion of the more interesting portion of it in the present place. It was doubtless among the most popular small poems of the period when it was composed.

Whilom ther was in a small vilage
As myn auctour maketh rehersayll
A chorle whiche had lust and grete corage
With in hym self by diligent trauayll
To make a gardyn of ryche entayll
Of lenghte and brede lyche square and longe
Heggid and diked to make it sure & stronge

Alle the aleyes were made playn with sonde
The benches couerde with newe turues grene
Swete herbes with conduytes at the honde
That wellith vp agayn the sonne shene
Like siluer stremes as ony cristall clene
The burbill wawes in their vp boylleng
Round as berrell their bemes out shenyng

Mydd in the gardyn stode a fresshe laurere
Theron a birde syngyng day and nyght
With shynyng fethers bryghter than goldwyer
Whiche with her songe made heuy hertes ligh[t]
That to be holde, hit was an hevenly sight
How toward euen and in the dawenyng
She dyde her peyne most amerously to synge

fol. 2, rect.

Esperus enforsid strongly her corage
Toward euen wan phebus gan to weste
Amonge the braunches to her auantage
To synge her complyne and than go to reste
And at rysyng of quene alceste
To synge agayn as hit was her dewe
Erly on morowe the day sterre to salewe

Hit was a very heuenly melodye
Euyn and morn to here the birdes songe
And the swete sugrid armonye
Of vncouthe warblis & tewnes drawe a longe
That alle the gardyn of the noyse ronge
Tyl on a morowe whan titan shone clere
This birde was trapped & caught with a pantere

sure that such facilities would be afforded (unless the iron arm of Parliament pounded the parties into compliance) as

CAXTON. An exceedingly pleasaunt tale is connected with the discovery of these black-letter morceaux. It was after I had quitted the hospitable mansion at *Sledmere* (noticed at page 405, ante) that I arrived, hard upon nine o'clock, at the not less hospitable mansion of the Revd. John Eyre, Senior Prebendary of the Cathedral—as aforesaid. Immediately on my arrival, he announced the

The chorle was glad whan he this birde had take
Mery of chere of loke and of visage
And in al haste he purposed to make
Within his hows a praty litill cage
And with her songe to reioyse his corage
And soberly thus to the chorle she seyde

fol. 2. rev.

I am now take and stande vnder danger
Holde streight that I may not flee
A dew my songe and alle my notes cleer
Now that I haue loste my lyberte
Now I am thrall where somtyme I was free
And truste well while I am in distresse
I can not syng nor make no gladnesse

And though my cage forged were of golde
And the pynacles of berell and cristall
I remembre a prouerbe said of olde
Who loseth his fredom forsothe he loseth all
For I had leuer vpon a braunche small
Meryly to syng among the woodes grene
Than in a cage of siluer bright and shene.

fol. 3. recto.

Men sholde not put a precioeuse margarite
As rubies saphires and other stones ynde
Emerawdes and other perles white
A fore rude swyne that loue draff of kynde
For a sowe delyteth as I fynde
More in draff her pigges for to glade
Than in all the perry that cometh out of garnade

Eche thinge draweth to his semblable
Fysshes in the see bestes on the stronde
The ayer for fowles by nature is covenable
And to the ploughman for to tylle the londe
And to a chorle a dong forke in his honde
I lose my tyme only more to tarye
For to telle a chorle of the lapidarye

fol. 7. rect.

The vynetener treteth of holsom wyne
Of gentyl fruyte bosteth the gardener
The fyssher casteth oute hookes and lynes
To cacche fysshe in euery fresshe ryuer
Of tilthe of lond treteth the bovere
The gentilman talketh of genterye
The chorle deliteth to speke rybawdrye

would render the attempt very pleasant to the delicate and well-bred feelings of an accomplished investigator. Again,

intelligence of having stumbled upon an odd volume of old black-letter tracts, which, said he to me, 'you *ought* to see before you think of quitting York.' (N. B. I had secured a place in a conveyance northerly, at six o'clock the next morning.) What was to be done? Day-light had long subsided; and nothing could possibly be achieved *before* six the next morning. The kindness of my host readily supplied an expedient. 'Let us seek the sexton?' 'With all my heart, and a brace (not of pistols) but of lanterns will accomplish our purpose.' To the sexton we went—traversing the minster-close. We obtained the key of the outward-library door—retraced the minster-close, and as my friend applied the key to the door of the library, the minster clock struck ten! What a moment for the hunting, not of 'the Romish Fox' but, of black-letter morceaux! We entered; and the light of our lanterns led us instinctively, as it were, to the remote recess of a chubby quarto tome, lettered 'SENECÆ MISCELLANEA;' (What an anecdote for lettering! see vol. ii. p. 171, 528.) which, as the reader may imagine, I opened with sufficient eagerness; and found it nearly filled with a number of *Seneca's Moral pieces*, chiefly printed by *Cæsar* and *Stol*—but (ay, what a 'but' was this?!) at the very end were the two CAXTONIAN PIECES, designated by the forementioned titles!! The gothic book-room, at that solemn hour, re-echoed with ejaculations of delight—not *exclusively* my own. This precious volume, with a few other ancient tomes and MSS. were consigned to Charles Lewis (see vol. ii. p. 523) to dissect and cover with appropriate bindings. I have before mentioned how well this dissection and covering were accomplished. There was a moment when I essayed! . . . and never was a negotiation conducted upon higher-toned principles. With the exception of the copies of these same Caxtonian tracts in the public library at Cambridge, I know of no other copies or copy. Who, in future, would be deterred, though the clock should strike the hour of *midnight*, from exploring Cathedral libraries in quest of Caxtonian game!?

From York we go direct to *Durham*. But suppose we make a digression, of a few miles only, to *Ripon Minster* and *Fountains Abbey*. It was towards three in the afternoon (in the journey to *Durham* described at page 229, ante) when a

Alle one to the a fawkone and a kyte
As good an owle as popyngaye
A doke of the donghyll as deynte as a snyte
Who serueth a chorle hath many a careful daye
A due sir chorle farewell I fle my waye
I caste me neuer hens forth me lyvyng
To fore a chorle ony more to synge

fol. 9 rect.

— — — — —
And remember whereuer ye ryde or goon
A chorles chorle is always woo be goon

fol. 9 rect. and last stanza but 2.

too, we must consider whether, upon the whole, the labour would be *tanti*? In other words, whether you would not be

chaise conveyed me to the outer-gate of the worthy Dr. Waddelove, Dean of Ripon. A letter from Mr. Eyre secured me the most favourable reception. 'Good mister Dean, my object is the minster library.' 'Here,' quoth the Dean, 'is the catalogue—peruse this, while I attend three o'clock prayers.' I perused with avidity, and made a tick or mark against *two* articles, in especial, which appeared to require examination: '*English Chronicle, Antw. 1493,*' '*Boetius old Engl.*' Upon conclusion of the service, I ascended a small flight of stone steps with the Dean, and found myself in a narrow modernised old room—with books on all sides, in a somewhat littered condition; but, as the references in the catalogue were correct, I quickly discovered what I wished to examine. The old '*English Chronicle*' was, as I suspected, Gerard de Leeu's reprint of Caxton's text—but, where was '*Boetius old Engl.*' in folio? High and low, among octavos and folios, amidst dust, cobwebs, and perished wooden book-covers, and with a thermometer hard upon 81, did I resolutely continue the search for the said '*Boetius old Engl. in folio,*' not doubting but that it would turn out to be a quarto, and the poetical version printed at the '*exempt Monastery at Tavistock!*' The catalogue however had placed it among the folios: when, as the last desperate effort, I drew out a melancholy looking 'forrel,' or white sheep skin, covered folio volume: opened it—saw—and what should it prove to be but Caxton's own prose imprint of the *Boethius*—large, clean, and perfect—save one leaf!? Yet the book is unusually thick. I persevere: and find, at the end of it, nothing more or less than a beautiful and perfect copy of Caxton's *Book for Travellers*, of which Lord Spencer's copy had been considered unique. The 'worthy Dean' wonders and smiles; and smiles and wonders again. In due time, these precious tomes are consigned to Charles Lewis, who returned them, with many other small, and rather scarce and curious volumes, from the same minster library, decorated in morocco, or russia, or calf, according to their supposed rarity or worth. May this fashion of decoration obtain quickly throughout all the CATHEDRAL LIBRARIES in the realm!—for good sense and good taste equally impose the necessity of such a measure. Before I dismiss the notice of Dean Waddelove, let me add, that the Dean's own library is rather rich in Spanish lore: and that I obtained intelligence from him, upon this subject, worthy of being recorded in a basil-red covered travelling memorandum book, measuring seven inches by four and a half. The evening of this visit to the *Deanery of Ripon* was delightfully concluded by a trip to *Fountains Abbey*, in company with the said Dean; from which we returned by the lustre of a full moon. But the LIBRARY OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY!—? Ask the moaning spectre of Henry VIII. respecting its fate!

At length we reach *Durham*: where the reader has been already conducted by moon-light; see page 229, ante. Not another word, however, here about BURY or SHERWOOD. Our business lies chiefly, or rather entirely, in the library,

telling the same story—or writing down the same titles—over and over again? No doubt, however, a critical catalogue

which was left to the see by DEAN SUDBURY; and which is a comely, large, and richly garnished room of printed books. The closet, to the left, on entering, contains the MSS. originally belonging to the Cathedral library; which are superficially noticed in the *Catalog. Libror. MSS. Angliæ et Hiberniæ*, 1697, folio: but of which, as well as of the printed books, the Rev. Thomas Rudd commenced a full and admirably executed catalogue—only as far as the letter F—never, unluckily, completed by him. A friend, who is most competent to pass judgment upon these matters, tells me that Wanley himself could not have managed the catalogue better: add to which, it has all the advantage of being written in a hand that Porson might not have blushed to own. Rudd was a great caligraphist; and, from what I can gather from the ms. notes in several of his books, which have come into my own possession, a man of scholastic attainments. He was rector of Washington in the county of Durham; and (according to Mr. Nichols in his *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iii. p. 523, where one regrets not to find further particulars of so eminent an antiquary) ‘it has always been supposed that he left many valuable MSS. relating to the county of Durham, which are in the hands of his grandson, W. Rudd, Esq. now living at Durham.’ Now then for some gossip respecting Dean Sudbury’s library; premising, that the late Dr. Zouch wrote the memoirs of our Dean, which were privately printed in a 4to. tome, 1808; and to which Sudbury’s portrait is prefixed. In this tome, ample mention is necessarily made of the library in question: but the ensuing memoranda, ‘done on the spot,’ may not be wholly unacceptable.

First, of a few of the MSS. I examined an old *Gildas*, referred to by Gale; and, in the life of him, found the important reading ‘NAU fuit rex scotorum nobilissim⁹’ &c. instead of ‘PAU’ or ‘TAU’ or ‘MAU,’ as some of our antiquaries had conjectured. In a MS. of ‘*Gilbertus Lunniciensis Eps*’ (at page 150) I stumbled upon a vastly pretty capital initial I, composed chiefly of birds, (see vol. i. p. cv, &c. respecting the interest excited by these specimens of ancient art) which, for its antiquity, (sec. XIV.) struck me as being among the most beautiful of that species of art. In a MS. (sec. XIII.) of *Justinian’s Codex*, there is such a profusion of whimsical, but freely and brilliantly executed, capital initials, as the reader can with difficulty conceive: but I grieve to add, that, in a fine old MS. of the *Latin Vulgate Bible*, in 4 folio volumes, a great number of highly illuminated capital initials have been sacrilegiously cut out. The covers, or binding of these venerable tomes, are gloriously embossed. We have in this library, also, *Thomas Aquinas* in abundance—both in ms. and print. But among these MSS. let me make particular mention of ONE, singularly interesting to an English antiquary, and to a knowledge (and let us hope, ultimately, analysis) of which I am indebted to my friend Mr. Petrie. It is a metrical French MS. relating to the rebellion of Henry, the son of Henry II. against his

of the more valuable MSS. or rarer or more curious printed books, in the *Cathedral Libraries of England*, would be an

father; and, as far as I know, has never been critically examined. What is curious, it is in perfect condition; whereas a MS. of the same subject, in the library of *Lincoln Cathedral*, is imperfect. What remains then but that *both*, now that mail coaches are established, be transmitted to the honourable and safe hands of the competent judge just mentioned? He hath experienced similar favours from other public bodies; and, by such means, light dawns upon darkness, and knowledge usurps the place of ignorance. Hence 'tis of national importance. Let there be no *nays*!—the '*ayes*' should 'carry it hollow!'

Next, for a few of the PRINTED BOOKS. The first thing to notice is a tall, and apparently perfect, copy of the *first edition* of *Tacitus*, by *I. de Spira*: but soiled. Secondly, let us make mention of a magnificent copy of *Lyndewode's Const. Prov.* in double columns, with signatures: both the larger and smaller types reminding us of those of the Oxford books of which *Rood and Hunt* are the reputed printers. The edition contains *Lyndewode's* dedication to 'Henry Abp. of Canterbury,' and concludes with 'Laus Deo.' A sumptuous brace of black letter tomes, from the exquisite press of *Jenson*, in double columns, containing the commentary of *A. B. Panormita upon some Papal Decretals*, could not fail to attract notice, and extort applause. One wishes such consummate art had been bestowed upon a work of more permanent utility. An edition of *Boetius*, with the *Commentary of Aquinas*, printed by 'Koelhoff de lubick,' in 1481, folio, is a fine thumping specimen of the press of a printer, with whose productions the book-market is not over-stocked. What!—not a *Caxton* yet? Nor a *Wynkyn de Worde*? Yes: one of each thou shalt have—but 'alas, and alack a day!' they are but 'torn and dishevelled' copies. The *Caxton* consists of the *Diuers Fruytful Ghostly Matters*, (see *Bibl. Spen.* vol. iv. p. 329) of which the second treatise only is perfect. Of *W. de Worde's* press, there are two specimens; of which one, called '*The Rote or Myrrour of consolacion and confort*,' is to me unknown. The recto of the first leaf contains a wood cut of the elevation of the host, and figures kneeling: the reverse, the crucifixion, as given in the *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 79. On A ij, we have the title, just given: signatures B, C, D, E, are in eights: F has only six leaves: it ends imperfectly on G 1. It is printed in long lines, in 4to. apparently about the year 1500. The other specimen of *De Worde's* press, I rejoice to add, is, with the exception of the title, a perfect copy of the *Memorare Novissima*; see *Bibl. Spen.* vol. iv. p. 413.

We now get into the xvth century: but chronological order need not be strictly observed. There is a fine genuine copy of a large paper old book in the *Gr. Lexicon of Budæus*, of the date of 1529: in calf binding: also the most magnificent copy I ever saw of the *Greek Bible* printed at *Basil* in folio, 1545. A *Coverdale's Bible* of 1535 is shewn as the genuine edition; but it wants the title-pages of both the Testaments, and ends at the beginning of the xxist chapter

acquisition of considerable importance to every lover of the literary antiquities of his country.

of the Apocalypse. Here is also the only large paper copy ever seen by me of *Polydore Vergil's History of England*, 1534, in folio. It is bound in wood, covered with calf, but soiled. A very fine, and I imagine large paper, copy of *W. of Malmesbury*, 1596, folio, is worth looking at. Also—a republican copy of *Walton's Polyglott*: a large paper (folio size) of the *Welch Prayer Book* of 1664: *Atkin's Gloucestershire*, 1712, folio: large paper copies of *Kuhnius's Pausanias*, *Smith's edition of Bede's Eccl. History*, 1722 folio, (in old blue morocco; finest copy imaginable) *Newcourt's Repertorium*, *Dugdale's Summons*, (beautifully white) *Kuster's Suidas*, and *Aubrey's Surrey*, in old calf binding: the paper of this latter copy being unusually thick and white, as well as large. So much for specimens of the bibliomaniacal taste of Dr. John Sudbury, Dean of Durham, A. D. . . . But I cannot suffer the key of the library door to be turned by the librarian, the Revd. Mr. Haslewood, without expressing my best thanks to that gentleman for the courtesy, kindness, and even good-humour with which he was pleased to endure a prosing visit that consumed the better part of a long rainy morning. During this visit, I made several attempts to introduce the bibliomaniacal lancet beneath the cuticle of the same gentleman—reminding him of the book-ardour of mister Joseph Haslewood, his namesake, and peradventure, relative:—but he bravely resisted each and every such attempt!

It is now time to return southerly; and once more for LINCOLN Cathedral Library.* On a review of what has been advanced in the preceding pages (261-5), I perceive that I have omitted to notice that a portion of the *ancient Library*, here, yet exists: that is to say, of the book-desks and of the old room which leads directly into that of DEAN HONYWOOD. And note here, gentle reader, that our Honywood has been inaccurately called Honeywood in the pages just referred to. Further understand, from some recently-communicated intelligence from Mr. E. I. Willson, that Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Clergy*, calls our bibliomaniacal Dean 'an holy and humble man, and a LIVING LIBRARY FOR LEARNING.' But Mr. Willson's 'recent intelligence' is too full and curious, and at the same time *corrective* of preceding details, to be passed

* Among the more ancient MSS. here, mention has been made of an imperfect one relating to the rebellion of Henry, against his father Henry II. see the opposite page. But there are also a *Merlin*, a *Waice*, &c. and a *Latin and English Dictionary of the time of Chaucer*. These, with perhaps three or four others, might be sent by the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln (following the praise-worthy example set by the Dean and Chapter of a more northerly cathedral) to the workshop of Charles Lewis—for examination, analysis, and bibliopegistic restoration. What a number, however, of glosses, expositions, commentaries, church-services, &c. &c. have they here—with their corner brass bosses, which are fit only . . . never to be again disturbed! My friend NENNIUS will remember the heat of that day when he attacked the 'membranaceous mountain,' once encountered by myself, and alluded to at page 263 ante!

However, the deficiencies felt in the absence of catalogues of Ecclesiastical Libraries, are likely to be greatly compen-

over without extracting additional particulars therefrom. The Dean's only metropolitan visit used to be *Samuel Pepys* (see p. 275) who was a sort of old crony with him: and no wonder! He contracted for the building of his fine book-room (before described) with a 'William Evison, of the city of Lincoln, Joiner,' who was to complete it, subject to the directions of Sir Christopher Wren, for 780*l.*; and 250*l.* was 'paid down' by the Dean at the time of signing the contract. The room measures about 104 feet (and not 110, as before observed) in length, having a range of ten windows to the south side. 'A little private door (says Mr. W.) at the upper end of this long room, communicating with a chamber of the Deanery-house, is a striking proof of what fixed the worthy founder in his choice of a situation for his building.' Opposite to the portrait of the Dean, is one of his *Grandmother*. 'This famous old woman being dressed in a gown of black figured velvet, with a small ruff: a huge hood of the same colour, bowed out with wire, covers her head: her left hand holds a small book. She was 78 when the original portrait was painted in 1605; this being only a copy, executed in 1640. In the *Beauties of England*, &c. vol. ix. is a curious anecdote of this old woman from *Fuller's Worthies*. The whole number of printed books in the library amounts to about 4000.'

As DEAN HONYWOOD and LINCOLN CATHEDRAL LIBRARY are pretty nearly synonymous terms, the reader may not object to what here ensueth—from the same intelligent correspondent—for who, that hath a drop of true British blood running in his veins, and loving the memories of the good and the great among our ECCLESIASTICAL WORTHIES (especially, too, when these 'Worthies' add the *Bibliomania* to their other virtues!) would not pause and ponder over the 'mortal remains' of a character thus described?! — But Mr. Willson shall tell his own tale: premising, that I shall ever 'hug the memory' of the Man (whether he be the author of the inscription, or the stone cutter,) who had the exquisite good sense and taste to make the word 'BIBLIOTHECA' a *line of itself*! Now then for my valuable correspondent's intelligence.

Dean Honynwood was buried in the upper part of his cathedral, under a grave-stone thus inscribed: 'Here lyeth the Body of Michael Honynwood, D. D. who was Grandchild and one of the 367 Persons that Mary, the Wife of Robert Honynwood, Esq. did see before she died, lawfully descend from her; that is, 16 of her own Body, 114 Grandchildren, 228 of the third Generation, and 9 of the fourth.' A mural monument of different coloured marbles, designed much in the same taste as the interior of his library, was affixed to the stone screen behind the high altar. This was taken down a few years back, when the Dean and Chapter removed all the modern monuments from the walls and pillars of the church, into the side chapels. Dean Honynwood's was set up in the old chapel of the B. Virgin, which you pass in going to the library, a situation too

sated by what has been, and undoubtedly will be, achieved, respecting the public establishments of *Oxford* and *London*. Indeed Oxford is,—

obscure for the memorial of so generous a benefactor. His epitaph being very incorrectly given in *Willis*, it is here exactly copied :

MICHAEL HONYWOOD S T P.

celeberrimæ illius Matronæ

MARIE HONYWOOD μακράϊωνος καὶ πολυτέκνης

E Nepotibus , post nullum memorandus ,

hic juxta situs est.

Collegii Christi apud Cantabrigienses olim

Alumnus & Socius

Pietatis , Pacis , Literarum , studiosissimus .

Quibus ut vacaret ,

Patriam , Perduellium conjuratione perturbatam , fugit ,

xvii post annos , in tranquillam , Carolo ii^o reduce , rediit ,

Deinceps Collegio huic Lincolniensi

DECANVS Anno xxi præfuit .

Vir prisca simplicitate

Morum suavitate ,

liberali Munificentia , insignis ,

Quâ quidem unicâ

Monumentum sibi cum Literis duraturum posuit ;

Utpote qui Claustum hujus ecclesiæ dilapso in latere ,

extracta prius ,

sumptibus suis non exiguis ,

BIBLIOTHECA .

eam postea , Libris , nec paucis , nec vulgaribus , locupletaverit .

Tandem , spe Vitæ immortalis ,

Morti , Honyvudos lento pede insequenti ,

libenter se obtulit .

Die vii^o Mensis Septembris

Anno { Ætat . suæ LXXXV
Sal . humanæ MDCLXXXI

He died a bachelor. From his collection of books, the Dean appears to have been well versed in languages ; for besides the three learned ones (Hebrew, Greek, and Latin) there are many German and Low-Dutch works, a few French, and some in Syriac and Arabic.

The Classics were not his favourite study, I conjecture ; indeed the divines of that day were more solicitous about studies immediately connected with their profession.

LISARDO. Perhaps so: yet the former publication is a desideratum of considerable importance! . . .

A copy of Dr. Crakanthorp's Logic* remains, presented by the author, with a Latin address written in the cover, expressive of his high esteem. The Dean certainly set great value on this performance; for besides a high commendation of the author, written after his acknowledgment of the gift, the margins are filled with annotations in the Dean's neat small hand-writing; with additions to the index, &c. A copy of Keckerman's Logic,† too, is scored, and interlined with notes by the Dean: and a small MS. pocket-book in his hand writing, may fill up the evidence of his fondness for this science; the favourite of his friend Bishop Sanderson, and other eminent men of that age. Whether Dr. H. ever published any thing or not, I cannot discover, but a small quarto life of King Henry the third, fairly copied in his hand, with marginal notes, is preserved in the library.'

It is now surely high time to 'prick the sides' of our courser, and to return to London; or rather to the UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES—'What—and pass by a hundred half public and half private libraries in the way, unnoticed!' Yes: enthusiastic, but most unconscionable, reader—it is even so. Of the CAMBRIDGE libraries, indeed, I absolutely know little or nothing, except that the Londoners have never yet received a 'Catalogue of the Books in the Public Library of that University:' the more to be regretted, as it is a very general, extensive, and really well-furnished, collection. Bishop More's cupboard (see p. 271 ante) would alone garnish a set of bibliomaniacal dishes of which the most voluptuous book-Epicurean might partake even to surfeit! The well known Dr. Clarke, who has reduced his travelling circuit from Petersburg to Jerusalem, within the comparatively narrow precincts of this four-sided public library, has been recently appointed one of the librarians of the same; and ere twenty four moons have 'filled their horns,' he will, I make no question—in conjunction with the Reverend Mr. Kerrich, principal librarian, suggest some plan, or recommend some mode of publication, of which the solemn Syndics of the University press cannot 'find it in their hearts' to forbid the execution—'O spring to light.' Meanwhile, let not the treasures in the libraries of Trinity, St. John's, Magdalen and Benet colleges, be wholly suppressed. Of the first two of these libraries, I remember to have enjoyed a view of their 'rich

* 4to. *Logicæ quinquæ: De Predicabilibus. De Predicamentis. De Syllogismo. De Syllogismo Demonstrativo. De Syllogismo Probabili.* Lond. 1622.

† *Systema Logica, tribus libris adornatum. a Bartholomæo Keckermannno, Dantiscano, Philosophiæ in Gymnasio patrio Professore. Editio Quarta. Hanoviae, 1610, in 8vo.*

N. B. The paper pocket-book is full of logical matter extracted from Keckerman, &c. Amongst Dean Honywood's collections, is a vast quantity of political pamphlets published before and during the rebellion and the commonwealth; these are at present locked up in a chest, with the view of being arranged and bound up in volumes. Alas! who reads CRAKANTHROP or KECKERMAN 'in these degenerate days!?'

LYSANDER. *Oxford* is, at this moment, setting an illustrious example to the sister-University of *Cambridge*, in the

and rare, contents; and the late worthy master of St. John's, Dr. Craven, when I shewed him a copy of *Caxton's* impression of an English version of *Tully upon Old Age and Friendship*, replied, 'well, I'm glad we have saved our credit!' They have here, also, a glorious copy of *Cranmer's Bible* of 1540 UPON VELLUM. But I do not choose at present to develope what I saw (some seven years ago) in the library of *Peter House*, and what I hope to discover in that of *Caius*. Thus much, or rather thus little, for *Cambridge*.

Now for *OXFORD*. But, in our way thither, there will be no harm in partaking of (what poor Harry Quin absolutely compelled Mr. Planta to produce, when he visited the Cracherode collection in the Museum) some 'veal and ham sandwiches and Madeira) within the well-garnished library, and recently-built mansion, of a most gallant, and, from infancy, book-loving collector, about a short mile to the east of Acton Church. Yet *PALERMO* is, (see p. 41, ante) as Rome was, 'overwhelmed with his own greatness:' in other words, the books are placed in triple rows: a great number are concealed in lock-up cases: and many a proud and many a pretty volume is panting for the air and the sun beams of heaven! Yet, luckily, a goodly space is at hand for the erection of *another book-room*, capacious and commodious in every respect. What a creature is *Palermo* for proof-impressions and exquisitely-embellished copies! What, if he possess a non-pareil exemplar of the very work in which his bibliomaniacal enthusiasm is so justly extolled? I will be free to say that a more lovely, and more appropriately embellished book, will with difficulty be found: but it does not become me to *expatiate* upon this copy. We have now finished our sandwiches, quaffed our Madeira, and our horses' heads are turned towards *Oxford*. Yet a moment stay. Suppose we digress—to *Eton*? The postillion turns the said 'horses' heads,' and to *Eton* we go. Now then for ANTHONY STORER's gems: but first for the *Public Library*.

Bright and joyous was that day, when, in company with my friends Mr. Heber, and Mr. H. Drury, I not only paid a visit to the tomes of this said library, but to the dinner-table of the Provost of the College: nor shall I easily forget the quips and pleasantries, and sharp and merry conceits, together with the classical skirmishing and 'retorts courteous,' in which the said Provost, Mr. Heber, and Mr. H. Drury frisked and disported themselves during the whole day: yea, not only within the library, but at, and long after, 'pudding time.' Is this, however, 'semblable' language when we talk of a Provost? Dr. Goodall, that same Provost, did the honours of the library (considering that he allows himself to be uninitiated in black-letter mysteries) in a very ready and dexterous manner—and, within three minutes of our entrance, (thereby giving prodigious 'hope and promise' of his future celebrity even in *this department*!) put into my hands a very beautiful and interesting copy of the *Enchiridion preclare Eccles. Sarum*, printed by *German Hardouin* in 1530, 8vo. It was interesting, inas-

compilation of an efficient catalogue: but the *British Museum* may be said to have stimulated the energies of Oxford.

much as it had belonged to MARY QUEEN of ENGLAND,* and afterwards to MARY of MODENA, wife of James II. and had been redeemed by the well known Fleetwood (purchased for 2*l.* 13*s.*) from imminent destruction. A ms. prefix, in rather elegant Latinity, by Fleetwood himself, announces the tale, thus:

1696.

*Hic quondam e libris erat MARIE
ANGLIÆ REGINÆ, Henrici Octavi Filia; ;
Postea autem, MARIAM MUTINENSEM
Angliæ etiam Reginam, Jacobi IIdi
Uxorem Dominam habebat; Cujus
post discessum inter alias res quam
plurimas, publicâ auctione venundatus,
ad manus Bibliopolæ Londinensis pervenit.*

*Hanc Rerum sortem, gravem certè et calamitosam, Wilhelmus Fleetwood ex animo miseratus, hunc librum
quingenta et tribus solidis redemit; sive Reginæ
olim reposcenti, (si quando per deum liceat) redditurus;
sive (quod in votis est) COLLEGIO ETONENSI dono daturus.*

In the body of the book (thumbed by repeated inspections!) we read the writing of Queen Mary, thus:

*My Lorde I shall desire you to pray for me
Marye the Quen.*

There is hardly a more elegant book-room than that of the PUBLIC LIBRARY AT ETON. It is divided into three compartments, with circular cieling, and galleries running within some eight feet of the top. As you enter, you catch the whole visto-like view of the three divisions, with a portrait of Storer in the first—which contains his books almost exclusively. Mr. Clarke, in his

* A *Breviary*, once belonging to the same Queen, is in the Bodleian Library: concerning which, thus speaks Hearne, from a work to which I have lost the reference: 'De quo Breviario hæc notavi in *Collectaneis meis*, vol. x. p. 154. In Bodley's Archives, and afterwards Prince Henry's. 'Twas given by Richard Connock, Esq. Auditor General, Solicitor, and of his Highness Council of Revenue, Jul. 7. Anno Regni Regis Jacobi, 13, 1615. Just at the beginning of the Psalms is the following passage written by Queen Mary's own hand, viz. 'Geate you suche Ryches as when the shyppe is broken may swyme away wythe the Master. For dyverse chances take away the goodes of Fortune. But the goods of the Soule, whyche bee only the trewe goods, nother fyre nor water can take away. Yf you take labour and payne to doo a vertuous thyng, the labour goeth away and the vertue remayneth. Yf throughe pleasure you do any vicious thyng, the pleasure goeth away and the vice remayneth. Good Madam, for my sake remember thys, Your loving Mystres,

Marye Princesse.'

See, too, vol. i. p. xcvi-viii, respecting a curious book of devotion belonging to the same personage.

PHILEMON. How is this?

LYSANDER. The Trustees of the British Museum have

Repertorium Bibliographicum, hath an engraving of this portrait. The examination of Storer's books disappointed me much: yet it ought in justice to be noticed, that a great number of his fine books were sold to redeem a debt incurred by becoming a 'Parliament man.' His smaller volumes, of Italian and French lore, his *Alduses*, *Giunti*, and *Giolitis*, &c. are almost uniformly washed, with that treacherous prefix—a *ruled title*! The little volume, noticed at vol. ii. p. 469, was the most genuine thing, of the kind, which I remember to have seen; but the *French Jason*, in the types of *Caxton*, a large, clean, and genuine folio tome, (of which the only other known copy is in the King's Library at Paris) is the very pink, *ceimelion*, or golden fleece, if you will, of the STORER LIBRARY! The *Granger* I did not examine; and the *De Thous*, with few exceptions, disappointed me. The other two divisions of the public library at Eton contain the volumes of previous benefactors, among whom the name of SAVILE must be pronounced with the respect which will ever attend it. Among the more ancient tomes here, I found a first Homer, taller or wider (at this moment I forget which, but each is equally important) than my friend Mr. Drury's copy by—half an inch! No wonder he cried 'pish!' and 'fretted sore'—on being made acquainted with the discovery. I will not say at what hour we reached our own quarters on leaving Eton; but I will frankly affirm that a more pleasant, more rational, yea, more instructive day, I have scarcely ever spent, than *that* in which the Provost of Eton (a most brilliant *πολυμαθῆς*) presided at the table. From Eton to Oxford are scarcely forty miles; and before sun set, the next day, Oxford may with facility be visited.

At length, then, we reach the thresholds of a few of the LIBRARIES AT OXFORD. Of *Bodley* I can say little more than what has been intimated by Lysander. But I rejoice to call myself a 'Son' of this *Alma Mater* when I think upon the glorious bibliographical labours about to be achieved (containing a catalogue of this matchless old library, in 4 folio tomes) chiefly by the hands of Messrs. BANDINELL and COTTON, under the superintendence of the learned Mr. GAISFORD, the Regius Greek Professor of the same University. The Prince Regent hath munificently given a considerable sum towards the completion of these 'glorious labours;' and I augur every thing that is comfortable and creditable as the result—the more so, as I learn that they have recently acquired a very curious and valuable collection of MSS. which formerly belonged to an *ex-Jesuit Abbé*; who intended (had he lived to have seen the restoration of the order of the Jesuits,) to have presented them to the Jesuit's College at Venice. Neither pains nor expense were spared among his bretheren, in all parts of the world, to make the collection, on that account, as perfect as possible. The collection consists of about 2050 volumes, in all languages, and by no means confined to theology. Of these, not fewer than 170 volumes are in Hebrew and other Oriental languages: and about 160 in Greek. There are about 90 Latin Bibles, 260 Liturgies, and 210 of the Latin Fathers. Of the

put forth, by the able hands of the librarians of that institution, an alphabetical catalogue of the printed books

classical writers, in prose, 125; of those in poetry, 120: in Italian prose about 60, and in poetry about the same number. This is a fine 'ensample' of the bibliomaniacal spirit which at present obtains in our dearly beloved *Alma Mater Oxoniensis*! But let us notice—if it be only a very few—of the bijoux, in the shapes of *bokes*, which they have for some time possessed within the precincts of that noble gothic building, wherein repose the bibliomaniacal monuments of Bodley, Laud, Digby, Selden, and others.

In the *Auctarium*, are two exceedingly scarce VELLUM books: the *Gering Sallust*, and *Galen de Temperamentis*. The latter was *Linacre's* own copy, and presented to his royal pupil Henry VIII. The *Auctarium* is a spacious, yet plain and simply adorned room, devoted chiefly to the more precious classical MSS. and to the EDITIONES PRINCIPES of classical authors. The *Mazarine* and *Fust's Bible* of 1462, are each upon paper. Among the finer copies of rare early classics, are the *Cicero's Offices* of 1465 upon vellum: the *Cæsar* of 1469, the *Ammianus Marcellinus* of 1474; the *Lucian*, the *Lignamine Quintilian*, and the *Quintus Curtius*, printed by *Laver*. The red and black *Batrachomy-machia* is also very fine. They preserve here the famous Greek MS. of *Plato*, which was obtained by Dr. Clarke: and which Porson hugged with the fondness of a lover. Mr. Gaisford, the present Regius Greek Professor, hath prefixed, in the fly-leaf of it, the following emphatic memorandum, in his own hand writing: '*Totum hunc codicem ad Edit. H. Stephani diligenter contuli. T. G. 31 Aug. 1813.*' Oh brave!

What!—says the saucy enthusiast—no mention of a CAXTON!? Are they *Caxtonless*, therefore, in Bodley's book-domains? By no means; as thou shalt quickly learn, to thy heart's content, enthusiastic interrogator: for hereafter followeth a plesaunt schedule 'which hath to name'

BOOKS PRINTED BY CAXTON IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.*

<i>Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye.*†</i>	<i>Quatuor Sermones.†</i>
<i>Game and Playe of the Chesse.*</i>	<i>Cato Magnus, 1483.*</i>
<i>The same; without date.*</i>	<i>Cato Parvus.</i>
<i>Lyf of Jason, 1475.</i>	<i>Knyght of the Toure.</i>
<i>Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophres, 1477.*</i>	<i>Fables of Esope, 1483.*</i>
<i>The Cordyale (1480).</i>	<i>Ordre of Chyvalry, (1484.)</i>
<i>Chronicles, with Description of Bretayne, 1480.</i>	<i>Crafte to know well to dye, 1490.*</i>
<i>Myrrour of the Worlde (1481.)</i>	<i>Vyrgyle's Æneis, 1490.</i>
<i>Polycronicon, 1482.</i>	<i>Boecius.†</i>
<i>Liber Festivalis, 1483.*</i>	<i>Directorium Sacerdotum.</i>
	<i>Lyf of our Lady.</i>

* The asterisk denotes the copy to be imperfect; the dagger, that it is a duplicate.

therein—of which five volumes, in octavo, are already executed. The University of Oxford is at this moment

Compare the foregoing with what appears at p. 272, ante, and then say whether, 'in the matter of CAXTON,' the Cantabs or the Oxons 'bear the bell?'

There is neither time nor space for very particular notices of the libraries of the several Colleges at Oxford; but having examined those of *Worcester*, *All Souls*, *Queen's*, *Magdalen*, *Corpus*, *Merton*, *Oriel*,* and *Christ Church*, I should say, that, individually, as well as collectively, the contents of these libraries are judicious and useful. No doubt they differ much from each other. Those of *Queen's*, *All Souls*, and *Christ Church*, are, comparatively, very extensive; and of these, again, the library of *All Souls* may be considered the richest: but the *Christ Church* book-room is the room 'of plesaunce,' or of bibliomaniacal joyaunce, in my humble apprehension. I scarcely know a more book-rapture-stirring apartment. It is very long, not too wide, and the tone and character of the Ionic pillars, which support the gallery, harmonise admirably with that of the volumes. Dean Aldrich (one of the brightest ornaments both of literature and of taste, as well as of this particular college) was a great benefactor to the *Christ Church* library; and we have before (vol. i. p. cvii. clxxxiii) had occasion to notice a few of the gems contained in the 'lock-up' or archive room, where repose divers of the *Oxford editions of the Ancient Classics*, on *large paper*, in goodly old red-morocco bindings attached to the same library. Yet, it should be noticed, that, in this 'lock-up room,' and among these mellow red-morocco coated tomes, there is the rarest of all rare book-birds, ycleped *Wells's Xenophon*, upon *large paper*, COMPLETE: but cropt. The hand of Lewis was not exercised here! It is the *first* volume of this edition, upon *large paper*, which is so vehemently desiderated—by Lord Spencer, Mr. Grenville, and Sir M. M. Sykes. In the greater room or library, not far from a noble regiment of genuine *large paper Hearnese*, (to which my friend Mr. Cotton, of the same college, absolutely compelled me to take off my hat!) stand *large paper* copies of *Knight's Lives of Erasmus and Colet*, and *Lewis's Life of Wicliffe*: the latter by much the tallest, and very fine. Here is also a *Pynson's Froissard*, perfect, but cropt. But in the picture gallery, below, (where repose the noble volumes of Abp. Wake and Dean Aldrich) I saw one of the finest *Sweynheym and Pannartz* (the *St. Austin de Civ. Dei*, of 1468) imaginable: large, clean, and crackling as the harvest stubble!

Merton Library is perhaps nearly in its ancient condition; forming two sides of a small quadrangle. The floor is of brick: the windows are high and small:

* Of *Oriel College-library*, see somewhat at page 228 ante. The room containing the books is rather costly than convenient. There wants both a skylight, and a gallery; and the side, now occupied by windows, which cause the opposite books to be *baked*, should be covered with additional volumes. In this library I saw, what is very uncommon, a *large paper copy of Pole's Synopsis*, bound in rich old red morocco binding.

busily engaged with an alphabetical catalogue, to be published in folio, of the printed books in the Bodleian

the tomes are dark and dingy ; but here stands *Caxton's first edition of Chaucer*, recently bound in blue morocco by Charles Lewis : a fine old copy, wanting however some three or four leaves : and once examined by Tyrwhitt. Lord Spencer supplied one of the deficient leaves from a duplicate copy of the same edition in his own library. Without doubt it is ' *the great gun* ' of the library ; and the amiable Warden of the College occasionally *fires it off* with the happiest possible effect, to the wondering eyes of uninitiated strangers ! But there is a book or two more worth noticing in this venerable library ; and I wish in my heart they may also take a little airing, after such long confinement, towards the premises and appurtenances of the said Charles Lewis, so particularly ' set forth ' at page 521 of vol. ii. The operations of this binder, like one of those of the ' philosopher's stone,' are productive of perpetual youth. The ' book or two more,' alluded to in this library, are as follow. First for the *Alduses*. *Hesychius*, edit. prin. *Hortus Adonidis*, 1479. *Demosthenes*, second edition : good sound copies : the first two rather fine, the latter clean and sound, but crompt, and not free from stain. The *Aldine Priscian* of 1527, 8vo. is upon large paper : in fine old binding, with stamp'd fore-edges ; a beautiful copy. There are fine old clean copies of *Eustace's Froissart* of 1514 (4 vols. in 2), and *Le Noir's Monstrelet* of 1512, folio : but the latter is crompt somewhat. The *Eustathius* of 1542, &c. is very fine ; but at the end of the latter volumes there is a stain. The first *Lucian* of 1496 is but an indifferent copy : this, like every other known copy, has no title : for none ever existed—as I have recently been compelled to admit. There is a most magnificent copy, upon large paper, of the *Hebrew Pentateuch*, with a commentary, in 4 folio volumes : of which the lettering is beneath horn : see vol. ii. p. 528. But we must not forget to notice a copy of *Walton's Polyglott* with the ORIGINAL DEDICATION to Charles II. of which, I apprehend, four copies only are known to exist. A full size copy of the *Complutensian Polyglott* (not free however from the usual tawny tint) is the near neighbour of Walton ; as well as a very fine copy of the *Greek Bible* of 1587, and an *English Bible* of 1578 : (qu. perfect at the end ?) also a *Latin Vulgate Bible* of 1542, folio, printed at Venice by that rare printer, Peter Schoiffer, (see vol. ii. p. 304) containing an exquisite wood-cut frontispiece ; but the copy is crompt. In a nice copy of Belon's ' *Observations de plusieurs Singularitez*, &c. 1554, small folio, will be found a cut of the self-same eagle as that we observe at page 249 of the 1st volume of this work : in this book, also, is a fine wood-cut portrait of the author, ætat. 36. We may conclude our ' Merton library ' inspection with the notice of an exceedingly grand and almost matchless Greek folio volume containing *Expositiones Antiquæ et valdè utiles*, &c. printed ' *per Stephanum et Fratres Sabios* ' at Verona.

But what has become of the *neighbouring library*—our favourite *Corpus*—all this while ? It is not forgotten ; yet having before (at pages 231-236) spoken

library; and the sister-University just mentioned, which has a very extensive public library, and of which no catalogue has ever been published, are, at this moment, doing . . . nothing . . . in this same laudable career of Bibliography.

But it is time to colophonise: in other words, to conclude the oratorical labours of this our LAST DAY. Yet I should like to say a word upon two subjects only, hitherto untouched, although comparatively unimportant, perhaps: . . .

somewhat significantly of the ancient founders and benefactors to this same library (not forgetting that it is in possession of a matchless and perhaps unique copy of *Tonstall's* famous book '*De Arte Supputandi*, printed by Pynson in 1522, 4to. UPON VELLUM, deposited by Tonstall himself, with his autograph) let us only further observe, that they possess here, also, some truly valuable manuscripts relating to ancient classical literature.* Porson collated the *Suidas* in 3 volumes; and professed himself charmed with the *Fox* and *Claymond-cupboard* of tomes, before so particularly described. But the name of DR. TURNER, a great book-benefactor (towards the beginning of the last century) must not be forgotten. I saw with delight his beautiful large paper copy of *Stephen's Greek Thesaurus*, bound in 3 volumes: of which the binding displays as much taste, finish, intricacy, and even splendour and grandeur, as ever was seen upon the outside of a folio tome. The copy however is probably a little cropt. The same benefactor gave the magnificently bound copy of *Justinian's Codex* in 3 folio volumes. What if I conclude with the mention of a choice treasure or two in the library of my own late college, ST. JOHN'S? Yes, I will affirm that the following LIST OF CAXTONS, in that same library, is as matchless (if we except a similar list from the Bodleian library) as are the *Gardens* attached to the College to which they belong—gardens, in which I remember to have oftentimes sauntered, some two or three and twenty years ago, with a choice tome of 'th' olden time' in my pocket—or in company and conversation with those whom I may never see again—now effectually separated by death, distance, or disaster irretrievable!

. . . many friends, now scattered wide

By many fates! . . .

Bowles.

* Among those relating to our own country, are the *Florence of Worcester*, as before noticed in vol. i. p. lxxvii, a French MS. of the *Brute*, containing, in the portion allotted to Edward II. some curious particulars of that monarch's treatment in his way to Berkeley castle; and a *Life of Becket* by *Herebert of Beseham* (supposed to be unique, in this country) of which the first three books are unluckily wanting. This latter MS. was probably written about the middle of the XIIIth century, and is full of frightful contractions. My friend Mr. Petrie, who is making copious analyses of these precious volumes, has furnished me with the foregoing information.

LORENZO. Upon two hundred, rather !

LISARDO. Or two thousand !

LYSANDER. No more, I entreat. Let me keep to my simple 'one, two, three'—and then 'away !' Thus it is. The rise and progress of the *Bookselling trade* has always struck me as no very incurious or uninteresting feature in the annals of literature : especially in this country. And yet what an extensive field for narration have I chosen ?

Formerly, you know, printers were both booksellers and bookbinders. At present, the immense machine of literature requires a distinct or separate process in each and every part of which that 'immense machine' is composed. Thus printers, book-binders, and book-sellers, are each formed into a particular class—pursuing their labours, pushing their speculations, or carrying on their vast concerns upon a sober and uniform scale. Of these three classes, the printer runs the least hazard ; because, whatever be the issue of the work which he prints, he must be paid his bill !

But what has all this sorrowful abstraction and soliloquising to do with the

LIST OF CAXTONS IN ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE LIBRARY, OXFORD?

Donors.

Sir W. Paddy, *Troilus and Creside*, no date.

Sir W. Paddy, *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, the second edition. Perfect!!!

Sir W. Paddy, *Quatuor Sermones*.

Crynes, *Cato parvus et magnus*.

Crynes, *Lydgate's Court of Sapience*.

Crynes, *Pylgremage of the Sowle*, [1483.]

Crynes, *Virgil's Æneid*. "Here fynyssheth, &c. the xxij daye of Juyn, 1490."

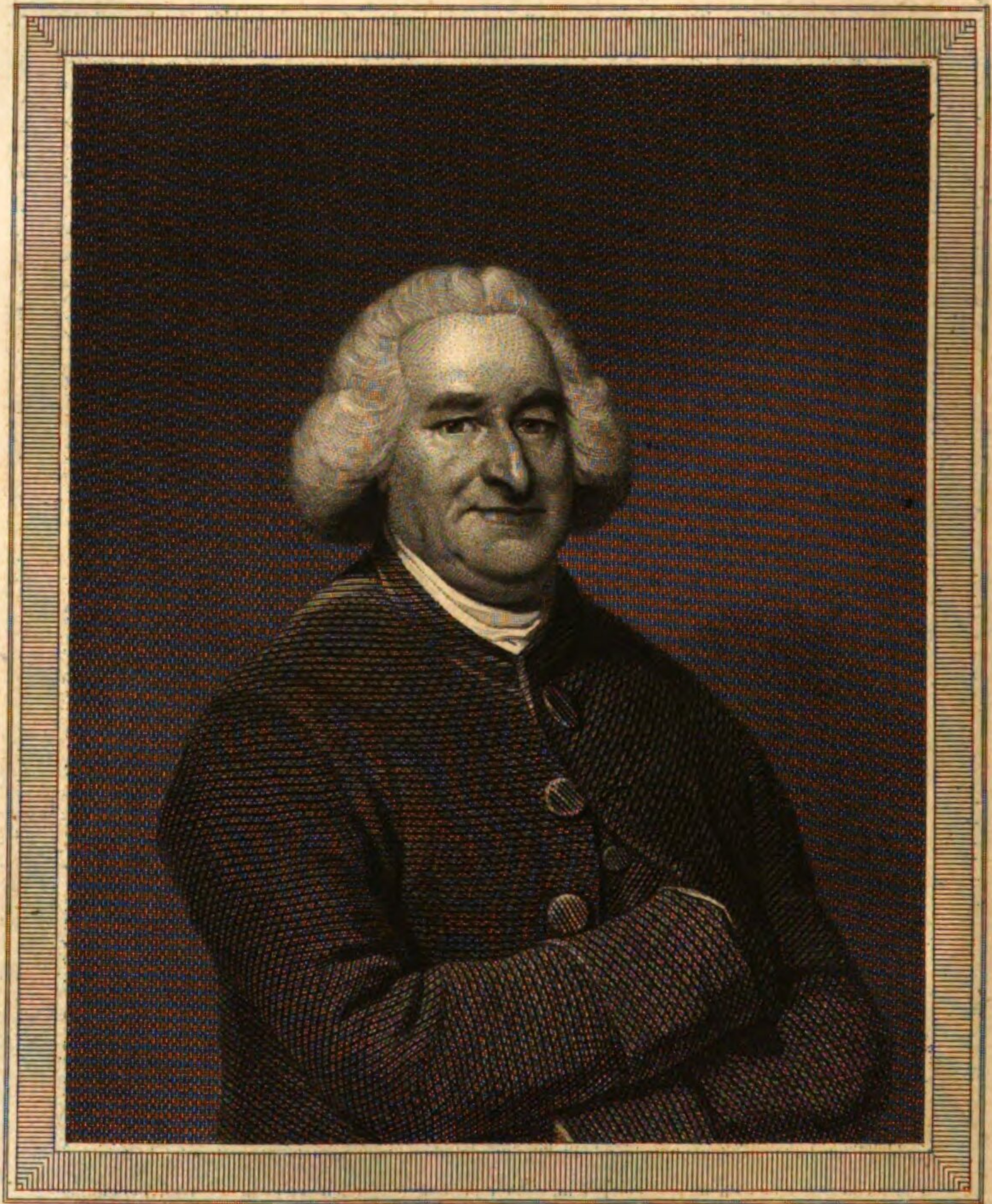
Crynes, *Description of Britain*, 1480. } bound together.

Crynes, *Cronicles of Englonde*, 1480. }

Crynes, *The Polychronicon*, 1482. (Dates in red ink.)

Crynes, *Game of Chess* ; second edition, no date, cuts. Perfect.

This list being considered a sort of a *colophon* to the account of the OXFORD LIBRARIES, it only remains to thank the reader for the patience with which it is hoped he may have accompanied me in my journey to *Grantham, York, Ripon, Durham, Lincoln, Cambridge, Eton*, and, lastly, to our well-beloved *Oxford*.



THOMAS PAYNE,
Bookseller.

London; Published for the Rev.^d T. F. Dibdin; April 1817.

PRINTED BY LAHKE.

Generally speaking, *the English Booksellers*—the most respectable in Europe*—(without any offence to a few *equally*

* *the ENGLISH BOOKSELLERS—the most respectable in Europe.*] The ‘salvo’ of Lysander is judicious. We must not be national to the prejudice of those fair and honest claims which the *De Bures* of Paris and *Arteria* of Manheim—and sundry other biblioplists, of sundry other capital cities of Europe—undoubtedly have upon us. It is singular, however, that the continental booksellers neither print nor publish *catalogues* of the contents of their warehouses. What is a man to do, who, like my friend Mr. C . . .—all energy, and ardor, and anxiety, in the pursuit of ancient lore of every description—was compelled, on a hot summer’s afternoon, to doff his outer garment, and rummage and tumble over innumerable dusty folio and quarto tomes, at Mr. *Ver-Beist’s*, at Brussels, in quest of what he wanted : and in the end, peradventure, to take all this violent exercise for nothing ! Vexatious result !

But of ENGLISH BOOKSELLERS the present may be the fit place to say a word or two ; especially as Mr. Nichols hath entered largely upon this subject in the third volume of his *Literary Anecdotes* ; and the late Mr. Beloe, in his *Sexagenarian*, has devoted nearly the ninth part of his second volume to a disquisition upon the same subject : dividing the said booksellers into classes, or designations of ‘coxcomb, dry, finical, opulent, exotic, honest, splendid, or cunning,’ booksellers. Perhaps such designations are not the most judicious or happy : but the subject was hardly worthy of such expansion. Meanwhile, I beg that the above sentiments of Lysander may be considered, the greater part of them, as the ground work of what here ensues. As ‘an honest man is the noblest work of God,’ let us begin with the late biblioplist, THOMAS PAYNE of the *Mews Gate*. You have this ‘noble work’ of his Maker in the OPPOSITE PORTRAIT,* gentle reader!—from an original oil painting, as large as life, in the possession of the said biblioplist’s son—which son, Mr. Nichols, in the goodness of his heart, is pleased to designate as ‘one of the genuine breed of booksellers by catalogue :’ see vol. vi. p. 439, and the passage referred to.

* A pleasing tale may be told about this said PORTRAIT. It was preceded by one, in the line manner, by the same artist, from a different original, in which our Thomas is introduced amidst a sportive group of relatives and friends, playing a game at whist, with his cards in his left hand ; looking sharply through an ebony pair of spectacles as his opponent is drawing out the ace of trumps ! Instead of *cards*, I caused a *book* to be put into his hand ; but Mr. T. Payne, that *now is*, finding a better likeness of his father in the original from which the *above* was taken, offered to furnish the plate, here published, at his own expense. There was no need however of such a waste of money. *Twenty-five copies* of the original, ebony-spectacle, engraved portrait—which have been eagerly snapped up by perch-like collectors—have re-imbursed this extra-expense : and this *first* plate is now BROKEN UP. Yet, of the *present*, there are *twelve* copies only with the emphatic subscription of

HONEST TOM PAYNE !

respectable bibliopolists upon the Continent) are not distinguished for making their fortunes. Some no doubt have done well and handsomely; and kept their 'chariots and

Our ancient Thomas Payne (for let us not confound the *young* with 'the *old* Thomas') was in truth a sterling example of genuine British integrity. There was neither pomp, nor parade, nor trickery, nor knavery, nor vehemence, nor violence, in any thing which he said or did: only candour obliges us to report, that, once or twice, during the sale of West's Caxtons (see the *Bibliomania*, p. 508) our old Thomas broke out into a rage—declaring that many a *Caxton* which had long stuck in his shop at 2 guineas, was then bringing six times the sum! Let us forgive such very natural and most venial 'vehemence or violence.' The subject of this, necessarily brief and inefficient, memoir, lived 40 years a bookseller of the very first reputation at the *Mews Gate*. He commenced his career in Round Court, in the Strand, opposite York Buildings, where he was an assistant to his elder brother OLIVER PAYNE, with whom originated (it is said) the idea and practice of printing catalogues. Tom Payne's first catalogue, when he commenced bookseller on his own account, bore the following title: '*A Catalogue of curious Books in Divinity, History, Classicks, Medicine, Voyages, Natural History, &c. Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, in excellent condition, and mostly gilt and lettered, Feb. 29, 1740.*' Who of our bibliomaniacs, of that period, had a finger in this well-replenished pie? Perhaps Folkes, Dormer, and even West and Askew: the two latter then young and ardent, and with the *book-mania* full upon them!

For half a century (from the year 1740 to 1790) did our veteran bibliopolist continue 'the putting forth' of 'excellent-conditioned, and mostly gilt and lettered' books—to the comfort of his family and increase of his reputation, and yet more to the joyaunce and book-wealth of the *Farmers, Cracherodes, Roxburghs*, and *Spencers* of the day!—while 'his little shop, (say the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxix. p. 171-2) in the shape of an L, was the first that obtained the name of a literary coffee-house in London, from the knot of literati that resorted to it.' In 1790, the veteran Payne withdrew from his 'L shaped' repository, and surrendered business in favour of his son, that now is—who had been in partnership with him some previous time. It pleased providence to extend the father's existence to the nine following years; when he died, full of years and of honour, aged 82. 'Warm in his friendships as in his politicks, (say the pages of the work just referred to) a convivial, cheerful companion, and unalterable in the cut and colour of his coat, he uniformly pursued one great object—FAIR DEALING—and will survive in the list of booksellers, the most eminent for being adventurous and scientific, by the name of HONEST TOM PAYNE. The author of the *Pursuits of Literature* calls him, 'that *Trypho emeritus*, Mr. Thomas Payne, one of the honestest men living, to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations.' The muse of Hayley

horsemen :’ but the generality, from the extraordinary increase of competition, have been content to transmit, from father to son, the same stock of books, as to quality and

has recorded his worth in the following strains, copied from the original, as sent to the son—and published for the first time in Mr. Nichols’s *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ix. p. 666.

Epitaph in Memory of Mr. Thomas Payne.

Around this tomb, ye friends of Learning, bend !
 It holds your grateful, though your humble friend :
 Here lies the literary Merchant, PAYNE :
 The countless volumes that he sold, contain
 No name by liberal commerce more carest
 For virtues, that become her Votary’s breast :
 Of cheerful probity, and kindly plain,
 He felt no wish for disengenuous gain ;
 In manners frank, in manly spirit high,
 Alert good nature sparkled in his eye :
 Not learn’d, he yet had Learning’s power to please,
 Her social sweetness, her domestic ease :
 A SON, whom his example guides and cheers,
 Thus guards the hallowed dust his heart reveres :
 Love bade him thus a due memorial raise ;
 And friendly Justice penn’d this genuine praise.

Consult also the *Seragenarian*, vol. i. p. 196-7. What further need be said ? Only that the ‘ affectionate ’ son, here alluded to, hath a strange propensity to walk in the steps of his father : in other words, to shew not only a partiality for ‘ *gilt and well conditioned* ’ books, but for *Fair Dealing* : yet we must, in the discharge of our high office as veracious chroniclers, tax the said ‘ affectionate ’ son, with one *deviation* from the said paternal foot-steps. He is *not* ‘ unalterable in the cut and colour of his coat ! ’—for sometimes he bedecketh himself in a vestment of brown, and sometimes of a dark-olive, colour—and, when presiding at his ‘ *brill and beef-steak* ’ repasts,* (see page 152, ante) he is verily arrayed in a *true blue* outer garment ! Another deviation, in the conduct of this dutiful son, is observable, upon close inspection. Preferring the shape of an I, to that of an L, he has, for these last twelve years, abandoned the *Mews Gate*, and established himself in a magnificent mansion in *Pall Mall*, which, as you enter, continues straight forward in the shape of an I—there being no obliquity in the path to be pursued. Of these ‘ magnificent ’ premises, frequent and ample

* Especially at the turbot and turtle feasts given by the STATIONERS’ COMPANY ; of which company the present, living, Mr. Thomas Payne, is, at this moment, MASTER !

number, and the same reasonable expectations of moderate success or profit. Of late years, no doubt, there have been

mention is made in the preceding pages: especially in those of the NINTH DAY: nor have we *spared* the owner of them, himself, in the same pages. Mr. Payne was succeeded, on his departure from the Mews Gate, by poor SANCHE, the black —

(For glossy jet is paired with shining white!)

who ran a short but fallacious career. He was the son of Ignatius Sancho, an uneducated man of colour, and author of some letters which were read to be wondered at. The son, our sooty bibliopolist, had a most ardent passion for books: and especially for English topography and black letter: and I could tell a right pleasant tale about vending him a beautiful copy of *Sir Thomas More's Workes* of 1557, folio, and an uncut *Churchyard's Worthiness of Wales*, original edition. But

Id cinerem aut manes credis curare sepultos?

Alas, poor Sancho! He happened, unluckily, to have an ardent attachment to pursuits of a more mischievous nature than that of black letter lore—and, withal, thought that these pursuits could only be substantially enjoyed with a glass of Champagne and Madeira, and with cherries at a guinea a pound! But he has paid the forfeit of his temerity. He died of a brain fever, and his property was meted out to his creditors under a commission of bankruptcy. The late Bishop of Ely was very kind to him; and he had the character of being affectionate and attentive with all to whom he was allied. He was without doubt a strange compound of thoughtlessness, good humour, and book-ardour: a 'rara avis,' in his way—

nigroque simillima Cygno!

I leave the pages of the *Sexagenarian* to amuse the reader with sketches relating to the bibliopolistic fraternity included under the names of CADELL, ROBSON, JOHNSON, RIVINGTON, ROBINSON, FAULDER, EGERTON, and others; to pause, for a few minutes only, upon the fate of poor LUNN: the more so, as, prefixed to the catalogue of his stock, published after his melancholy end, there is an eloquent and affecting preface, or advertisement, of which Dr. PARR need not be vexed or ashamed at being considered the author—for it does equal credit to his head and heart. Mr. Lunn had undoubtedly more zeal than prudence, and more pretension than knowledge. His stock of foreign literature was becoming prodigious, as the war terminated; and the re-action, or rather revulsion, produced by peace-prices, drove him into such a corner, that he could only extricate himself by submitting to positive and most formidable losses. I remember his telling me, with a conscious air of triumph, that he had 'bought up all the *Wetstein Greek Testaments* in Holland'—a somewhat desperate speculation, methinks, and such as could not, in any point of view, be defended upon the ground of good sense or probable profit. He suffered severely for his

strange volcanic effects produced—in *bibliopolism* as well as in politics. Long-established houses have, on a sudden, crumbled to dust, and the ribands of a milliner are now suspended

temerity, for his shelves long groaned beneath the weight of the Dutch critic! He was passionately fond of speculating in philological and lexicographical purchases; and at the sale of the Rev. Mr. Dunster's books he either bought *out*, or bought *in*, a set of Stephen, Scott, Gesner, Facciolati, upon large paper, for upwards of 105/. Mr. Lunn had a considerable share in the reprint of *Ernesti's Cicero* at Oxford, and was sole proprietor of the recent edition of *Tacitus*, printed by Mr. A. I. Valpy. In truth, he always shewed most commendable anxiety about the prosperity of classical learning; and there is not a friend to the same cause, or of humanity in general, who does not even yet shudder and sigh at the remembrance of his untimely end! His stock was eventually sold by auction, by Mr. Evans, for the benefit of his creditors. Liberal time was allowed for making good the purchases, and the result of the sale proved more fortunate than had been predicted. This is cheering to think upon; for a wife and two daughters survive his departure.

The name of JAMES EDWARDS will excite more decided sensations than most of those of the 'fraternity' before alluded to: but having before (see p. 14-16) dealt liberally in my account of this distinguished biblioplist, my present memoir must be necessarily brief. The late Mr. Beloe, in the 2d volume of his *Sexagenarian*, designates Mr. Edwards under the character of an 'exotic book-seller:' chiefly, I presume, because he dealt in works of foreign stamp, and in dainty copies of miscellaneous bijoux. Undoubtedly, no man ever did such wonders in so short a space of time: but competition, in that particular species of book-vending, was then comparatively feeble, and Mr. Edwards might be said to have literally 'walked over the course.' 'As to external manners (says the *Sexagenarian*) the person in question was both courteous and courtier-like. They who were less favourably inclined towards him, complained that his enunciation was affectedly soft, and that he had too much of the air and grimace of a Frenchman.' This is severe: but it may be considered as the judgment of an unfavourable critic. Mr. Edwards enjoyed his good fortune, at Harrow, in a very rational and respectable manner; and, before the event alluded to in the preceding pages, I was in the habit of meeting at his table those characters who might be considered as ornaments to the best informed circles. We corresponded, occasionally; and to a negotiation which I put on foot respecting the disposal of his *Vellum Livy* and *Bedford Missal*, he answered me in the following manner:

'Dear Sir,

Harrow, Feb. 26, 1813.

'Your grand negotiation between a noble Lord and a distinguished Commoner, came to my ears a few days ago. I hope you have contributed to the content and enjoyment of both parties by your diplomacy. I own

where an *editio princeps* of *Homer* or *Pliny* once stood in all the majesty of attraction! The heart sickens at the thought, and much more at the sight, of such a melancholy

there is some solidity in the reasons you exhibit for giving up some bijoux to make place for others of a different nature, and the lesser may some day or other yield to the greater. But, for a book which marks the most splendid era of English history, and the grandest effort of art in the age; and what the proprietor of the Museum Harleianum reserved to his family as the most brilliant jewel of his research—the temptation now offered will not prevail; having refused it in times when such objects were not appreciated at half the value they now bear.

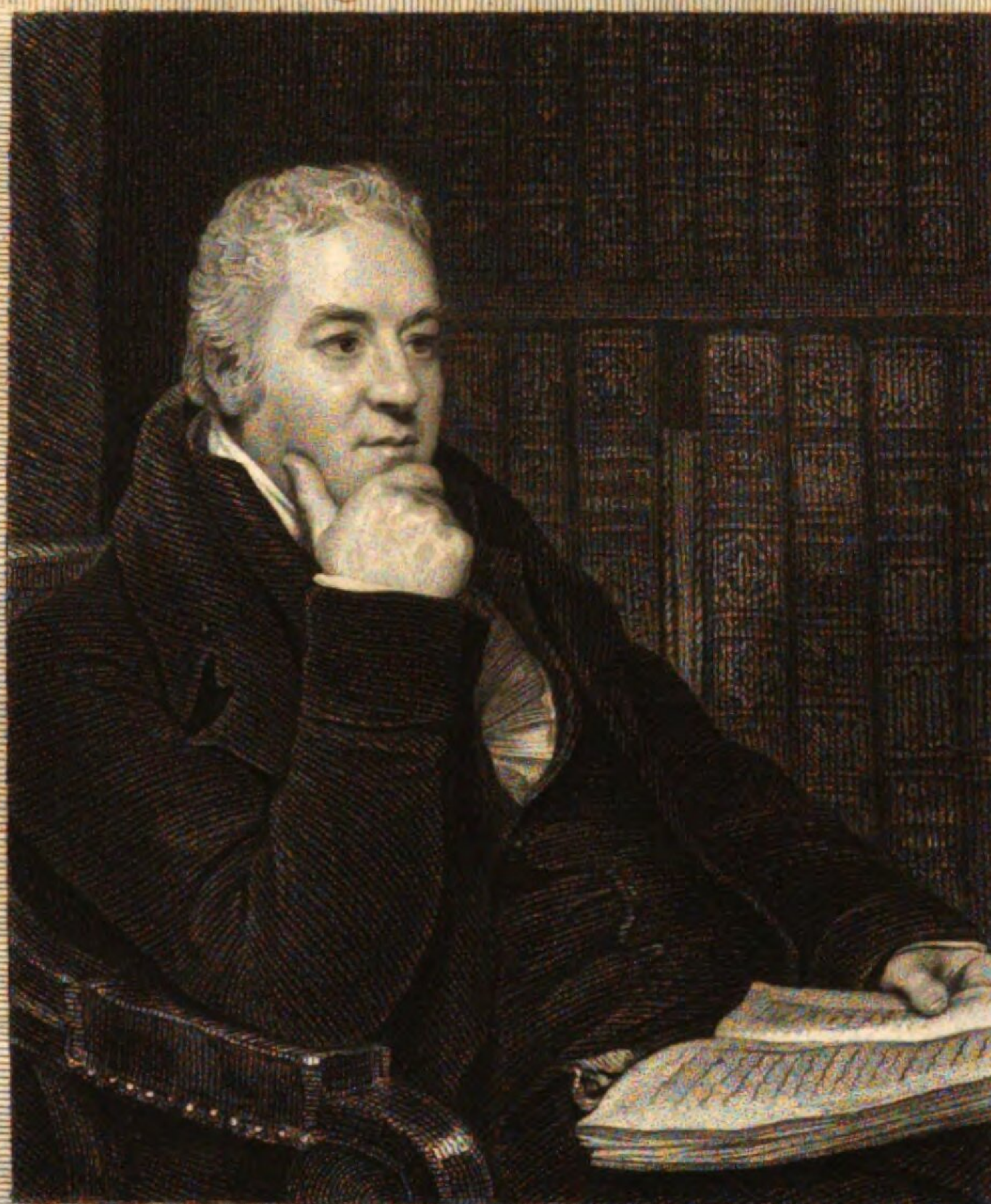
‘As to the other, it is a matter of feeling and delicacy, therefore nothing can be said on the subject. But, as you will raise the *Plutus* within me, and bibliomania is the last failing I can surrender, suppose I might be tempted to give up the noblest ornament to a library in this or any other country—my *grand vase of the Capo di Monti*! What do you imagine might *that* produce, as provision for the youngest of my living bijoux, aged 5 weeks?

‘Your *Oedipæan* Epistles are at least very amusing, and will never be read otherwise than ‘*en bon gré*,’ by your’s very faithfully,

J. EDWARDS.

‘I understand Mr. Johnes is in town; he promised to come here some Saturday till Monday. Ask him to give you a corner of his chaise, and let us talk about *Jensons* and *Alduses*.’ I will conclude this article by observing that Mr. Edwards ‘died thorough game,’ as they call it: for he requested his COFFIN to be made of the *shelves of his Library*—and so it was!

‘Another and another yet succeeds.’ On examining Lysander’s narrative, it will be found that he talks of the ‘retirement’ of certain biblioplists, and of their resting contented with ‘an honestly-earned moderate portion of wealth.’ Mr. Edwards was defunct as a bookseller, several years before his mortal decease. But I am now to speak of ANOTHER, of the retiring class, whose name is WILLIAM MILLER, and who, as a biblioplist, we must also consider as defunct, and treat accordingly. On looking into the *Bibliomania*, p. 406, the following passage cannot fail to meet the eye. ‘If you want delicious copies in lovely bindings, of works of a sumptuous character, go and drink coffee with Mr. Miller of Albemarle-street, under the warm light of an Argand-lamp, amidst a blaze of morocco and russia coating, which brings to your recollection a view of the Temple of the Sun in the play of Pizarro! You will also find, in the vendor of these tomes, courteous treatment, and “gentlemanly notions of men and things.” So far so good. And OPPOSITE, you have the PORTRAIT of the ‘courteous’ biblioplist here mentioned by name; which portrait used to hang in the room adjoining the one illuminated, as aforesaid. It is felicitous in



T. Phillips Esq: R.A. pinx.

F. Searcy Sculp.

MR. WILLIAM MILLER.

London Published for the Rev^d T. F. Dibdin April 1817.

PRINTED BY LAHER



renversement ! Then again fresh adventurers have come into the market : full of hope, and confident of success : and the first revolving year registers their names—but peace to

every respect : a good likeness, a good painting, and, I will add, without the hazard of contradiction, a resemblance of a worthy man. The back ground, wherein are shadowed forth the tomes of *Fox, Valentia, Hoare, Scott*, and the *British Gallery, &c.* rejoices the eye of the tasteful bibliomaniac. But our business is with biography.

Mr. William Miller was born at Bungay in Suffolk, on Lady Day, 1769. His father, Thomas Miller, had previously distinguished himself in the same place, as may be seen at page 630 of the *Bibliomania*. The author of the *Sexagenarian*, (vol. ii. p. 250) has a curious but not very liberal notice of the parent ; terminated by the following remark : ‘ The incident, perhaps, would hardly have been worth recording, except from the circumstance that this humble nest, built in a very obscure part of the kingdom, subsequently produced a splendid bookseller [our William Miller], who was succeeded by one equally splendid [Mr. John Murray], but who might also be termed a *coxcomb* Bookseller.’ I believe the author of this ‘ notice ’ knew as little about Mr. Miller as he did of Mr. Murray ; which ‘ little ’ amounted to absolute nothing. But for Mr. W. Miller. When a youth he was exceedingly fond of drawing, which fondness his father much encouraged. In his seventeenth year, some of his more juvenile performances were sent to a relation in town, who shewed them to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Joshua advised the youth to come up to London, and promised to put him in the Academy as a student. Upon the strength of this recommendation, the father brought his son up to town in 1787, with a view to introduce him to Sir Joshua ; but, the very first evening after his arrival, a consultation of friends was held—the *Arts* were unâ voce discarded : *trade* was determined upon : a situation in Hookham’s house presented itself, which was immediately accepted, and the President of the Royal Academy never heard more either of young Miller or his drawings. In 1790 Mr. Miller commenced business on his own account, in Bond Street, where the first publication which he put forth, was ‘ *Dr. Miller’s* (his uncle’s) *Psalms of David, set to music, and adapted for the Sunday’s service.*’ To this work there was a list of subscribers amounting to more than FIVE THOUSAND.

In Bond Street he pursued his publishing career, by a series of successful works under the titles of the *Costumes of China, Russia, Hindostan, &c.* in large quarto. *Howlett’s Views in Lincolnshire, Stoddart’s Remarks upon Scotland, &c.* *Forster’s edition of the Arabian Nights Entertainments* ; the latter containing almost the first specimen of classical embellishment which the country had seen. In 1804, Mr. Miller meditated the execution of a bolder plan, by taking a large house in *Albemarle-Street*, where he continued till his retirement in 1812. During this period he was probably the most popular publisher in

the unfortunate! On the other hand, some are disposed, upon philosophical principles, I presume, to rest contented with an honestly-earned moderate portion of wealth—and

London. Works of equal extent, utility, and magnificence, were hailed and encouraged by the fostering patronage of the public voice; and it was in the zenith of his reputation, at this period, that I heard a celebrated Northern publisher observe, that Mr. M. 'did business in a manner which could not be exceeded for promptitude and correctness.' At such period then, it was, that he took leading shares in the popular poems of Mr. *Walter Scott*, and was the sole publisher of that poet's edition of *Dryden* in eighteen octavo tomes. Meanwhile his reprint of the *Ancient British Drama*, and *Shakspeare*, (highly successful) *Blomfield's Norfolk* in 11 octavo volumes, and *Sully's Memoirs*, 5 vols. 8vo. shewed that he was not indifferent to the cause of substantial literature; while his edition of *Richardson's Works*, in 19 crown 8vo. volumes supplied a desideratum then loudly and generally admitted. The *Travels of Viscount Valentia*, Sir R. Hoare's *Giraldus Cambrensis*, and *Ancient Wiltshire*, are among his most splendid undertakings; but his *British Gallery* is unquestionably a work of unrivalled merit on the score of the art of engraving. It contains productions of the *burin* scarcely to be exceeded by those of any foreign publication: and Mr. Savage, as the printer, has shewn all the beauties of his art. The subscription to it was large and liberal. The work eminently prospered—but a dark cloud has arisen, from an unexpected and unpropitious quarter, which I fear will henceforth involve its progress in impenetrable obscurity.

It remains to speak of the 'MAGNUM OPUS' of Mr. Miller, as a Publisher:—the bringing forth of the HISTORICAL WORK OF THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX. Certain leading Booksellers of London came forward upon this momentous occasion. Like contractors for a government loan or lottery, they 'sent in' their biddings, duly guarded by wax, &c. The tenders were opened, perused, and the 'lot' of becoming purchaser 'fell' to our William Miller. He had indeed gallantly fought the battle which he so gallantly won: for not less a sum than 4500*l.* (the LARGEST UPON RECORD!) was given by him to the widow of the deceased author, in order to become sole possessor of the copy-right of this anxiously looked for volume: which was a *demi quarto*, of 480 pages. Two presses were immediately put to work to print it, for the season of publication was then rapidly drawing to a close. Mr. Savage had the execution of the common, or small paper copies, of which 5000 were printed, and of which I remember to have often seen his outhouse and garden filled with the suspended sheets. The weather was hot, and the sheets dried rapidly: but such a flutter of printed paper, when a breeze from Bedford Bury would spring up, (feeble as Bedford Bury breezes undoubtedly are!) has perhaps been rarely witnessed in the precincts of a metropolitan printer! Mr. Bulmer printed the 50 copies upon *elephant* size quarto, as they call it; and 250 copies

wholly to retire from 'the busy hum' of either end of the town. The public have wondered—and the friends of such retiring philosophical biblioplists have expressed their

upon a *royal quarto* paper. This was, and has been to this day, the *whole* of the impression. The elephant copies were sold at 5*l.* 5*s.* the royal quarto at 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* and the common, or demy quarto, at 1*l.* 16*s.* per copy. In the end, and immediately previous to his withdrawing from business, the publisher had only just 'brought himself home' by the speculation!

In 1812 Mr. Miller retired from business: in the vigour of life, in the fulness of hope, and with a reputation which was admitted to be 'excellent,' even by every 'brother in the craft.' 'I certainly (says he, in one of his letters, soon after his retirement) was indefatigable and enterprising. I hope I was liberal, and I feel that I was just and honest to all men. But I beg of you (he continues) not to talk of my *splendid fortune*. It is no such thing. Far, very far from it. A decent competency; enough to live on comfortably, with prudence, and to educate my children as becomes their stations.' This the reader will, I think, admit to be sound and sensible doctrine: and so, within fifteen years from his commencement in business (when he had not a hundred pounds which he could call his *own*) did our philosophical Biblioplist rest contented with his 'profits,' and retire to a grey-tinted *ferme-ornée* in Hertfordshire, 'from the busy hum of men.' Never was a retreat more opportunely made, or more skilfully conducted. It would have done credit to Moreau. The public were beginning to become satiated with *fine* books, and a host of competitors was entering the arena, and trying the hazard of even *anticipating* such works as Mr. Miller might be likely to 'hit upon.' To his grey-tinted *ferme-ornée*, therefore, did our biblioplist betake himself, carrying with him all the known editions of *Isaac Walton*, and resolved to 'wet a line' in the *Colne*, with the consummate skill of an angler bred up in the school of the said *Isaac*. He took also a few choice works for *illustration*: such as *Granger*, *Clarendon*, and Mr. *Chalmers's* edition of the *General Biographical Dictionary*. But, in time, the *Colne* either ceased to yield fish, or the angler had lost the art of catching them. *Granger* was crammed, *Clarendon* was suffocated, with prints; and to pursue the *Dictionary* properly, what place so fit as the *metropolis*? Chill springs, rainy summers, and autumns mingling with winters, soon gave a melancholy tint to the elm and oak; and partridge-breasted skies, without the *sun* of polished society to enliven them, begat a sort of sensation which Thomson designates as 'philosophic melancholy.' Indeed Mr. Miller himself was but too frequently heard to exclaim, in his filberd avenues, in the noble lines of that bard,

He comes, he comes, in every breeze the power
Of philosophic melancholy comes!

What place, therefore, so well calculated to banish the frequent recurrence of

astonishment—at such determination: but the experiment is made, and succeeds.

You shall meet with some shrewd and experienced authors who will boldly affirm that booksellers are the *Patrons of Literature*. No doubt, immense sums have been given by them for the copy-rights of popular works—which, in the end, have been productive ‘three score or an hundred fold.’ But consider, on the other hand, how frequently speculations of this kind end in disappointment—and the certain and heavy contingent expenses of *paper, printing, and advertising!*

LORENZO. I rejoice that I know nothing of them; and

Where ignorance is bliss,

’Tis folly to be wise.

LYSANDER. That may be; but it is not every one who has the mansion of Lorenzo, and the property to maintain its splendour. There is another point also, mixed up in the consideration of the book-selling trade; and that is, the prevalence of *book-auctions*: for where A knows that he can purchase a copy of *Tacitus*, or of *Hume*, for a moderate sum, he will not go to B, the bookseller, to give the regularly established price, which is probably one third beyond what he could obtain it for at an auction. There is both good and evil arising out of this subject; but whatever be the quantum

these ‘melancholy breezes’ as London? Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Miller and family are now comfortably settled within twenty-five yards of *Portland Place*; and instead of Milton’s

highest woods, impenetrable

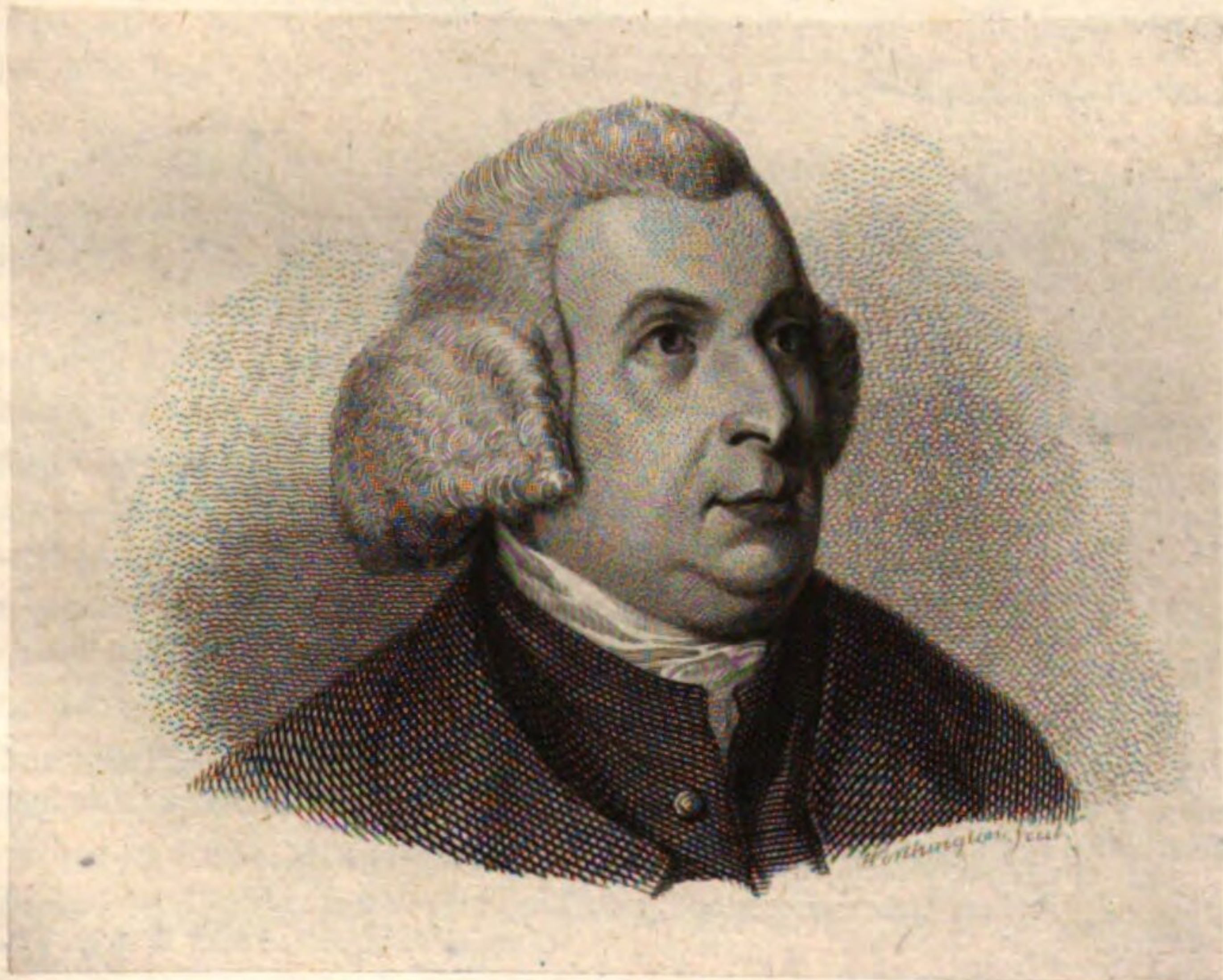
To star or sun light,

pleasant and well-lighted rooms are the scenes in which they love to disport with their friends; especially (says our quondam biblioplist) if the back drawing room contain large paper and illustrated copies of the popular authors of the day bound in morocco or russia! Commendable prejudice.

of the evil, it will be laid, I fear, at the door of honest SAM BAKER ! *

PHILEMON. How so? He is a stranger to me.

* *at the door of honest SAM BAKER.*] It was surely both in a very giddy and very gallant mood, that I listened to the ‘ soft whispers’ of Mr. Samuel Sotheby in his mysterious closet, attached to his book-auction room in the Strand, respecting the honest character whose physiognomy is immediately about to catch the eye of the reader. ‘ But’ said the forementioned Mr. Samuel Sotheby, ‘ by all means, in your brief view of the sales of books by auction, make mention of Mr. SAMUEL BAKER, the FATHER of our tribe!’ ‘ What of him, good Mr. Sotheby?’ ‘ What of *him*, Sir!—Why he was as fine a fellow as ever broke a crust of bread; and we have a *portrait* of him, up stairs, taken not long before he died, in his 60th year, and with every tooth in his head as sound as a roach!’ I own I was somewhat affected by this natural burst of eloquence, and quietly desired to see the portrait. It was brought down in an instant: and certainly it must be admitted that a more placid, well-featured, and benevolent looking old gentleman cannot easily be produced; and when, too, one considers that, at such a period of life, every ‘ tooth in the head’ of the old gentleman here represented was ‘ as sound as a roach’—there could be no resistance to the entreaty of having this FATHER of the BOOK-AUCTIONEER fraternity, brought, by means of the burin, to the notice of the public. Here you have him, therefore—‘ honest Sam Baker’—in his 60th year, with ‘ every tooth in his head as sound as a roach!’



LYSANDER. Baker was both a bookseller and a book-auctioneer: a hale, hearty, joyous fellow: and is considered *the Father* of the present race of book-vendors by *public*

The voluminous pages of Mr. Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes* are sufficiently instructive respecting the book-sales carried on by our veteran in that art: but at vol. iii. p. 161, we gather what may be generally acceptable: for Baker, like the original of the portrait represented at page 51 ante, was a bookseller as well as book-auctioneer.

'Mr. Samuel Baker was for many years distinguished as an eminent bookseller, and published several good catalogues of books, at marked prices, between the years 1757 and 1777. He was also very famous as an *Auctioneer of Books*; a quality, in which he is at least equalled, if not excelled, by Mr. GEORGE LEIGH who was many years his partner in York-street; and by his great nephew Mr. Samuel Sotheby, now partner with Mr. Leigh in the Strand. [but see page 18 ante.] Mr. Baker retired from business a few years before his death to a delightful villa which he built at Woodford Bridge, near Chigwell in Essex. He died in 1778, in his 66th year, and left his property to his nephew, Mr. John Sotheby.' Thus far Mr. Nichols. Mr. Samuel Sotheby, to balance the inevitable expense attending burin amusements, put into my hands '*A Catalogue of the curious and valuable library of Thomas Pellet, M. D. &c. &c. which will be sold by auction in the Great Room over Exeter Change,* on Monday the 7th of January, beginning exactly at five o'clock every evening: to which catalogue, in the fly-leaf, is the following ms. note prefixed, in the hand-writing of our 'honest Sam.'*

*The first Auction sold
by Sam Baker.*

1744.

* Is this 'the great room' where the *Wild Beasts* are now exhibited—and where a brace of lions was born in this present year 1817? What a 'Change' does half a century produce!

Where tomes once stood, now lions ceaseless roar!

Grimault's Poems, 1693, 8vo. p. 79.

auktion. He was succeeded by LEIGH, with whom he entered into partnership; and Leigh associated with Sotheby the elder; and afterwards, upon his death, with his son, the

The prices throughout, in the margin, are by the same original hand; and I gather, from the end, that this *Fourteen Days*, or rather *Nights* sale, produced 859*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* The library was rich in lexicographical publications. But who sat at Sam Baker's elbow during the vendition of it? Who occupied that second-in-command post? Was it John Sotheby the elder? — for certainly, at that period, there was no

BEN,

Brave Honest Ben, like Benbow on the main

Of old,——

See the Poem quoted at page 420, ante.

However, let this matter pass. At the back of the title-page of the Catalogue there is the advertisement, by Osborne, of Bp. Fleetwood's *Chronicum Pretiosum* 'just published, price 5*s.* there being but a small number printed.' But where are the 'Conditions of Sale?' They are not to be found. Probably the vexatious results experienced abroad from book-sales by auction had not, at that time, reached our own shores. What can this allude to? Simply as follows — Read the ensuing 'avant-propos' to a catalogue of books, sold at Leyden in 1701, of which the title runneth thus: '*Bibliotheca Magna et Elegantissima Zuylichemiana, Rarissimorum Exquisitissimorumque Librorum, In omnibus Facultatibus et Linguis, Nobilissimi Viri D. Constantini Huygens, Toparchæ ab Zuylichem, Dum Viveret à Secretis Gulielmi III. Magnæ Brittanniæ Regis, &c. &c. Ex Variis Regionibus Magno Sumptu et Maximo Judicio collectorum et nitidissime compactorum. Quorum Auctio habebitur in Ædibus Baldwini Vander Aa. Lug. Bat. 1701, 8vo. pp. 148.*

AD EMPTORES.

Cum Auctionatori illubenter ex quotidiana experientia compertum sit, quod emptores secundum conditiones latas et receptas de tribus septimanis emptos libros nec repetant nec solvant, alii etiam petitos stato tempore tamen non persolvant, sed venditori totos menses debitum librorum pretium detineant, propterea omnibus emptoribus, cujuscunque conditionis sint, notum fit, nullos libros nisi parata pecunia fore mittendos, et si quis emptorum negligens sit, quo minus intra trium septimanarum spatium repetat et solvat, Auctionatorem eos denuo periculo ejus qui prius emerit publica auctione addito ipsius nomine vendituros omnes pro perfectis venibunt; verum ea lege ut emptor si dubitet, in vendentium officina libros inquirere teneatur, et quemdam imperfectum reperienti nil juris remaneat, præter restituendi libri recipiendæque pecuniæ libertatem: notum sit emptoribus cuilibet floreno esse addendos 5. Chalcos, quæ de re monitus sit quisque. Rogantur emptores ut horæ nona ante, et secunda post meridiem præsentem sese sistere dignentur.'

What say Messrs. Sotheby, Evans, Stewart, Saunders and Cochrane? Have 'matters mended' since the times of honest Sam Baker? or is the foregoing

present very worthy Samuel Sotheby ; who now, as Lisardo told us in the NINTH DAY, rules the undivided empire of the Strand. And thus much for the *first* of the two subjects to which I formerly alluded, as a necessary corollary growing out of the previous train of reflections.

But see ! . . day-light is wearing away apace, and my last topic of discussion must be necessarily short. Luckily there is no need for making it long. It is of the increase and influence of PRIVATE PRESSES that I am now about to speak.

LORENZO. Pray do not abridge so congenial a theme. I remember the *Strawberry-Hill treat* ! *

'avant-propos' relevant, or otherwise, in respect to sales carried on in the Strand, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Fleet-street ? It is not necessary to pursue the 'sub-hastâ' subject further in the present place. The preceding pages, and those of the *Bibliomania*, abound in anecdotes connected therewith.

* *the Strawberry-Hill treat.*] At page 715 of the *Bibliomania* will be found a full, particular, and perhaps not wholly useless *catalogue raisonné* of the more desirable works which were executed at the PRESS here alluded to : but previously to the publication of this work, the late Mr. George Baker (of whom somewhat will be found at page 11, ante) had amused himself in the compilation of a small quarto tract, of 16 pages, entitled '*A Catalogue of Books, Poems, Tracts, and small detached Pieces printed at the press of Strawberry Hill, belonging to the late Horace Walpole Earl of Orford* ; to which is prefixed a short introduction, informing us that 'as the Sale of Books, &c. belonging to Mr. Thomas Kirgate, late printer to the Earl of Orford, at Strawberry Hill, had brought before the public a very extensive collection of the productions of that press, and as many of the small pieces were rarely to be met with, he had been induced to attempt making a list of all that had issued from thence, as complete as was in his power.' Of this brochure he printed but *twenty* copies ; for the use of his friends. The titles of the works printed at the Strawberry Hill press, of which Lord Orford was the author, are only given ; but with scarcely any minuteness of detail, except as to the number of copies ; and I trust to be forgiven if I omit the trifling list of *Detached pieces in folio, quarto, and octavo*, with that of '*Small Detached Pieces*,' and '*Labels for Books and Cards of Address*.' My friend Mr. Haslewood has honoured this relic of bibliographical puerility by binding it in russia, in a quarto volume comprising '*Miscellaneous Antiquities, and the Odes of Gray, &c.*' printed at the Strawberry Hill press, with sundry engravings inserted by way of illustration. In so doing, he acted as a *preu chevalier* ; for he was one of the 'twenty' happy souls who were blessed by the donation of such a treasure.

LYSANDER. It is not to that press exclusively to which I wish to direct your attention : although, in some respects, it hath not yet been wholly eclipsed. Nor must we fail to

The reputation of the late HORACE WALPOLE is much, and perhaps deservedly, upon 'the decline.' Whether it will entirely 'fall,' is a problem of which I have little interest in the solution. Mr. Gifford has struck it a tremendous blow in his edition of *Ben Jonson*, vol. viii. p. 444 : from which I fear it will not stand up 'in minute time' to be able to return the salutation ! In the passage here referred to, the residence of Strawberry Hill is called 'a baby house, surrounded with a collection of childish trumpery.' These are hard words ; yet they are not destitute of truth. The character of this abode is fresh in my memory from a recent visit made to it. As a gothic mansion, it is a complete failure ; for a more mongrel piece of architecture can be rarely seen. The interior is equally defective with the exterior. The *Penitentiary* (upon entering) is in truth a mere 'baby-house' effort ; wherein I apprehend the late Mr. Beloe would have wished its owner only to have performed *pennance* for the wretched dinner, recorded in the pages of the *Sexagenarian*, vol. i. p. 278-9. The entrance-hall and stair-case are alike frivolous and inappropriate. The *dining* room and *library* want double the quantity of light which they at present receive. In the latter I saw two objects only which interested me. A fine copy of *Jacomo Bosio's Italian History of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem*, which had belonged to Hen. IV. of France, and which presented a beautiful specimen of the binding of that monarch's books, in red morocco, with circular gilt ornaments, and the royal arms in the centre : within, appeared the following written memorandum : 'This book once belonged to King Henry IV. of France, and was given to me, August 15, 1791, by Mr. George Nicol, Bookseller to King George III. A. Walpole.' The other object was a large paper copy of the first volume only of Ware's *Irish Writers*, &c. in folio, of which I never saw another, but at Hafod, where it is complete, in 2 volumes, in the *Ruding* collection. The Walpole collection of books, some 2000 volumes, is generally in sombre condition, and in want of new or mended covertures. In the drawing room, or gallery, where a gilded gothic cieling (on the model of the roof of Henry VIIIth's chapel) is most unappropriately introduced, there are two beautiful portraits, in profile, by Sir Joshua, of Lord and Lady Walgrave. The latter, the mother of the present Duke of Gloucester, is the most exquisitely perfect picture of its kind, in every respect, which I remember to have seen—but why is it not, as well as its companion, in a *Carlo Marat*, or *Vandyke*, gilt frame—instead of the feeble and flickering ornaments in which it is at present embedded ? !

Our business however is with the *pen* and not the *pencil*. As Walpole wrote much and incessantly for his beloved PRESS, I was anxious to view THE SPOT from which had issued unquestionably very many elegant and interesting publications : but what had been a receptacle only for *Long Primer*, and *Short*

remember that considerable merit is due in setting the first audable example, however that example may have been excelled in the exertions of subsequent imitators. I am by no means anxious that you should secure every thing which has issued from the press of that picturesque spot, and not wholly tasteless owner of it: but with Walpole's means and connections more might have been accomplished. Much no

Primer, and *Pica*, and *English*, &c. types, had been long ago converted into a *brew-house*, or *wash-house*—at this moment I forget which. Such are the revolutions in printing houses as well as empires! Yet, curious reader, I am anxious (as a companion to what thou hast seen at page 362, ante) that thou may'st view what was the legitimate character of the outside of this said office, as it existed in the time of THOMAS KIRGATE, who chiefly worked the press; and accordingly thou hast it here, from an ancient etching, with the said Thomas Kirgate advancing from the office, with a proof sheet, towards the owner of the mansion:



doubt he did, and did well : and our friend PALMERIN, as you may remember, hath often shewed his powers of biblio-

I remember visiting Kirgate, who lived at the east end of Pall-Mall, not long before his decease. I was pretty earnest in my enquiries, but he was utterly destitute of all typographical enthusiasm ; not a spark of *Paul Manutius*, *Oporinus*, or *Froben*, seems to have ever animated his bosom. He wore a brown curled wig, talked sparingly, but bitterly of Walpole's unkind treatment of him ; and was civil to excess. *Vanity* was the ' peccant part ' of the late Lord Orford's character—which in a man of thirty, or seventy, is equally disgusting. His ' ruling passion,' like that of Pope's Wharton, was ' a lust of praise.' No flattery was too gross for his appetite, or too difficult for his digestion. He swallowed freely whatever presented itself to him : but he sometimes smarted severely for his voracity. The barbed hook of low cunning frequently produced a writhing pang which he had little anticipated, and which he could with difficulty endure. But thus it must ever be with characters of such a stamp. No man ever reared, with his own hands, such a monument of vanity and egotism as did Walpole in his foppish quarto volume entitled '*Ædes Walpolianæ, or a Description of Strawberry Hill*,' wherein we discover miserable engravings chiefly of chimney pieces, tea-pots, and poker-handles. Latterly he seemed to be conscious that his reputation was declining, and that he was neither a sound scholar nor a sound antiquary. But Walpole was insincere as well as vain : and sometimes thought, spoke, wrote, and printed, of *all* parties, with equal heartlessness and hypocrisy. I know that there exists a folio volume, of his own writing, (some fifty years ago) and embellished by pen and ink drawings of Thomas Bentley, wherein is detailed very much which is offensive to delicacy and subversive of truth. The author pretended to like and to praise every great man ; but he had an equal indifference to King George III. Lord Bute, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, and Charles James Fox.

Yet . . . ' *de mortuis nil nisi verum.*' He had a talent for writing, and was not wholly destitute of taste. His *Castle of Otranto* is among the most popular works in our language. It is a handsome-margined, and well printed leaf, taken out of a book ycleped *The Old English Baron*. His *Anecdotes of Painters*, and his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authers* are alike interesting and elegant performances. The two latter, with the *Lucan*, are among the most substantial labours of his press. The *Travels of Hentzner*, the *Life of Lord Herbert*, the *Mémoires de Grammont*, cannot fail to find a place in the most judiciously formed libraries ; while his *Mysterious Mother* has raised him, in the estimation of some histrionic critics, to a very respectable station in the corps dramatique of tragedy composers. And at all events it must be allowed, that the majority of his publications, especially those just mentioned, are printed in a very handsome type, upon paper of no ordinary quality. Thus doubtful were the principles, and thus chequered seems to be the reputation, of the late HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, founder of the STRAWBERRY HILL Press.

maniacal argument in standing up for the precedence of some of the more elegantly executed specimens from that same quarter.

It is however to *the Hafod Press*,* to which your attention must be more particularly directed, as the source or mechanical cause of the most beneficial effects. As long as *Froissart* and *Monstrelet* shall be read and admired, so long shall the British public render justice to that spirit of enterprise and good taste which caused the foregoing authors to come forth, (embellished with appropriate engravings) from the pen and under the superintendence of the late lamented owner of the spot. Peace to his ashes! It is the last time that we shall notice his labours.

I ought however to mention, if ever so briefly, the productions of *the Grange Press*:† an appendage of a spacious

* *the Hafod Press.*] Consult page 361-2, ante, where an engraving of the outside of this printing office is given, from a drawing said to have been taken 'upon the back of an old grey mare.'

† *the Grange Press.*] My friend Mr. Haslewood has furnished me with a list of the pieces printed in the elegant and hospitable mansion of the present member for Darlington, James Allan, Esq. under the direction of his father, the late GEORGE ALLAN, F. S. A.: concerning whom the Septuagenarian, Mr. John Nichols, is most communicative in the viiith volume of his *Literary Anecdotes*. The present member told me a circumstance, sufficient (I replied) to make him one of the most fortunate and celebrated of his brother-senators—let the Roman Catholic question go how it may! It was this. He bought, when a young man, **three books of Taxton**, in one tome, for **four shillings**, and gave them to his father!! But the list of the publications from the GRANGE PRESS! They are here forthwith: having this general title, and being each in quarto:

Collectanea ad Statum civilem et Ecclesiasticum comitatus Dunelmensis spectantia, ex variis Codicibus tam Manuscriptis, quam Impressis, sine ordine congesta.

'Gather up the Fragments that remain.'

1. Collections relating to St. Edmund's Hospital at Gatsheved in the County of Durham. Shewing the foundation thereof, by Nicholas Farnham Bishop of Durham, about the year 1247, and afterwards dissolved by a general Act of Parliament 26th Henry 8th, 1535, but again re-founded by King James 1st,

mansion, in the high road to Durham, of which the hospitality and excellent character of its late owner, Mr. GEORGE ALLAN, will not easily be forgotten; and of the productions of which press a substantial record will be found in the *Literary Anecdotes* of Mr. John Nichols.

Nor let me be unmindful of the few, but very neat and appropriate, productions which have marked the progress of the infantine *Press at Auchinleck*;* of which Mr. ALEXANDER BOSWELL, a senator, and a speaker to boot, hath the sole and

4th January, 1610, by the name of King James's Hospital in Gateside. Together with several Charters, &c. 1769, 29 leaves.

2. Collections relating to the Hospital at Gretham in the County of Durham. Shewing the foundation thereof, by Robert Stichehill Bishop of Durham, about the year 1272, and afterwards re-founded and incorporated by Letters patent of King James 1st, 20th July, 1610, by the name of Master and Brothers of the Hospital of God in Gretham in the County Palatine of Durham. Together, &c. no date: 35 leaves.

3. Collections relating to Sherburn Hospital in the County Palatine of Durham. Shewing the foundation thereof, by Hugh Pudsey Bishop of Durham, about the year 1181, and what alterations it has since undergone by an Act of Parliament incorporating the same, 27th Q. Eliz. 1585, and several Charters, &c. 1771, with a view of Sherburn Hospital, 129 leaves.

4. The Foundation Charter and the Endowment of the Cathedral Church of Durham, by King Henry the Eighth. Head titles, no date: 21 leaves.

5. The Legend of Saint Cuthbert, or the Histories of his Churches at Lindisfarne, Cunecascestre, and Dunholm, by Robert Hegg, 1626, 1777, 19 leaves.

6. A sketch of the Life and Character of the right Honourable and Reverend Richard Trevor, Lord Bishop of Durham, with a particular account of his last illness, 1776, with a portrait of the Bishop, 9 leaves.

The pieces are embellished with a few vignettes views, seals, &c. but they are without signatures, and pagination only is introduced in the last two articles.

* *the Press at Auchinleck.*] That posterity may be under no misapprehension or mistake respecting the 'origin and progress' of this newly established PRIVATE PRESS, in Ayrshire, in Scotland, I have it in my power to supply materials, connected therewith, of the most unimpeachable and veracious character: namely, nothing less than the 'ipse dixit' of the owner of the same press — as conveyed to me in a right pertinent and pleasant letter, too amusing to suffer the least amputation. And so you have it here, gentle reader, as I received it, in reply to certain questions concerning the *locality* and *labours* of the same press.

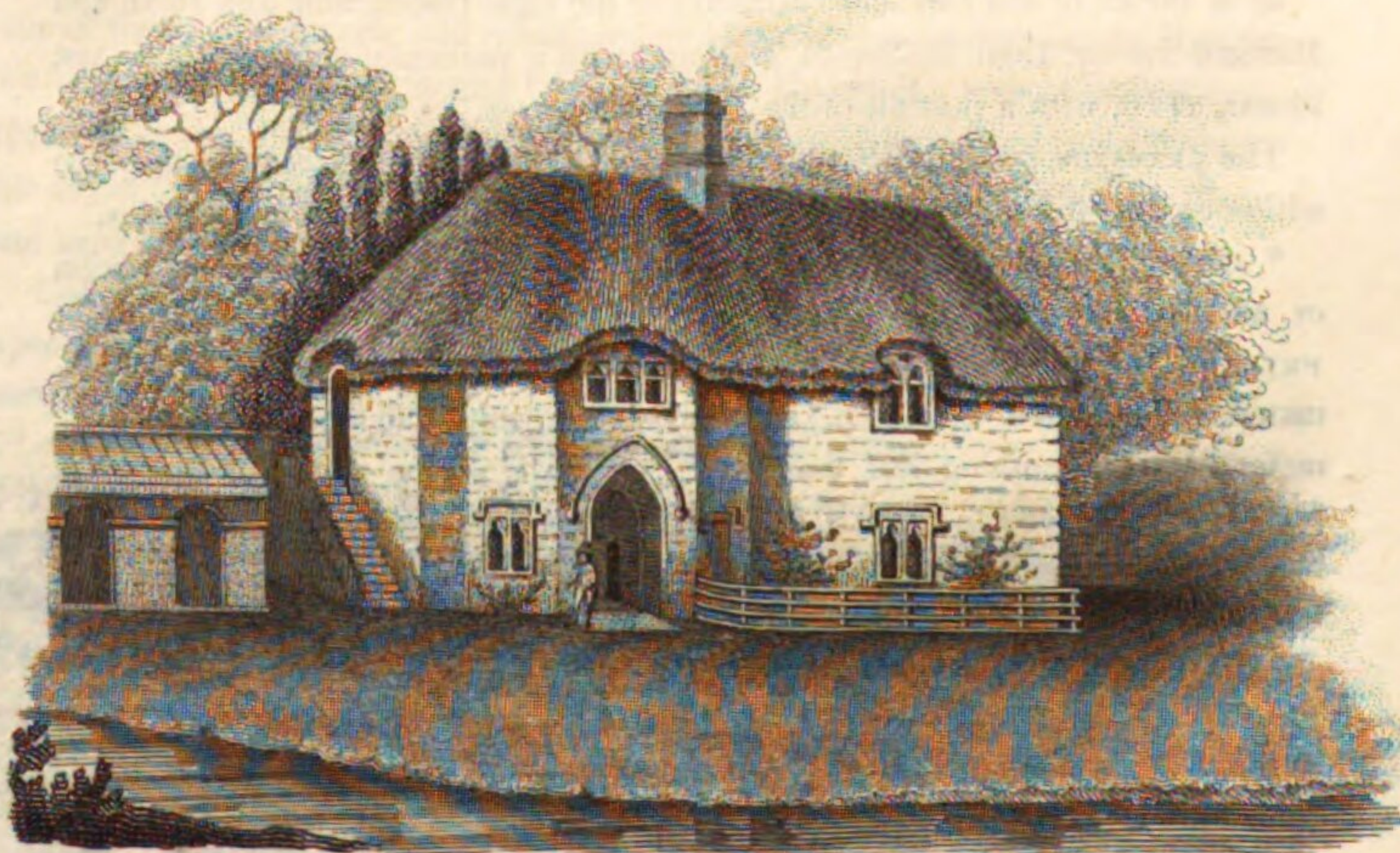
anxious direction. Hitherto that respectable gentleman hath confined himself to *poetry*, and chiefly to the scarcer pieces

‘ Dear Sir,

13, Grafton Street, Bond Street, May 5th, 1817.

‘ I have really little to say regarding the *Auchinleck Press*; but you are welcome to the following circumstances. Having in the year 181- (I forget the date at present) resolved to reprint a fac-simile of a black-letter tract in my possession, which was considered to be unique; namely, “*The disputation between John Knox and the Abbot of Crossraguel*.” . . . For this purpose I was constrained to purchase two small fonts of black-letter, and to have punches cut for 18 or 20 double letters and contractions. I was thus enlisted and articulated into the service; and being infected with the *type* fever, the fits have periodically returned. In the year 1815, having viewed a portable press invented by Mr. John Ruthven, an ingenious printer in Edinburgh, I purchased one, and commenced compositor. At this period my brother [Mr. James Boswell] having it in contemplation to present Bamfield to the *Roxburghe Club*, and not aware of the poverty and insignificance of my establishment, expressed a wish that his tract should issue from the *Auchinleck Press*. I determined to gratify him, and the portable press being too small for general purposes, I exchanged it for one of Mr. Ruthven’s full sized ones, and having encreased my stock to *eight* small fonts (roman and italick) with the necessary appurtenances, I placed the whole in a cottage, built originally for another purpose, very pleasantly situated on the bank of a rivulet; and, although concealed from view by the surrounding wood, not a quarter of a mile from my house.’

Let us here break the thread of Mr. Boswell’s epistolary narrative, by interweaving, as it were, a view of this ‘pleasantly situated cottage on the bank of a rivulet,’ as it appears in the title-pages of one or two of the pieces which have issued from the press of the same: premising, that the present view is engraved upon copper, but the original is upon wood.



Auchinleck Press

of *Churchyard*; but I trust, not only that he will not limit his *tympan* and *frisket* to the over-rated productions of that leaden poet, but that he will think scarce *prose* as deserving of the attention of his friends as scarce *poetry*. It should be remembered that the pieces from the Auchinleck press are confined in their circulation to the friends of the owner.

Last, but not least, in the annals of Private Printing, are the productions of the LEE-PRIORY PRESS;* an integral

Mr. Boswell shall resume his pleasing narrative. 'By the obliging accommodation of Mr. George Ramsay, one of our most respectable printers, I had the services of an ingenious workman, who acted both as a compositor and pressman; and under my inspection I first put forth "*Dialogus pius et festivus inter Deum (ut ferunt) et Evam*," and, next, "*Dialogus inter Salomon et Marcolphum*." The Roxburghe tract of Bamfield next followed, and these were succeeded by *Poems by Churchyard*, *Lodges Fig for Momus*, *Remembraunces by George Whetstone*, and, lastly, two other poems by *Churchyard*.

'You have thus the birth and infancy of the AUCHINLECK PRESS. Whether the establishment may continue dwarfish, or encrease in size and vigour, rests in the darkness of futurity. I have, however, felt much gratification in these early efforts, and not the least part of that gratification has been the opportunity afforded me of contributing to the amusement of a number of friends whom I esteem and respect.

'I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.'

The publications of the *Auchinleck Press* have, however, another pleasing embellishment, sometimes prefixed, of an arch bestriding a rocky chasm, at the bottom of which glides a stream of water. This back-ground is composed of mountain fir, larch, &c. It is small, but bold and picturesque: and Mr. Boswell tells me that it is executed (in wood) 'from a sketch by Mrs. Boswell.' The arch or bridge was built by Mr. Boswell 'over a narrow part of a glen near his house, one of the most romantic objects in that part of the country. The height from the centre of the arch to the pool of water beneath is above one hundred feet.' In regard to typographical criticism, in the present place, there is little which need be added to the observations of Lysander.

* *the productions of the LEE PRIORY PRESS.*] Before we come to speak of the *Press*, let us say a few words of the *Founder of the Family* which has distinguished the spot wherein this press is now established: and the more so, as the name and celebrity of the BARRETTs may not be very familiar to the generality of my readers. First then, of THOMAS BARRETT, Esq. who died in 1759: and of whom the reader is here gratified with an engraved portrait by

part of a beautifully gothic-built mansion, so called, within the neighbourhood of Canterbury. The spirit of the founder

Freeman, from a most beautiful enamel by *Zinke*, of the date of 1725, and of the same size as the engraving. In the original, the coat is blue velvet, and the waistcoat white satin. It seems to possess extraordinary merit of fidelity, as well as beauty of execution.



Where can biographical memoirs of the *Barrett Family* be better introduced than beneath the portrait of the above bibliomaniacal and tasteful gentleman ycleped Thomas Barrett, Esq.? Here then you have these memoirs, from unquestionable authority.

‘Died, Jan. 28, 1757, Thos. Barrett, Esq. of Lee, near Canterbury: a gentleman of great elegance and fine taste, in which, in a life as retired as was consistent with sociability, and an extensive knowledge of men and manners, were conjoined the utmost regularity, unfeigned piety, and the truest both conjugal and parental affection.’ *Gent. Mag.* 1757, p. 92.

‘Jan. 8, 1803, Died, at his seat at Lee in Ickham, near Canterbury, aged 59, after a lingering illness, of a dropsy of the chest, THOMAS BARRETT, Esq. He was great grandson of Sir Paul Barrett of Lee, serjeant at law, recorder of Canterbury, and M. P. for New Romney, knighted by K. Charles II. at Whitehall, Aug. 7, 1683. His father, Thomas Barret, Esq. who died 1757, was a well-known collector, and possessed many valuable pictures and curiosities, to which his son made material additions. In 1773, on the death of Sir Thomas Hales, Mr. Barrett was elected M. P. for Dover, after one of the most violent contests ever known, with Mr. Trevannion. At the general election the

of the Lee property yet pervades those embellished domains; and the name of BARRETT will not be easily forgotten by

next year, his love of quiet induced him to decline again entering the lists. About 1783, he began to alter and new-model his house at Lee, in the Gothic style, under the direction of Mr. James Wyatt; and it will scarcely be deemed too much to say, that it has been made the most beautiful specimen of the kind existing. So at least Lord Orford thought, and he has expressed his admiration of it in a note to the later editions of the *Anecdotes of Painting*. A short character of it may also be seen in the 3d vol. of *Hasted's History of Kent*:* which passage indeed was written by Lord Orford himself; and had it not been deemed necessary a little to vary and curtail it to adapt it to the Historian's plan, would have appeared still more advantageously. Mr. Barrett was perfectly skilled in the Arts, and warmly attached to them: his memory was powerful, and his knowledge of history, memoirs, and topography, extensive and exact. He loved books, and made numerous and splendid additions to his father's valuable library. In truth, the design, the decorations, and the contents of the library at Lee, as they are peculiar, are in many respects also unrivalled. The cabinets too have among their curious contents the exquisite original miniature by Holbein, of Anne of Cleves, to which the engraved print in Houbraken's heads does much injustice. The grounds at Lee, which he delighted in adorning, possess a character congenial to the building. His polished manners, social habits, integrity, charity, and many amiable virtues, will be long remembered with regret by his friends, and the neighbourhood in which he resided. He died unmarried, and has left his estates to his great nephew, and heir, Thomas Barrett Bridges, a minor at Harrow school, eldest son of his niece by Samuel Egerton Bridges, Esq. of Denton, on condition of taking his name.' *Gent. Mag. Jan. 1803*, p. 90.

To the foregoing, let me subjoin what my friend Sir S. E. Brydges, Bart., the father of the present Owner of Lee Priory, was pleased to communicate in a

* 'The house at Lee, which was but indifferent before, has been by the skill and art of Mr. Wyatt, without enlarging the extent, so admirably improved in the disposition, that the apartments are all rendered excellent and commodious. Among them is a most beautiful library finished in the most perfect style of gothic taste. The three fronts of the house convey an idea of a small convent, never attempted to be demolished, but partly modernised, and adapted to the habitation of a gentleman's family. The scene around presents correspondent images—gently rising ground—ancient spreading trees, and the adjoining rivulet, seem to form a scene selected by monks, much at their ease, with a view rather to cheerful retirement, than to austere meditation; while at the same time no distant prosperity tantalized them with views of opulence and busy society. The content of an independent English gentleman succeeded naturally to similar enjoyments; and Mr. Wyatt's judgment has preserved that coalescence of ideas, and realized an union which Mr. Barrett's good taste preferred to ostentation. In the house is a small but curious collection of Pictures.'

Hasted's Kent, vol. iii. 665.

those who are both substantially benefited by his property, and stimulated to worthy deeds by a remembrance of the

letter in reply to certain quæres relating to the ancient possessors of the mansion.

‘ My dear Sir, The elder Barrett collected books, pictures, prints, and other curiosities of taste : and whatever he did, did well. He died intestate, leaving a widow, a son, and a daughter, which daughter I married ; in right of which my eldest son possesses the estate, and has taken the *name*. In order to ascertain the three portions of this property, (the son being a minor) the professional advisers caused a sale of part of this collection ; and a copy of the *Catalogue*, which Mr. Bindley received from me, and which I request you to borrow of him, will shew you how rich in curiosity and taste this collection was. As all the *Books* and most of the pictures were *retained*, I never could understand on what principle a part was sold : for Mr. Barrett died rich as well in personal property as in land. Mr. Barrett the son inherited his father’s taste. He was born in 1744 : was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards travelled. In 1773, on the death of Sir Thomas Hales, he stood a celebrated contested election for Dover, against Mr. Trevannion, which cost upwards of 8000*l*. but a dissolution taking place the next year, he would not enter the lists again. About 1782 he called in the aid of the celebrated architect James Wyatt to alter the family mansion at Lee : (which lies in the parish of Ickham 4 miles beyond Canterbury on the Sandwich and Deal Road) Wyatt designed several plans, some Grecian and some Gothic. The latter style was adopted ; and took several years to carry into execution ; during all which Mr. Barrett gave himself up to it with so much enthusiasm, that it almost engrossed his attention. He could think or dream of nothing but *Gothic architecture*. His taste was refined and elegant even to fastidiousness : and every thing about his house had a studied regard to polish and refinement. He continued to collect books and prints like his father ; and by this made his library a very good one in its furniture. The architecture of the present library is of the richest Gothic in all its parts : and lies under that beautiful spire which is seen in the prints of this building—of which there is one among *Angus’s Views of Seats*.

‘ Our Barrett, the son, died single in Jan. 1803, aged 59. He left his property in strict entail, to his great nephew my eldest son, who has assumed the name of BARRETT.

‘ Mr. Barrett was a friend of Gray, the poet : and an intimate correspondent of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Yours, &c. S. E. BRIDGES.

‘ P. S. At Lee is the exquisite original by Holbein of Ann of Cleves, which Lord Orford pronounces the most finished of all his works. See *Anecdotes*.’

We have thus travelled pretty fully into the *Barrett genealogy*. It remains to annex some description of the local beauties of the Barrett *residence* ; premising that several detached views of portions of the mansion have been introduced in

high character, even bibliomaniacally considered, which the said Barrett hath left behind him.

The founder of the press, of which we are now speaking,

the frontispieces to the publications which have issued from the Lee Priory press: and that each of these 'detached views' were concentrated in a small quarto brochure, of 6 leaves, containing a poem entitled '*Farewell to Lee Priory*'*—that is to say, one of these separate views is introduced into each

* This poem is the composition of Sir Egerton's son-in-law, Edward Quillinan, Esq. and is so pleasing and unaffected, and so full of natural beauties, and virtuous sentiment, that the insertion of it, in a sub-note, will be considered in every respect consistent and commendable :

ADIEU the pensive still retreat,
 The woodland paths, the classic dome,
 Where float the mental visions sweet,
 And Fancy finds her genial home.

The Wanderer oft, where'er he roves,
 Dear cherished scene, shall think on thee ;
 In Memory's glass review thy groves,
 Thy green luxuriant pastures see.

For not to him a sunny glade,
 Nor yet a primrose-nook is strange,
 Nor tufted knoll, nor secret shade,
 Of all thy various ample range.

He knows where in the tangled brake
 The goldfinch builds his little cell,
 And where their nests the thrushes make,
 And where the happy squirrels dwell.

And oft each coy secluded scene
 With him the bashful Muse hath sought ;
 Where, veil'd behind the leafy screen,
 She best might breathe the thrilling thought.

But most within that circled room,
 Where Bards, Historians, Sages live,
 In all the fresh and deathless bloom
 Their own immortal labours give—

Most in that magical recess,
 Sweet Fancy holds poetic reign ;
 The hours so fleetly onward press,
 They mock at the pursuit of pain.

And thence the eye may rest or range
 On broken mounds, in brilliant weather,
 Where light and shadow blend and change,
 Like joy and grief in dance together.

'Tis wild, fair Lee, when winds awake
 Among thy boughs with stern turmoil,
 To see their stormy pinions shake
 The stately elms that love thy soil.

is passionately smitten with a love of the lore of other days: he breathes even yet, as he thinks, the atmosphere of the reign of Elizabeth and James: he walks with *Wither*, and

of the six leaves of which this brochure is composed. Sir Egerton, whose pen is equally ready and efficient upon most occasions, transmitted to me the following account of the *locality* of the Priory, which seems to have been composed

'Tis gentle, at the sun's decline,
To watch the ruddy golden beam,
That flings its broad and mellow line
Athwart thy smiling conscious stream.

'Tis softer yet to turn and mark
The moon behind yon wood arise,
Disparting, like a crystal bark,
The cloudy billows of the skies:

All lavish, as she slowly sails,
Of light that breaks like ocean's spray,
And greets thy vaulted gates, and hails
Thy Gothic walls with flickering ray.

Fair walls, from yonder hill how oft
The stranger on his weary road
Turns, as he marks the spire aloft,
To thine embower'd, serene abode.

And sighing thinks perchance the while
'Twere bliss, absorb'd in peace and prayer,
Life's simple tenor to beguile,
An unmolested hermit there.

Far be from me such dreary bliss!
The pulse of social joy congeal'd;
O who, sweet Lee, would change for this
The charm that Love and Friendship yield.

Alas, regret will still attend—
For when was pleasure unalloy'd?
While Pity mourns the youthful friend,
The Mother's second hope destroy'd.

Yet not for this less dear to view
Thy woods and spire and turrets rise;
O not because pale Memory's dew
Will sometimes dim Affection's eyes.

Ah, rather, for this tender woe,
That here he left his latest trace,
Should Memory round thy precincts throw
A holy charm, a soothing grace.

Adieu, fair Lee, a gem of thine
I bear away, as now we part;
And it shall have as safe a shrine
As is a warm and faithful heart.

Breton, and *Davison*, and *Drayton*, in the sheltered recesses of the Lee domain: or,

Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
Romantic hangs,
reposes upon the mossy seat—absorbed in meditation upon
the *Sydneys*, and *Raleighs*, and *Wottons* of old!

so much 'off hand' and 'con amore,' that the reader, I apprehend, cannot fail to be pleased with its insertion in the present place.

'My dear Sir,

11 July, 1817.

'Lee is opposite the 60th mile-stone on the turnpike road from Canterbury to Sandwich and Deal. On leaving *Canterbury* you arrive at the distance of a mile on the walled boundary (on the left) of the ancient park and seat of the *Mote*, formerly the property and residence of Lord Keeper Finch, whose character is freely given by Lord Clarendon. It is now Lord Cowper's; but the ancient mansion is pulled down within these 10 years. After reaching the 3d mile-stone through a wooded road the country opens upon you, and the road descends for half a mile to the village of *Littlebourne*. From the top of the descent, the park and grounds of Lee burst upon you at once across the valley, and beyond the village. The spire and towers of Lee emerge from an apparently unbounded mass of magnificent foliage, while a lawn of the richest verdure descends gently in front of the river, that coming from the south passes onward in a northern direction towards the Isle of Thanet. After passing the village of *Littlebourne*, the road crosses a small bridge over the river, on which the park pales of Lee abut—and the road continues by the side of these park pales for near a mile, shaded by noble trees, particularly elm, and opening occasionally to broken views of the gothic building in all its various picturesque shapes.

'There is, I believe, at Lee, a complete set (including every scrap) of the *Strawberry Hill* press, given by Lord Orford himself.'

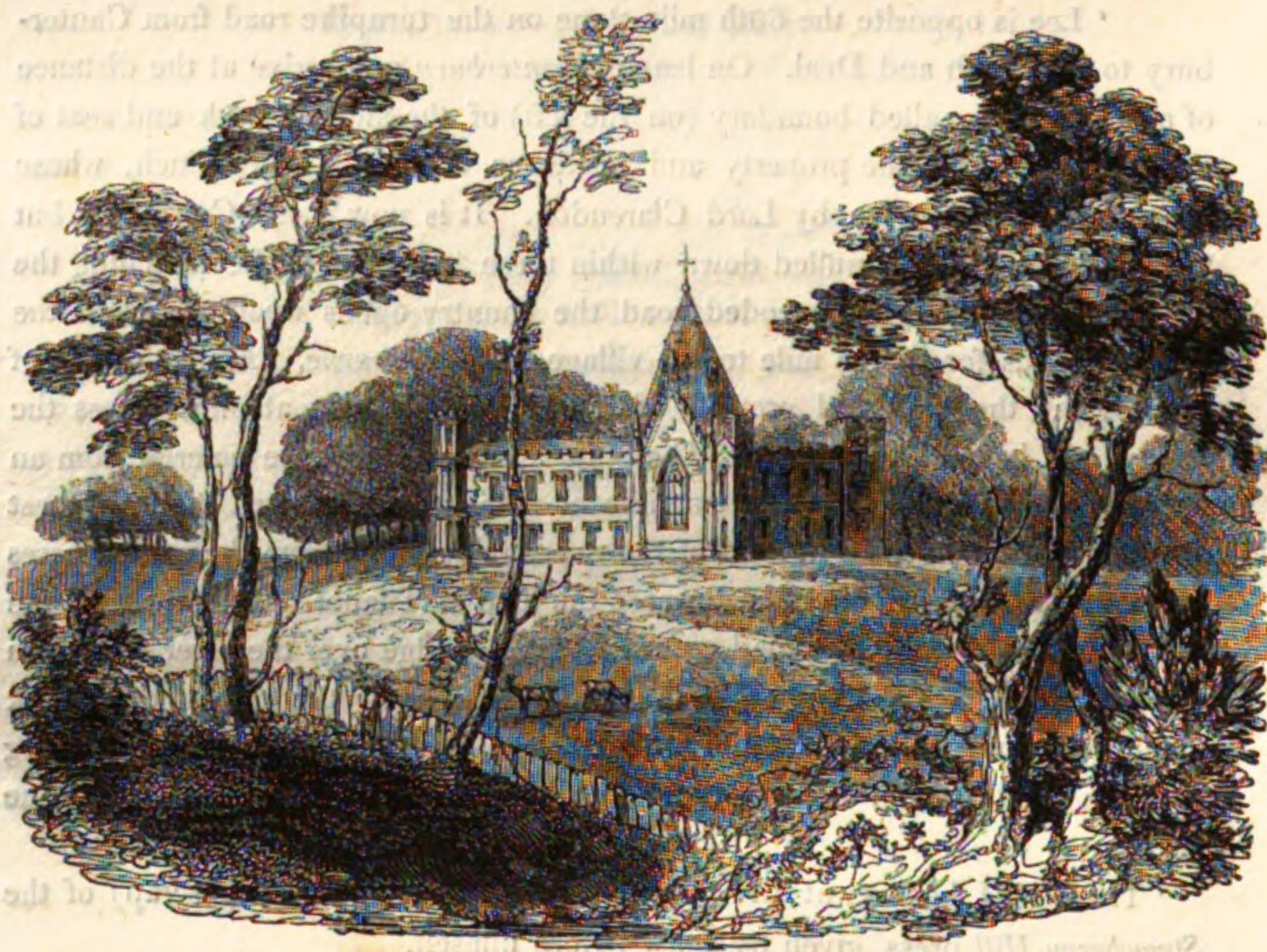
A flower of thine afar I bear;
And thou art rich in fair young flowers;
Though none to me seems quite so fair
As this, in all thy budding bowers.

I bear it from a fostering soil,
That suffered not its bloom to perish;
And so on me may Fortune smile,
As I the entrusted treasure cherish.

Adieu! may Peace o'erwatch thy gates;
May Pleasure nestle on thy walls;
And the pure Star of radiant Fates
With cloudless lustre cheer thy halls.

ALMANSA. I am no stranger to the productions of the press of which you are speaking ; but I should be glad to learn your unbiassed opinion of its typographical character.

It is now high time to talk about THE PRESS : but first contemplate, gentle reader, a view of that mansion (distinct from any yet published, and peculiar only to the present pages) wherein this press is contained ; and admit how very superior it is, in every respect, to the representations of Gothic bastardy which accompany some of the pieces from the Strawberry Hill press. I am indebted to Sir Egerton for the present and preceding graphic treat. Yet it is incumbent on me to remark, that the view is somewhat too distant, and the foreground is perhaps too generalised. The graphic execution is deserving of every praise.



Subjoined, let us hasten to peruse a '*List of the Pieces from the Lee Priory Press,*' and which reflect no small credit upon the quarter that gave them birth.

OLD POETRY.

- 1 *Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems*, 4to.
- 2 *Nicholas Breton's Longing of a Blessed Heart*, 4to.
- 3 ————— *Melancholike Humours*, 4to.
- 4 *William Browne's Original Poems*, 4to.
- 5 *F. Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*, 8vo.
- 6 *M. Drayton's Nymphidia*, 8vo.

LYSANDER. Do you mean the degree of beauty, or otherwise, of the printing?—or the merit of the works produced?

ALMANSA. Perhaps both: but at any rate the former.

7 *R. Brathwayte's Odes*. Small 8vo.

8 *G. Wither's Select Lyrical Pieces*, 16mo.

9 *Excerpta Tudoriana*, 8vo.

Old Prose.

10 *R. Greene's Groatsworth of Wit*, 4to.

11 *Speeches Delivered to Queen Elizabeth at Sudeley*, 4to.

12 *Lord Brook's Life of Sir Philip Sydney*, 2 vols. 8vo.

13 *Life of Margaret Cavendish Dutchess of Newcastle*, by *Herself*, 8vo.

14 *Sir H. Wotton's Characters of Robert Earl of Essex, and George Duke of Buckingham*, 8vo.

15 *N. Breton's Praise of Virtuous Ladies*. Small 8vo.

Modern original Works.

16 *Select Poems*, by Sir E. Brydges, 4to.

17 *Occasional Poems*, by the same, 4to.

18 *Dunluce Castle*, by E. Quillinan, Esq.

19 *Stanzas*, by the same, 4to.

20 *Bertram, A Poem, in Four Cantos*, by Sir E. Brydges, 8vo.

21 *Sylvan Wanderer, (Prose Essays,)* by the same, 2 vols. 8vo.

22 *Desultoria*, by the same. Small 8vo.

23 *The Brother in Law, A Comedy*. Small 8vo.

24 *Sonnets from Petrarch*, 4to.

The foregoing,* then, are specimens of that species of literature which has been deemed deserving of being circulated, in a limited manner, and with great elegance of press-work and graphic embellishment, to the 'table ronde' of collectors chiefly of the labours of the illustrious dead. Undoubtedly,

* Exclusively of the above, Sir Egerton Brydges has exercised the skilful presses of Bensley and Davison in limited and beautiful impressions of the following works:

From Mr. Bensley's press.

George Wither's Shepherd's Hunting, 12mo. (100 copies.)

———— *Fidelia*, 12mo. (100 copies.)

———— *Hymns*, 8vo. (100 copies.)

Clement Barksdale's Nympha Libethris, 12mo. (40 copies.)

Hammond's Poems, 4to. (60 copies.)

From Mr. Davison's press.

Stanley's Poems, 8vo.

———— *Anacreon*, 8vo.

John Hall's Poems, 8vo.

Archaica, 2 vol. 4to.

LYSANDER. They ought not to be separated : yet my criticism is of little importance. It shall however be honest. Frankly then, I really think the pieces from the Lee Priory

these pieces are unobjectionable ; but I cannot, as an honest critic, differ in opinion from Lysander, that ‘ too much has been done for *poetry* and too little for *prose* :’ and I am moreover inclined to think that it would have been more judicious to have confined the productions of the press, of which we are discoursing, *exclusively* ‘ to the labours of the illustrious dead !

‘ Full many a purest gem of ray serene

is yet idly darting its radiance beneath a load of rubbish and obscurity : full many a lovely flower is yet expanding its blossom unnoticed, and emitting a fragrance unheeded, which the *Conductor of this Press* might with facility and success bring forward to the admiration of the public. He has time, taste, and talent for every such labour : and let him not despair but that ‘ the end will crown the undertaking.’

We are now about to put the *colophon* to this little history of the spot under description. Yet I know not how it can be better *colophonised* than by the insertion of a few particulars which develop the turn of thought, and the complexion of the labours and avocations, past and present, of the said amiable and respectable ‘ Conductor.’ In a letter dated from the *Royal Institution, Albemarle Street*, July 8th, 1817, Sir Egerton thus writes to me :

‘ My dear Sir, I am sure you will not understand that I wish you to load your pages with these *compilations*, but to afford you materials for treating the subject in your own language and manner. My private press was established in July 1813, in a vacant room, at the extremity of the offices, and looking into a spacious stable-yard.

‘ The number of copies of works printed there, has in no case exceeded 100 ; and I have reason to believe that the complete sets fall short of 30. The rest have been distributed or sold piece-meal. The first thing printed was “ *Selections from the Poems of Margaret Cavendish, Dutchess of Newcastle*,” only 24 copies, for gifts. Perhaps the most intrinsically valuable of the reprints at this press, is *Francis Davison’s Poetical Rhapsody*, 3 vol. 8vo. (one small concluding part not yet out.) But two poetical Tracts of Nich. Breton, and original Poems of W. Browne from a MS. are also very valuable ; and the reprint of *Lord Brook’s Life of Sir Philip Sydney*, is surely also an acceptable present to biography.

‘ As to what little I have done myself, either in original composition, or in the way of prefaces, &c. from this press, it is not such as I could wish. The variety of my concerns and pursuits always brings to every subject a distracted mind, and a wild and fugitive memory. My spirit evaporates with the violence of its first ardours. My fancy catches flame ; blazes, and is almost immediately out again. The habits of the country are less adapted to foster study, and the

press have been of too limited and confined a nature, and calculated rather for the antiquary than the public at large : for why, as in frequent instances from the Strawberry Hill press, when the subject is interesting and entertaining, why not strike off a good round impression, and thus circulate intelligence which may be acceptable to thousands ? Per-

profound efforts of the mind, than they seem at first to promise. The little vexatious interruptions of country business are continually breaking in on that serenity, which is looked to as its best recommendation : and a mind overloaded with cares and regrets, which continually wants new objects to force its thoughts into new and unworn channels, sinks into torpor to avoid the perpetually recurring recollections of pain. Yet when the *Towers of Lee* shall be levelled with the ground, the SPOT OF THE PRESS, whence issued so many little gems of typography, which will be treasured on the shelves of curious libraries, will perhaps be traced with interest, and be visited by the literary enthusiast with some kind of veneration ; or at least respect. ' It has always been with me a main aim to bring taste and sentiment in aid of the heaviness of literary antiquities. There is a sonnet of Tom Warton, on this subject, of which I am very fond. It says that " the ways of antiquity are neither dry, nor barren ; but strewed with flowers," &c. &c. But I am growing tedious. Truly your's, S. E. B.'

And again, speaking of his own passionate attachment to books and retirement, and of his past perplexities and vexations, he writes thus : from a letter dated *Lee Priory, Aug. 10, 1817*.

. . . . ' For my own part, scarce any one has had a more devoted love of books for the greater part of life than I have had. It began at least as early as my 12th year—but my love of poetry and romance gave an irregularity and capriciousness to this, as to all my other pursuits in life. Then came solitude, a residence remote from the capital, and the anxiety and distracting cares of a large family, and most perplexed affairs. All these things have indeed, at times, but driven me more eagerly to the resources of books : but they have greatly weakened, if they have not destroyed, or paralised the power and success of my efforts. You will probably answer—that " sorrow is common to us all : and that no one could succeed, if sorrow formed a necessary obstacle to success." I know that every one thinks his own sorrows the greatest : but I am confident that mine have been quite out of the usual course of human affairs ! At length I suspect my love of reading and of books is greatly abated. Something, however, I am yet willing to hope, I have done for the cause of literature, and more especially old English literature. A few of our forgotten poets, such as Wither, Breton, Raleigh, Browne, and Lord Pembroke, are obliged to me ; and the Elizabethan Miscellanies, the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, the *England's Helicon*, and

haps also too much has been done for *poetry*, and too little for *prose*.

In the typographical character of the productions of the *Lee Priory press*, we discover very much to commend, and

Davison's Rhapsody, owe their revival to me. The *Censura*, &c. cannot be denied to have contributed to the bibliomania, which you and I think so worthy to be encouraged. S. E. B.'

Unconscionable as may be this, the *last*, of the *Decameron Notes*, I cannot resist the impulse of extending it some dozen lines further, by the introduction of a WOOD-CUT ORNAMENT, worked by one of the pressmen (Mr. Johnson), who used to exercise his ingenuity at the press upon which we have been so long discoursing. It is an ornament lent me by the conductor of the recent very singular edition of *Puckle's Club*; wherein appears quite a constellation of similar embellishments: perhaps too splendid for the character of the work. Mr. Walmsley is the 'Conductor' to whom I allude: an enthusiast in the mysteries of black-letter lore, and a diligent collector of all that appertains to enrich and to ennoble the glorious pursuit of *Book-Madness*. My best thanks are due for his kindness; as I consider what here ensues to be a beautiful specimen of art: having all the truth and force of a Rembrandt pen and ink drawing.



But a truce to — ALL FURTHER ANNOTATION! Lysander has executed the task assigned to him. He has fulfilled the monarchical duties of his station, and has retired with his friends to make merry over a banquet, illuminated, it

some little to censure. Let us begin with the latter: for 'sweet is pleasure after pain.' The larger types of the press under consideration are perhaps too bold and heavy: and the ink has frequently too foggy a surface. The *paginary borders* are also objectionable, for they remind us of the manner of printing funeral sermons of old; while, in the *red ink*, it must be confessed there is too uniform a failure. To compensate these defects, there is consummate taste in the setting up of *title-pages*, and perhaps unrivalled beauty in the working of the wood-cuts: although there may be thought to be too great an air of splendor, in many of the productions, of which the contents do not seem to warrant the pains bestowed upon them.

Upon the whole, however, the beauties infinitely counterbalance the defects of the productions of the *Lee Priory press*; and we may compliment the amiable and able conductor of it, upon setting an example worthy of being more generally followed: an example, which improves, while it cheats, the hours of leisure or languor; and brings, as inmates of our homes and partakers of our fire-side comforts, those characters of 'the olden time' whose labours are as

should seem, with 'an unusual number of wax lights.' It is high time, therefore, that I should cease to attend him as his commentator; and 'bethink me' of a retreat likely to recruit the exhausted state of nerve and intellectual exertion. I obey a summons so imperative; and, for reasons not *less* imperative, take my leave of thee, kind-hearted reader, in the language of Chaucer's first stanza '*To his Empty Purse*:'

To you, my purse, and to none other wight
 Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
 I am sorry now that ye be light,
 For certes ye now make me heauy chere,
 Me were as lefe laid vpon a bere,
 For which vnto your mercy thus I crie,
 Be heauy againe or else mote I die.

! ! !

imperishable as they are instructive. Amidst such occupations, welcome be the summer's heat, or the autumn's shade: welcome the winter's snow, or the balmy breath of spring! . . . But see! the sun has long set, and there is even little light in the horizon: while the spot in which we are assembled is almost involved in darkness. Nay . . . do not rise to touch the bell: we have no need of Argand-lamps: for I am exhausted. There is an end therefore to the TENTH DAY, and, with it, to our BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON!

CONCLUSION.

A mournful silence ensued: but the whole party instinctively held out their hands to shake that of their monarch, and to help him to descend from his imperial tribunal. The sceptre and the wreath were carefully deposited by Lorenzo in his cabinet of curiosities; and he declared, as he gently laid them upon a cushion of red velvet, that 'the wealth of either Ind' should never seduce them from their resting place. The servant had thrice announced the dinner, ere the party rose, in slow and lingering procession, to their respective seats at the table. A banquet of unusual splendor, and an unusual number of wax lights, formed a striking contrast to what had been previously experienced. A correspondent emotion of gaiety quickly took possession of the hearts of the guests. They ate, drank, and were merry. In the evening, each endeavoured to collect the scattered notices of what had been made during the enjoyment of their BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON; and the next day the carriages were put in requisition to convey the parties to their respective homes.

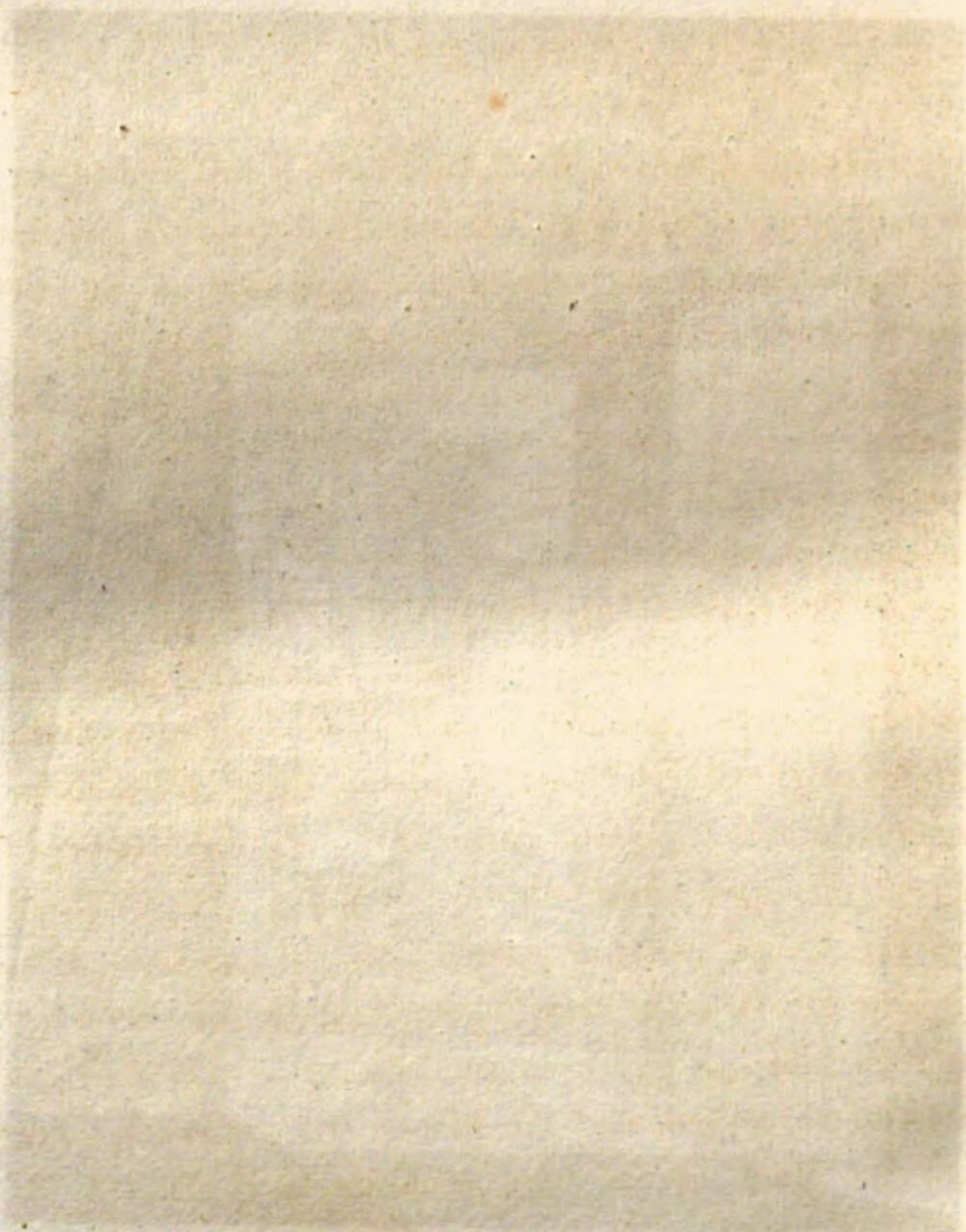
It was within ten days of such return, that the author of

this work paid Lysander a visit; who readily put him in possession of all the materials, at the foot of which the said author has presumed to walk in the humble character of an annotator—for the amusement, and, it is hoped, instruction of the reader. And if the foregoing pages do not contain one single spark of the humor, wit, and invention, which distinguish the author of the OLD DECAMERON, they may at least make some compensation by the purity of sentiment, and utility of the information, which they are presumed to convey.



View of a late bibliomaniacal Interior.

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...the ... of the ...
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Supplement.

FIRST DAY.

Persian MSS.

BEFORE the return of Sir John Malcolm to India (upon the publication of his truly valuable *History of Persia*, in two magnificent quarto volumes, 1815) he was so obliging as to assist my researches into the *style of art* observable in *Early Persian MSS.* by the loan of his beautiful copies of FERDOSI and HAFIZ: from each of which, about fifteen months ago, I had absolutely procured those engravings to be executed, which the reader now sees in their present place. The subjects introduced in the FIRST DAY of this Decameron were so numerous and varied, that I could not possibly contrive room for the admission even of a slight account of *Persian Art*: and even now, the reader is about to peruse a very superficial notice of this singularly interesting subject, upon which Sir Gore Ouseley, Mr. Wilkins, and Mr. Douce could expatiate with the happiest effect. The late Mr. Beloe, in the ivth volume of his *Anecdotes, &c.* has something like a raisonné catalogue of a few of the treasures in the collection of the first-named gentleman; but the two MSS. of Sir John Malcolm, now about to be described, may rear their magnificent heads even in the

front ranks of those treasures which the archives of *Oxford*,* or of *Leadenhall-street*, may contain. First therefore for the

SHAH NAMA, or BOOK OF KINGS.

Collected by FERDOSI the poet.

This heroic poem is not less celebrated on account of the genius displayed by its author FERDOSI, than for being the repertory of almost all the Persians possess relating to the ancient history of their country. It was written in the beginning of the fourth century of the Hejrah. The Arabian conquerors of Persia, in the true spirit of barbarous bigotry, destroyed all the records the natives of the country possessed of their former glory. Some fragments however were preserved; these came into the possession of Sultan Mahmood of Ghizni, a monarch who was hardly more renowned for his conquests than his encouragement of literature. He employed Ferdosi, the first of Persian poets, to embody them in one great work; and in his page† (Sir John Malcolm observes) 'clouded as it is by fable, and ornamented by poetic fancy, we meet with almost all that the Asiatic world know of the ancient history of Persia and Tartary.'

Sir William Jones has in his treatise on Oriental poetry, given a very full description of this remarkable work. After stating‡ that the numerous volumes of

* The upper end of the *Auctarium* of the *Bodleian Library* (of which see somewhat at page 430 ante) is devoted to the preservation of ORIENTAL MSS. There is here one of the grandest books—an Arabic MS., being a sort of Domesday compilation—which can possibly be seen. It is of the date of 1478, and numbered DCXCVII. The scription is in double columns, with the margins emblazoned only with stars. The title, on the reverse of the first leaf, is highly illuminated, in a fine style; not crowded with ornaments, but grand from its simplicity. At the end, we observe that it is (rightly) called 'Munus Pretiosum;' and that the author was 'Sherfiddin Iahia ben Almocar ben Algiaian.' The inspection of such a volume, on the coldest possible morning, even when the thermometer stands at *Zero*, is sufficient to warm the most torpid system!

While in the Bodleian, some two years ago, I saw Tippoo Saib's copy of the *Koraun*: that work, upon which caligraphy seems to have exhausted all its powers of intricacy and splendour. It was taken from Tippoo's library, and presented to Bodley by the East India Company. The preservation of it is perfect; and the beauty of the binding, especially of the interior ornaments, is quite surprising. The first few leaves of the text are highly ornamented, without figures, chiefly in red and blue. The latter leaves are more ornamental: they are even gorgeous, curious, and minute. The generality of the leaves have two star-like ornaments in the margin, out of the border. Upon the whole this is an exquisite treasure, in its way.

† *History of Persia*, vol. ii. page 202.

‡ *Sir William Jones's Works*, vol. v. pages 448, 449.

Persian writers upon the exploits of their heroes are so full of fable, as to be more entitled to the appellation of extravagant tales, than heroic poems. 'The work of Ferdosi alone can justly claim that distinction. It contains the history of Persia from Kaiomurs till Nousheerwan, in a series of beautiful poems.' The same eminent Orientalist remarks in a subsequent* part of this treatise: 'that though it is not pretended that Ferdosi is equal to Homer, there is certainly a very great resemblance between these two extraordinary men; they took their images from nature herself, and not from the reflections of it. They did not paint like modern poets, the likeness of a likeness. Both of them (he adds) possessed in the highest degree that rich invention and creative genius which is the soul of poetry.'

The *Shah Namah* may, from its matter and composition, be assigned the first rank among the literary productions of the East, and in a country where the Art of Printing is unknown, and manuscripts are esteemed according to the beauty with which they are written and ornamented, it is to be supposed that the greatest value would be attached to a fine copy of this popular work. The present is perhaps the most splendid that ever was seen in Europe; and it may be questioned whether there are many equal to it in Asia. When the enormous size of the volume is considered, we are alike surprised at the beauty and regularity of the writing, and the high finish and rich colouring of its illuminated pages. There is no date to this copy, but from its appearance and the character of its ornaments, it has probably been written between three or four centuries. It cannot be of older date, as it has prefixed to the poem an introduction which was written in A. H. 429. From a receipt and seal upon the manuscript, it must have been received into the Royal Library of the King of Persia in A. H. 1160, the year in which Nadir Shah was put to death. It appears to have remained in possession of the Kings of Persia till A. D. 1783, when the capture of Shiraz (which was then their capital) led to the plunder and sale of a great part of the royal property. This fine manuscript was obtained at this period by Mr. Galley, the Resident of the East India Company at the port of Abusheher in Persia. It was sold, at his death, nearly thirty years afterwards, at Bombay, and purchased for a considerable sum of money by Sir John Malcolm.

The preceding is a general account of the origin and importance of the work, of which the copy under description is presumed to be without a superior. The reader shall, in part, judge for himself. This noble volume is executed, as to the arrangement of text and margin, somewhat in the manner of a genuine large paper copy of one of Harry Stephen's folio Classics. It contains not fewer than 539

* *Sir William Jones's Works*, vol. v. p. 450.

leaves; of which a very considerable portion is highly adorned with paintings of the subjects treated of in the poetry. Of many of these, the reader shall have a tolerably minute detail. Each page has four columns of writing, beautifully ruled with a blue outermost border. We proceed to the embellishments.

Folio.

- 1 *reverse*. Stag and tiger hunting; beautiful border.
- 2 *recto*. Hawking procession; beautiful border.
- 9 *recto*. Cavalry engagement; a man with his head cleaved in two.
- 17 *recto*. A man sitting in state, under a canopy, cross-legged, surrounded by attendants.
- 36 *reverse*. Assassination. The left hand of the assassin is under the chin, the right upon the handle of the dagger, sheathed in the bowels of the victim. A very quiet expression of surprise, with a female attendant, to the right.
- 46 *recto*. Encounter of cavalry, rather spirited, and not badly grouped in the background; the man has his body cut in two, but still holds up his shield with his left hand.
- 53 *recto*. Old man sitting as if doing penance. Two horses, and two men on foot, in the foreground.
- 64 *recto*. Man seated; attendants with fruit; music in the foreground.
- 74 *reverse*. Cavalry rencontre.
- 87 *recto*. Storming a fort. Part of the castle seen above the frame: quiet assault.
- 96 *reverse*. Cavalry encounter. Elephant preposterously introduced.
- 105 *reverse*. Man and woman seated in state: musical attendants.
- 111. Hanging two men, who come out of the border of the text. Upon the whole, a curious effect.
- 124 *recto*. Group of women and children brought before a man sitting in state: out of the text-border.
- 132 *recto*. Skirmish of cavalry: clever: out of the same.
- 145 *rev.* }
- 153 *rev.* } Adorned in pretty much the same style of art.
- 166 *recto.* }
- 191 *recto*. Large vessel: splendid.
- 203 Vessel: monster in the sea vomiting forth a man: another man receiving him: hippopotami in front, among rushes.
- 235 *rect.* A flying dragon seizing upon a horse's neck.
- 283 *rev.* } Very splendid: surrounded with beautiful arabesque borders:
- 284 *recto.* } perhaps the most brilliant in the volume.
- 295 *reverse*. Pretty small sea-piece: mermaids in abundance.
- 334 *reverse*. A frightful cutting of a man's throat.



Audinet sculp.

RUSTAM DESTROYING THE DEMON SEPEED.

From a M S of FERDOSI in the possession of Sir John Malcolm K.C.B.

Folio.

360 } Angular lines by way of titles : very rarely again occurring. The whole
361 } beautiful.

432 *recto*. The same.

467 The OPPOSITE ENGRAVED DEMON : man, to the left, looking on. Monster
in white : man in brown with white slashes : a plentiful effusion of
blood from the demon's leg : horse at bottom.

477 *reverse*. Horses grazing : curious and uncommon.

486 Cæsarian operation : very splendid.

476 *recto*. Curious : lover getting up by a rope.

523 *recto*. Larger piece than usual : picturesque groups above rocks : hunting
below : rocks in purple sober colouring : piebald horse, not uncommon.

526 *recto*. Decoration : at top : splendid piece of arabesque.

538 *rev*. } Prodigious splendid arabesque, all over. On the reverse of 538,

539 *recto*. } minute and splendid decoration : small figures.

539 *recto*. Large decoration.

Within the cover of the binding, it is embossed gold, as usual ; diversified
with red and blue colours. And thus much for FERDOSI : of which the com-
ponent parts of the paper seem to be chiefly silk—so soft is the touch, and so
mellow is the tint of the leaves !

In the second place we have to notice Sir John's beau-
tiful MS. of

THE DEWAN OR BOOK OF ODES OF HAFIZ.

Some account of the author will be gathered from the fol-
lowing particulars, which have been submitted to the cor-
rection of the owner of the MS.

The *Dewan* or Book of Odes of *Hafiz*, is well known in England. This author
is among the first of the Lyric and Mystic poets of Persia. Sir William Jones,
in the ardor of first love for Persian poetry, has declared * that *Hafiz* ' has all
the grace and vivacity of Anacreon, with all the sweetness and charms of
Sapho.' The ode which he translated as a specimen of this poet's manner, was
calculated to support this opinion ; but it has not been confirmed by the transla-
tions that have been since published. The genius, however, of that man
cannot be denied, who has continued for upwards of four centuries to be a
favourite and almost adored poet in his own nation. It would appear difficult,
if not impossible, to transfuse the spirit of *Hafiz* into another language, for
according to Sir John Malcolm,† he belongs to that class of Oriental poets
whose works, though often remarkable for harmony of numbers and luxuriance
of imagination, ' abound with the most extravagant and hyperbolical passages ;

* *Sir William Jones's Works*, vol. v. p. 463.

† *History of Persia*, vol. ii. p. 541.

the enraptured dreams of their visionary authors (he observes) can only be esteemed beauties by men whose imaginations keep pace with that of the poet, whom they deem inspired, and whose most obscure lay is often considered by their enthusiastic admirers as the gleaming of a sublime knowledge, which is far beyond the comprehension of the profane and unenlightened. Many discussions (this author adds) have arisen regarding the real and mystical meaning of the writers of this class, and particularly of Hafiz, whose odes are chanted as songs, to excite the young and the dissipated to pleasure, and recited as hymns to remind the old and the devout of the rapture of divine love. It has been shewn (he concludes) in a former chapter, that, among many classes of Sooffees, the natural feelings which man has on earth, and the immortal longings of the soul after its Creator, are deemed inseparable: and, with a poet of this persuasion, it was likely that the subjects should be so blended, as to render it impossible to distinguish when he meant to sing of earthly or of heavenly joys.'

This fine copy of Hafiz, in the possession of Sir John Malcolm, was written, as appears from a date in the last page, at Tabreez in the year of the Hejerah 947,* which is nearly three hundred years ago. It appears from the seal of the treasurer of the monarch of Persia, that this manuscript came into the possession of Nadir Shah in A. H. 1151. From the next receipt of a royal treasurer, which bears date A. H. 1162, it seems likely this valuable manuscript afterwards passed to Kurreem Khan, the founder of the Zund dynasty, and it remained with his successors till their capital, Shiraz, was seized in A. D. 1792, by Hajee Ibrahim, the late prime minister of Persia. That nobleman, though no scholar, was struck, as he himself stated, with the surprising beauty of the manuscript, which he gave to Sir John Malcolm when residing in his house at Teheran in A. D. 1800.

Now for a description of the precious volume itself. It is a thin folio of about 14 inches by 9: the writing occupying about 9 inches and a half in height, and leaving three inches for a side margin. The margins are indeed of exquisite beauty: the ground colours of them being either flesh, blue, grey, or pink; stensilled in gold with birds, beasts, or human figures: exceedingly tasteful. The animals are sometimes four or five inches in size. There is a central small ornament, at the bottom of the page, of hard and shining gold, with very delicate punctures and small ornaments. Among the more striking illuminations are the following:

* Hafiz died A. H. 792.



Audinet sculp.

FAC-SIMILE of an ILLUMINATION in a MANUSCRIPT of HAFIZ.

in the possession of Sir John Malcolm K.C.B.

PRINTED BY LAHEE.

Folio.

21, *rev.* First large embellishment: hunting, spirited.

31, *rev.* Sports, pastimes, and domestic occupations.

45, *rect.* An interior, with music: very splendid.

75, *rev.* The OPPOSITE ENGRAVING is taken from a portion of this interesting illumination. It represents the gratification of the senses of hearing, tasting, and feeling: and has throughout a joyous and soul-touching character.

The volume contains, in the whole, 166 leaves: the reverse of the 165th, and recto of the 165th, representing the most beautiful and costly specimens of dove-tailed arabesque or mosaic work—gold and blue—relieved slightly by red upon the blue. The ornaments are remarkably minute and accurate. But I must not omit to notice the interior of the fish or seal-skin binding: which is relieved by raised flowers of gold upon blue or red compartments. Without doubt this is a most resplendent and gorgeous volume; and very much superior to a copy of Hafiz which was shewed to me, at Oxford, as being commended by Sir William Jones above any other copy of the same author which he had ever seen.

Besides the foregoing, Sir John Malcolm possesses a very beautiful and interesting MS. of SADI; who ranks the first among the didactic poets of Persia, and has a still higher fame as the great moralist of his nation. His principal works are the *Gulistan* and *Bostan*; the former being a collection of moral tales in prose and verse, the latter is entirely in verse. The copy of the *Bostan*, in Sir John Malcolm's possession, was written at Agra in A. H. 1039, about two centuries ago. This splendid manuscript exhibits a fair specimen of the stage to which both the art of calligraphy and painting had arrived, at a period when the imperial family of India had reached its highest splendor. This beautiful manuscript had no doubt found its way into the royal library of the Kings of Persia. It was purchased at . . . by Sir John Malcolm in A. D. 1809, from the son of a prince of the dethroned family of the house of Zund; who having had his eyes put out to prevent his aspiring to the crown, wandered a mendicant over the country his ancestors and relations had governed.

Mutilated Illuminated MSS.

Vol. i. p. cxvii-cxviii.

In the pages here referred to, there is an account of a sumptuous MS. in the Hafod library, which belonged to *Philip IV. of Spain*: of which, one leaf, whereon the royal arms of Spain had been probably designated, and another, containing the genealogy of the House of Urdanete, had been CUT OUT. This horrible propensity to mutilation is, I think, painted to the life in a cold-blooded letter of Sebastian Resta, a connoisseur and ecclesiastic at Rome, of

the date of 1702, to the Cavalier Gabburri: in the *Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura*, &c. 1757, vol. ii. p. 90. It relates to *Philip V. of Spain*.

‘ When Philip the Fifth of Spain was at Milan, to receive the oath of fidelity from that city, I sent him a book of drawings, consisting of the Portraits of all the kings of France in a regular series, beginning with that of Philip the Fair, who was crowned about 1282, and concluding with his own, being descended from the French royal family. Philip the Fair was represented standing under a canopy, leaning on a table, in the act of receiving from Giovanni Maum, his French version of Boethius *De Consolatio Philosophiæ*, and of which version the above portrait was the original frontispiece. The king afterwards presented the book to the Augustins’ library at Lyons. It was ornamented with most exquisite illuminations, executed about the time of Giotto: it had however lately, by some means, got out of the Augustins’ library, and found its way to Rome, where I obtained it, and took the frontispiece for my book of Portraits. I also took out several other illuminations for the books of drawings of Sig. Marchetti, as occasion served; and leaving a few in the manuscript, and inserting copies of some of those I had taken away, I sent the volume to the Ambrosian library at Milan.’ (‘ Pretty rascal!’)

Among the *Miscellaneous MSS.* described at the latter end of the FIRST DAY, I omitted to insert the following: relating to *Hunting*—which was sold by the late Mr. Lochée in the Spring of 1815, and for which I sent a bidding, on my own account, to the amount of 160*l*. The present Duke of Marlborough obtained it at one bidding beyond. The ensuing description, from the catalogue, is not overcharged.

LIVRE DE CHASSE, folio. This inestimable MS. contains 252 pages of the finest vellum, writ in gothic characters, and 88 most curious paintings, representing the mode of Hunting, Destroying, Breeding, Taming, &c. almost every description of quadrupeds upon the Continent of Europe, besides various very rich ornaments; at the beginning of the chapter, on the 2nd page, we find that this matchless work was commenced on the 1st of May, 1347. The author begins his work after a short prayer to the Almighty, with these words, “*Ie Gaston par la Grace de dieu, surnommé Phebus Conti de Foys, Seigneur de Bearn, qui tout mon tempts mè par especial en III. choses, l’une est en armés, l’autre est en amour est l’autre si est en amour est l’autre si est en Chasse.*” He then proceeds with a curious advice to all men to become sportsmen. We are at a loss how to give an adequate description of this singular work, the composition being entirely different from what is to be seen in ancient MSS. the freshness of the colouring cannot be surpassed by any. The frontispiece is in itself a curiosity *unique*: it once belonged to the Royal Library in France.

These 'addenda' to the FIRST DAY of the Decameron must not be dismissed without the mention of the magnificent folio work of M. SEROUX D'AGINCOURT, called '*Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens, depuis sa Décadence au IV^e. siècle jusqu'à son renouvellement au XVI.*' At present, only 18 *livraisons*, containing the plates, have been published. Of these, the engravings in the 12th livraison seem to be taken chiefly from ILLUMINATED MSS. and will be examined with equal interest and pleasure by the graphic antiquary. Among the latter plates, that which is numbered CLXXI contains fac-similes from PRINTED MISSALS, where we also observe the device of *Thielman Kerver*, as given in vol. ii. p. 49. I may fairly remark, upon the embellishments of this latter plate, that, being upon copper, they lose the character for fidelity which they would have better preserved had they been executed upon *wood*, as are the originals from which they are taken. The work, when complete, will contain 24 *livraisons*; of which, I understand, the remaining six are to be devoted to letter press.

The general value of this magnificent work must however by no means be depreciated by so partial and subordinate a criticism; although candour obliges us to confess that the undertaking is of somewhat too miscellaneous a nature; and that specimens of the earlier, rather than of the middle, age, present themselves too frequently to our notice. Gifted, as the author of this work may be for the successful completion of his labours, it will however by no means do away with the wish, that, in *our own country*, a work, executed more expressly upon the progress of art in the middle ages, as seen in ILLUMINATED MSS. should, without delay, be undertaken.

*Story of Gualberto, the Founder of the Vallombrosal
Monastery.*

Vol. i. p. 75-8.

A similar story occurs in a MS. of Bishop Grosteste's *Manuel de Pechez*, preserved in the library of York Minster 15, G. 9, as communicated to me by a friend, to whose critical inspection the MSS. in this library have been judiciously submitted. The specimen subjoined is from a literal version of the original.

' In a foreign land there formerly dwelt two knights, whose frequent contests at length grew up into a mortal enmity ; and one of them, seizing his opportunity, without fear of our Lord, put the other to death. The son of the deceased, a valiant knight, determined on avenging his father, watched the castle of the murderer so closely, that during a whole year he durst not venture out, even to church, to implore forgiveness of his offences. At length however Good Friday came ; and observing, from the battlements, people thronging to the Minster, he determined to run every risque rather than be absent from the solemn service of that day. He accordingly quitted his castle in the face of his enemy ; who, rejoiced beyond measure at finding him in his power, prepared *

* A specimen of the original here may be acceptable :

Oscire le pensa maintenant
Kar soen fu le poer plus grant.
En croiz le chai lautre au pe,
Si lad devotement prie
Ke pur lamur de Ihū Christ
Ki de la nette Pucele nasquit
E a teu jur fu crucifie
Pur sauver humaine ligne,
Sa mort a ces ad pardune
Ki cruelement lunt pene :
Pria pur la sue amur
Sun curuz lui pardune a teu jur.
Sun enemi sest purpense,
Ki de grace fu espire :
Pur samur dist kavez prie
Ultreement vus pardunk jeo.
Puis de la tere lad leve
E tres ducement bese.

to kill him ; when the murderer falling at his feet with his arms extended in the form of a cross, earnestly entreated, for the love of Jesus Christ, who as on that day was crucified to save sinful man, and who forgave ever his executioners, that he would forgive his offence. The young knight, inspired by divine grace, relented ; and, for the love of him in whose name he had implored pardon, raised him up and affectionately kissed him.

They then proceeded together to church ; and the old knight, having performed his devotions, retired. The young man next approached : and after devoutly adoring the cross, when he was preparing to kiss it, the crucifix threw its arms round his neck, and tenderly kissed him. The knight was extremely terrified : and the congregation, astonished at the miracle, gave thanks to God with a loud voice : fully persuaded that his offences were forgiven to whom the image of our Lord had shewn such evident marks of affection ; thereby manifesting how acceptable in his sight is the forgiveness of injuries.

Vol. i. p. 203. *Der Weise Kunig.*

I am doubtful whether the translation of *Der Weise Kunig*—a work connected with the life and labours of the *Emperor Maximilian*—should not be ‘*The White King*,’ instead of ‘*The Wise King*.’ These doubts have arisen in consequence of the strictures of Lord Spencer upon that subject, as transmitted to me in a letter from Althorp, of the date of July 5, 1816.

‘ There is only one *erratum* to which I shall think it worth your while to pay attention ; and that is, in the note in page 203—where you translate ‘*Der Weise Kunig*, the *Wise King* ;’ whereas, in my apprehension, it ought to be *the white King*. Since writing the above, I have been consulting the account of the MS. from which the book is printed, in the pages of *Lambecius*, to which you refer ; and I find that you are supported in your interpretation of the title by *Lambecius* himself. To his authority I of course must bow ; but still I cannot help thinking, as the epithet *Weiss* is, in the book, spelt with a double s—the manner in which the German word *white* is spelt, in their Dictionaries, as contradistinguished from *weise*, *wise*—and as, if I mistake not, several of the other Potentates mentioned in this romantic history are designated by *different colours*, (such as the *Green King*, the *Black King*, the *Blue King*, &c.) that the author (whoever he was) originally intended to designate the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN by the title of the WHITE KING.’

Vol. ii. p. 139.

Messrs. I. and A. Arch, booksellers, are (as I suspect) in possession of the original *French* work, printed in the black

letter—of which an ancient English version, printed in the same letter, abroad, is noticed in the page above referred to. A specimen or two of this original is worth subjoining. The copy seems to want the first leaf, but the text begins regularly on the second, thus: beneath a wood-cut of a man and a woman in bed:

Contemplant vng soir a par moy
Euz dun prouerbe souuenance
Que qui met vng fol a par soy
Il pense de luy sans doubtaunce.
&c. &c. &c.

On the reverse of the 7th leaf, begins the dotted ground, and the allegorical series of female figures upon horse-back, before mentioned. The first set of cuts is in a different style, both for composition and execution. On fol. 10, rect. is the cut above the lines quoted as at page 140.

Craulte porte la baniere
De yre qui est de gueulles tainte
Felonnie garde la barriere
Peruersite a lespee sainte.
&c. &c. &c.

On the rev. of fol. 46 and last, are the conclusion of the work and the colophon:

Prenez en gre ce simple liure
Lequel vous monstrera ladresse
De pourete ou de richesse
Mais que vous le vueillez ensuyure.

*Le vendredi de deuant la toussaincts
Vingt et cinquiesme octobre du matin
Mil. CCCC. nonūte neuf rien mains
Le noble pont nostre dame print fin.*

Vol. ii. p. 181.

In *Strype's Life of Cranmer*, Oxford edit. p. 514, it is said that JOHN FOX, the Martyrologist, was a workman in the printing office of Oporinus.

First made Paper in England.

Vol. ii. p. 337.

It has been supposed, in the place here referred to, that the *Bartholomæus* of 1495, printed by Wynkyn de Worde,

exhibits 'the earliest specimen of paper-making in this country.' This has been the general opinion of antiquaries. But I possess a quarto pamphlet of rather a curious character, entitled '*Proposals to the King and Parliament, or a large Model of a Bank, shewing how a fund of a Bank may be made without much charge, or any hazard, that may give out Bills of Credit to a vast extent, that all Europe will accept of, rather than Momy. &c. By M. L. D. D. 1678,*' to which is prefixed the following advertisement: 'To the King's most Excellent Majesty, this Book is humbly presented, being printed upon ENGLISH PAPER, and made within five miles of Windsor, by *Eustace Burneby, Esquire*, who was the FIRST ENGLISHMAN that brought it into *England*; attested by *Henry Million*, who was overseer in the making of this Royal Manufacture.' Who shall decide?

Of Decorative Printing.

This subject must not be dismissed without calling the reader's particular attention to MR. SAVAGE'S forth-coming work, in 4to. expressly upon the Art of Decorative Printing. It will be embellished with numerous specimens of what the press is capable of performing; and even *tints*—in the manner of *washes* used in lessons of drawing—will be exhibited in this costly work. It was begun at MR. BENSLEY'S PRESS, under the particular superintendence of Mr. Savage himself, and is now continued by the latter at a press of his own.

The Bodoni Hum.

Vol. ii. p. 396.

As I had the anecdote of Mr. Nicol's having been the author of this piece of pleasantry with *His Majesty*, from what I supposed to be good authority, I was led to record it, in the

page above referred to; and I the more readily believed it, knowing that Mr. N. had for many years exerted himself, in conformity with His Majesty's wishes, for the improvement of printing. Mr. N. however now tells me, that my information was not correct; but that he contrived the *Bodoni Hum*, to silence some connoisseurs of Printing, who, upon seeing the productions of the Shakspeare Press, were constantly saying, 'This is very well, but what is this to the PRINTING OF BODONI?' This observation being often repeated—a specimen sheet of a pretended edition of *Cicero* was set up with the Shakspeare types, of the size of Bodoni's publications. When this specimen was shewn to the same connoisseurs, they exclaimed, 'To what a degree of perfection does this man mean to carry the art of Printing! Why this surpasses all his former excellence!' And they were all very anxious for Mr. N. to procure them copies of the work. To this Mr. N. replied, 'that Mr. Bodoni had an agent in town; and if they would turn to the bottom of the last page of the specimen, they would find his address'—which they found as follows—'W. Bulmer and Co. Shakspeare Press.'

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* Another similar copy, but of less size and beauty, has been recently obtained by Messrs. De Bures, to be ultimately deposited in the King's library.

† Another similar copy, of probably greater magnitude and beauty, (but unluckily with the first leaf of the text upon paper) was purchased at the Mac-Carthy sale (no. 1705) by Messrs. Payne and Foss. It had been Lord Oxford's copy, who had given 120*l.* for the book. It is now charged at scarcely more than half this sum; and is in truth the finest VELLUM JENSON I have ever seen.

‡ Omitted in the place referred to; but vide *Bibl. Spencer.* vol. ii. p. 301.

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* Incorrectly spelt 'Raimondini' in the passage referred to.

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